JUVENILE MUSIC

MUSIC EDUCATION SERIES

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MUSIC EDUCATION SERIES

JUVENILE MUSIC

BY

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Oh, life is set to a starry tune
That ripples round us, night and noon,
And echoes on, through earth and air,
Till we catch its cadence everywhere.

The pledge of day's returning light
Is heard in music, softly bright,
When birds awake on lawn and lea,
And morning dawns in melody.

The city hears the roundelay
In footbeats on the crowded way,
In laughter, or where children sing
The joy they find in everything.

The tune runs on in April rain,
In scythes that sing in ripened grain,
In woodland glades where axes ply,
In winds that sweep the sunset sky.

It sings in brooks that seaward wend,
In happy talk of friend with friend;
And youthful voices join the throng
That brighten this fair earth with song.

So this is why we have caught for you
The songs that in at our window flew.

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The illustrations are by Katherine G. Healey.

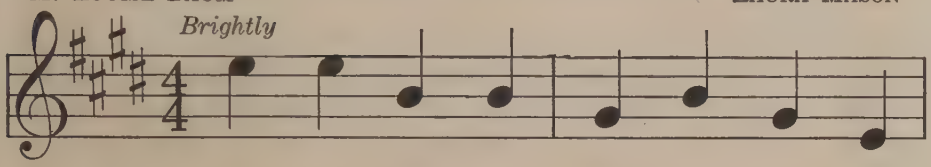
FAIRYLAND
·K.G.H·

JUVENILE MUSIC

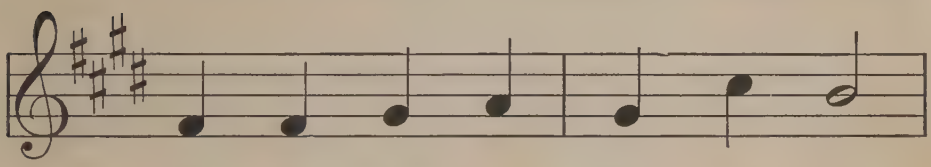
FAIRY SIGNALS

M. Louise Baum — Laura Mason

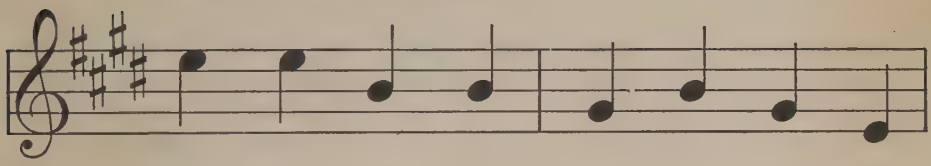
Brightly



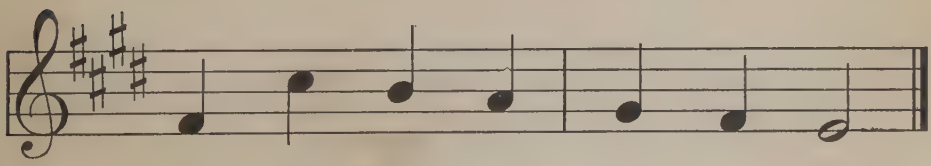
1. Gleam - ing, glow - ing, aft - er sun - set,
2. Hith - er, thith - er, through the shad - ows



By the grass - y dell and down,
Bright - ly shines each ti - ny spark;



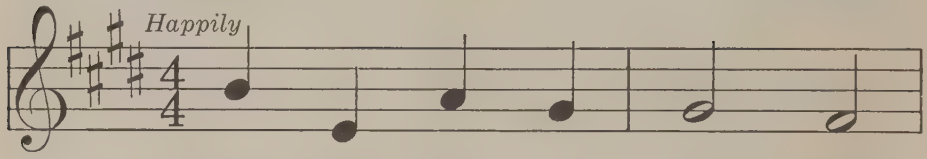
Fire - flies seem like fair - y lan - terns
Who can tell what things they're say - ing



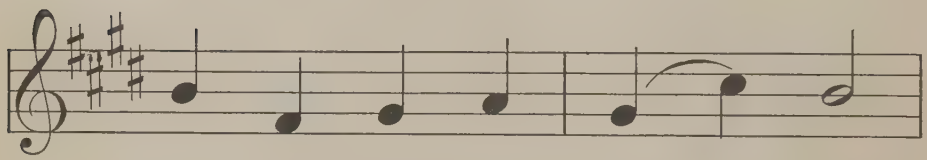
Send - ing news from Fair - y Town.
All night long a - cross the dark?

THE BELLS

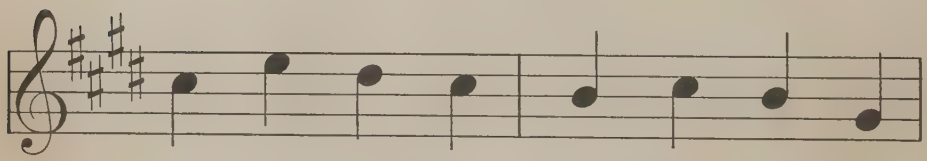
FRANCES RICHARDSON LOUIS MEYER



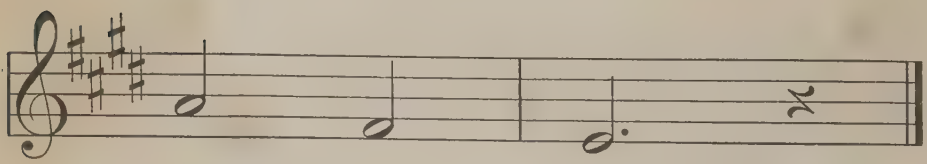
1. Hark! The bells are ring - ing;
2. Hark! The bells are ring - ing,



Hear the song they're sing - ing!
In the stee - ple swing - ing!

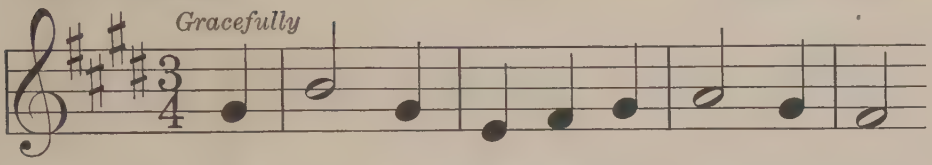


Glad - ness to the world they're bring - ing;
Far and wide their glad - ness fling - ing,

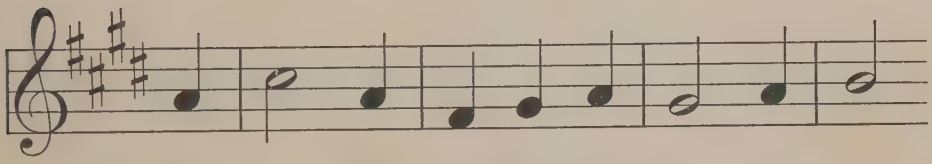


Ding, dong, bell!
Ding, dong, bell!

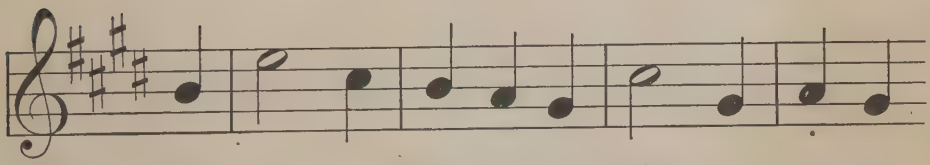
CELIA STANDISH WILL EARHART



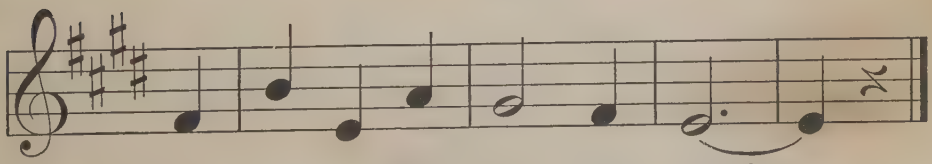
1. She tripped a - long through the lone - ly wood;
2. The fair - ies guid - ed her steps that day;



No fear had she, for her heart was good.
They kept her safe, so she did not stray.



She did not tar - ry Her gifts to car - ry,
No wolf could harm her, No fear a - larm her;



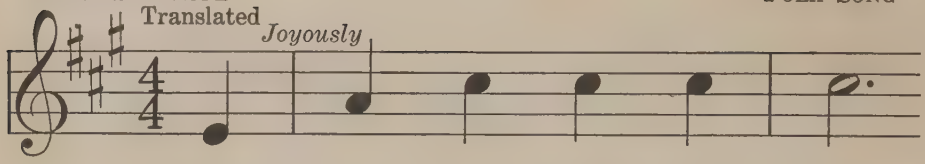
The lit - tle Red Rid - ing Hood.
They guard-ed her all the way.

THE RIDER

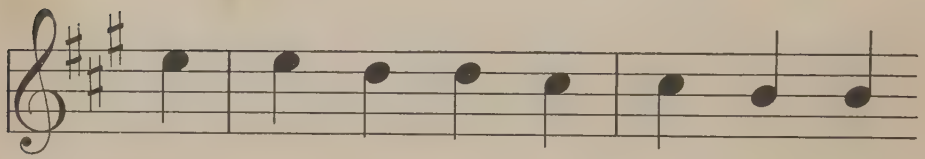
MARY STANHOPE
Translated

FOLK SONG

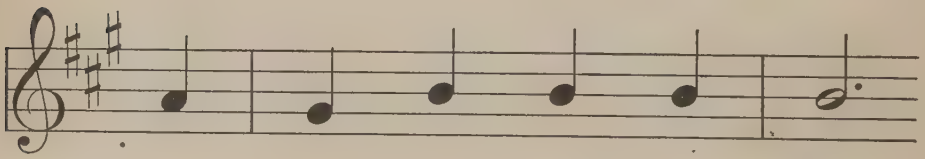
Joyously



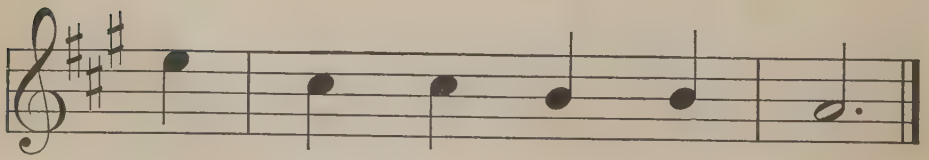
1. I'll ride at dawn, Ho - la!
2. I'll climb the cliff, Ho - la!



When woods are dark and dim - ly seen;
Where ea - gle's nest is safe and high;



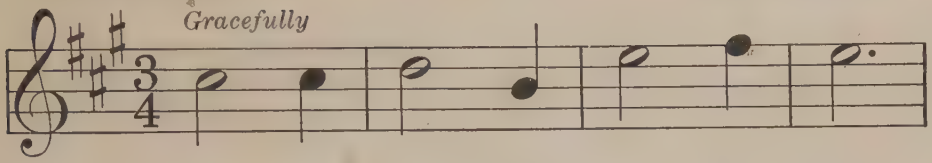
My dog at heel, Ho - la!
I'll wake him up, Ho - la!



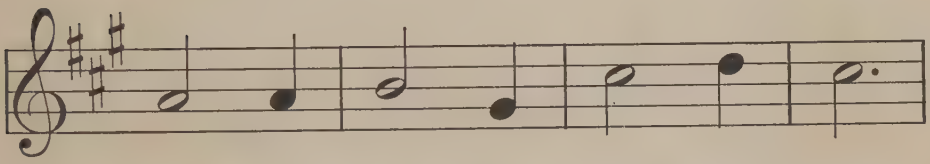
When woods are deep and green.
With bold and ring - ing cry.

LOUISE STICKNEY MARY R. CARROLL

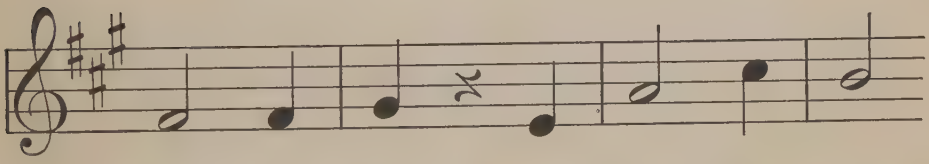
Gracefully



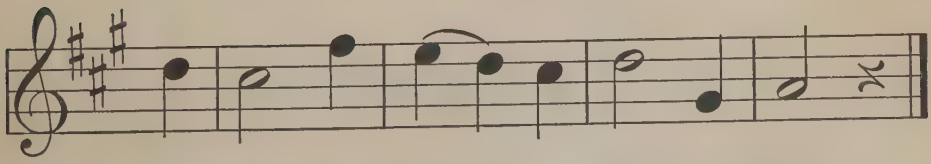
1. Cin - der - el - la, silk and lace,
2. Cin - der - el - la tends the fire,



These she wore and danced with grace.
Rags are now her best at - tire;



Mid - night struck! a - way she flew,
But the Prince is here to find



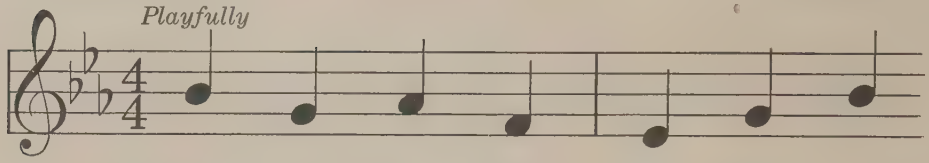
But left be - hind one crys - tal shoe.
The maid who left · the shoe be - hind.

THE LITTLE HORSE

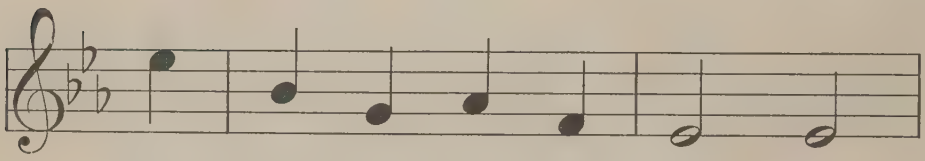
M. Louise Baum

Folk Tune

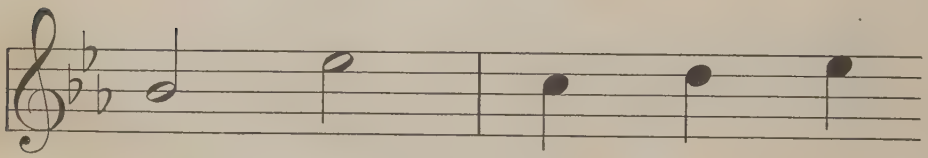
Playfully



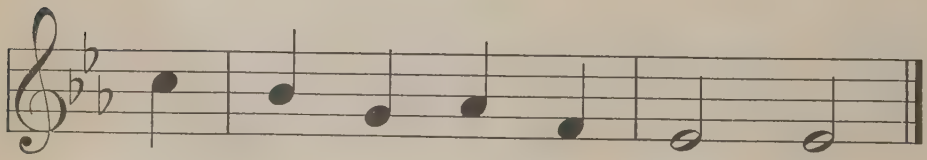
1. Trot a - long, my lit - tle horse,
2. Trot a - long, my lit - tle horse,



And swift - er than an ar - row.
I'll buy a scar - let bri - dle.



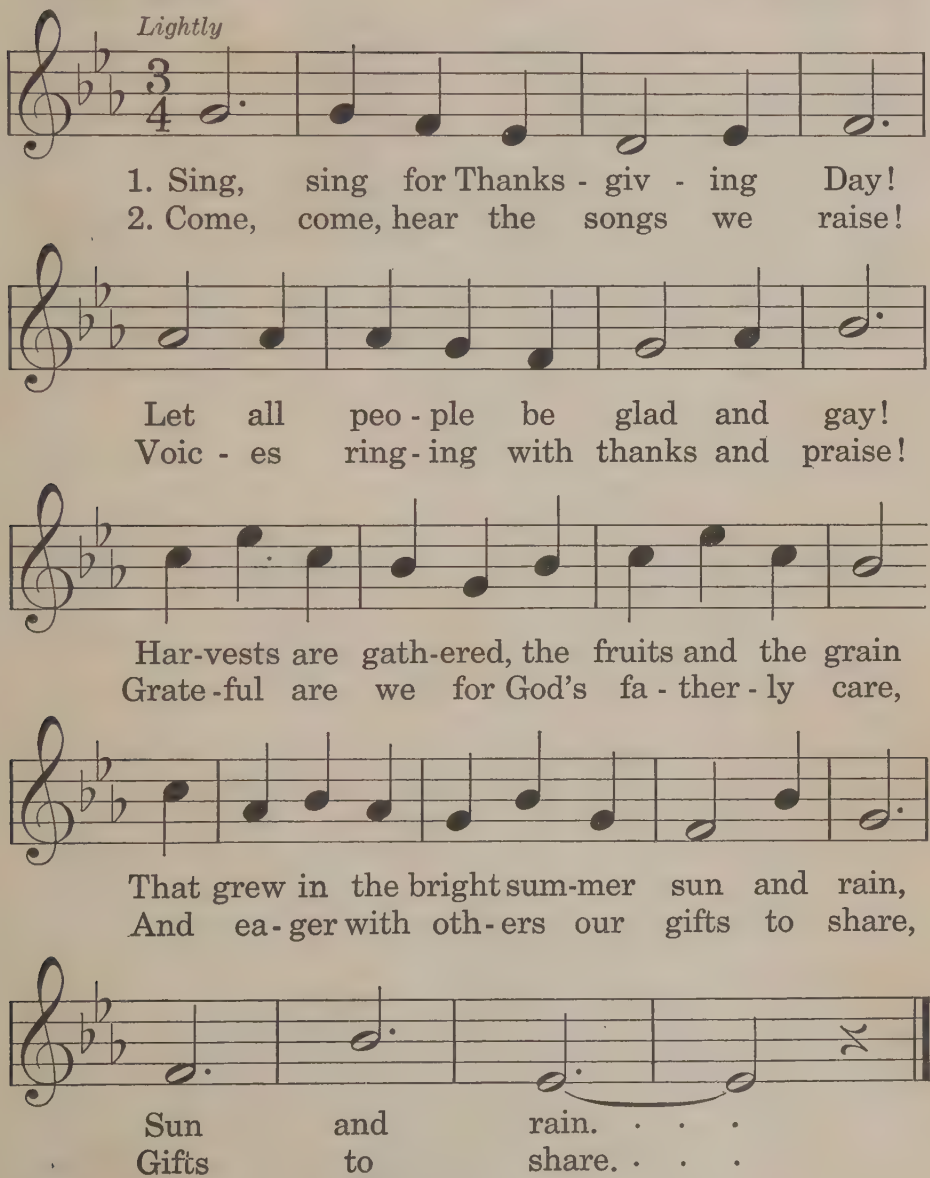
Hi! Hi! Trot a - long
Hi! Hi! If you trot



And hur - ry to the fair, O!
And nev - er stop to i - dle.

THANKSGIVING DAY

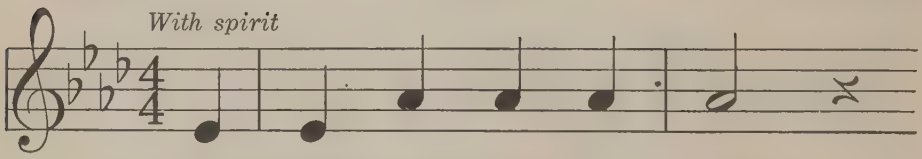
CLEMENT DWIGHT RAYMOND ELLIS


Lightly
1. Sing, sing for Thanks - giv - ing Day!
2. Come, come, hear the songs we raise!
Let all peo - ple be glad and gay!
Voic - es ring - ing with thanks and praise!
Har-vests are gath-ered, the fruits and the grain
Grate-ful are we for God's fa - ther - ly care,
That grew in the bright sum-mer sun and rain,
And ea - ger with oth - ers our gifts to share,
Sun and rain. . . .
Gifts to share. . . .

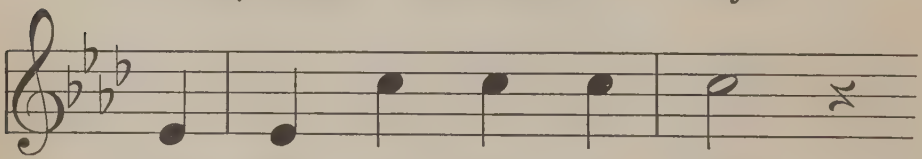
TAG

KATE FORMAN FOLK TUNE

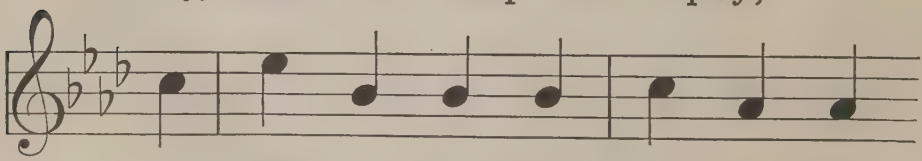
With spirit



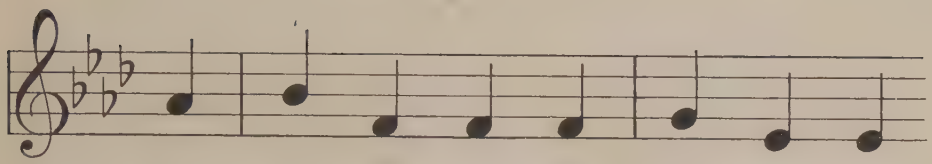
1. Oh, what's the time of day?
2. Now, what's the time of day?



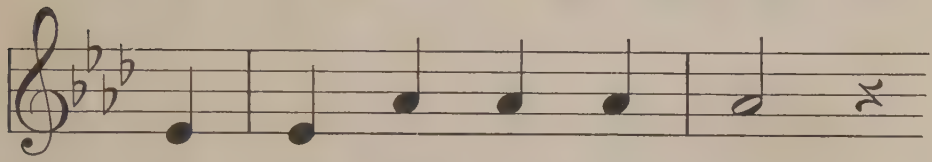
Why, just the time to play;
Why, time to stop our play;



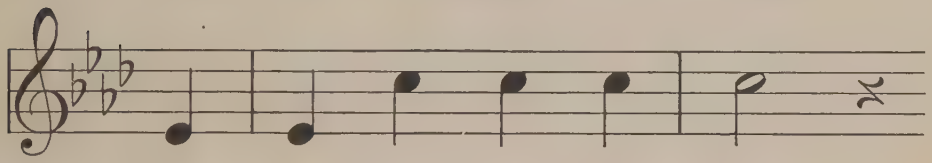
So let us have some jol - ly fun,
And un - der - neath the ma - ple shade



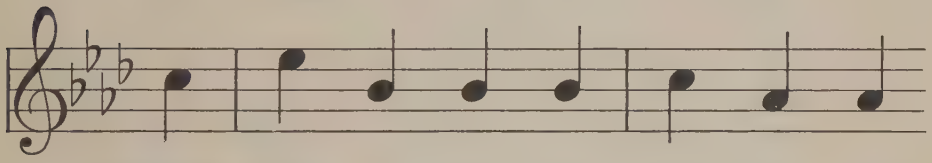
And I'll be "it" while you shall run.
A lit - tle ta - ble white is laid.



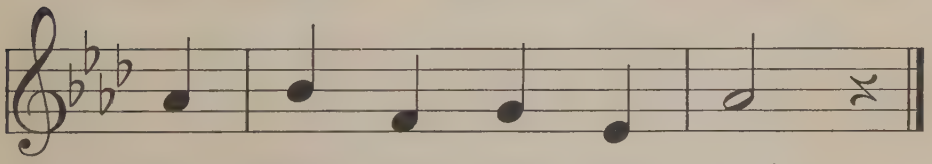
No mat - ter if you pass
So off I gay - ly dash



Like light - ning on the grass,
To reach it in a flash,



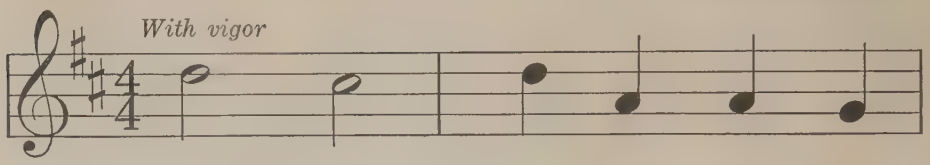
Though like a fly - ing bird you flit,
And while I run I'm soft - ly hit;



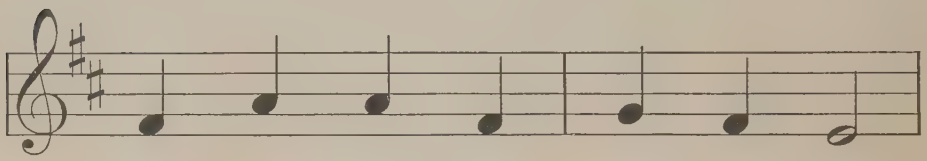
I've caught you; Tag! You're "it"!
You've caught me; Tag! I'm "it"!

MARCHING

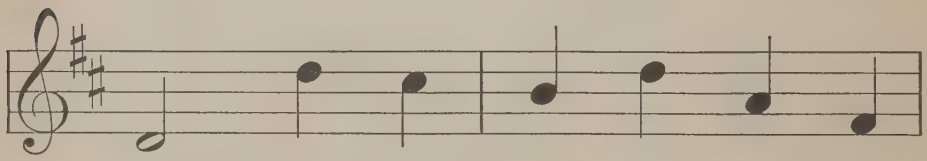
BETH CUSHING — STEPHEN CHAMBERS



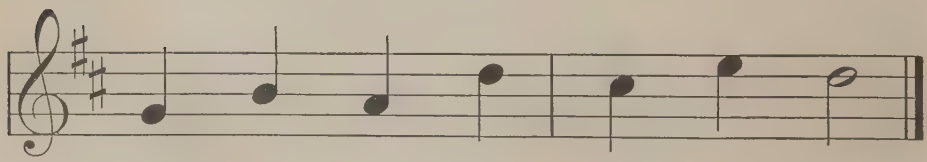
1. March - ing! Brave - ly march - ing,
2. March - ing! On - ward march - ing,



With their ban - ners float - ing high!
Ev - 'ry - one in step, just so.



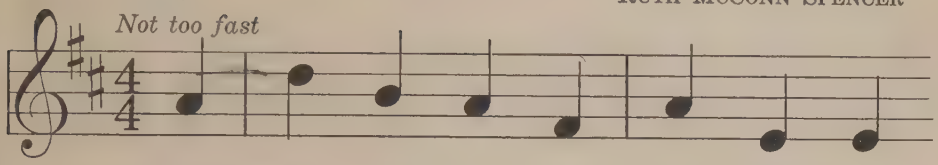
Oh, come and see the sol - diers
Oh, come and see the sol - diers!



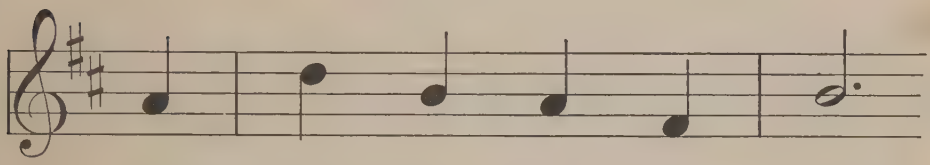
March - ing, march - ing, swift - ly by!
March - ing, rank on rank they go.

LUCY ALLEN RUTH MCCONN SPENCER

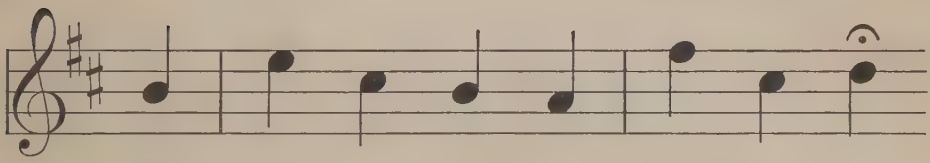
Not too fast



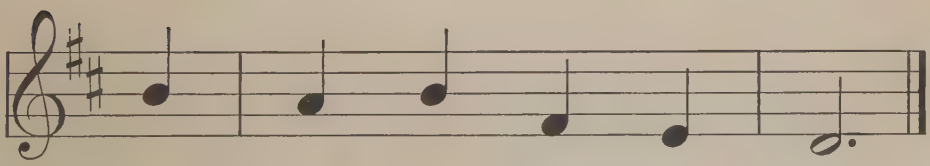
1. George Wash - ing - ton was brave and strong;
2. And there are oth - er he - roes, too,



He loved his coun - try well;
Who loved their cho - sen land;



He fought to make it great and free;
For truth and wis - dom through the years

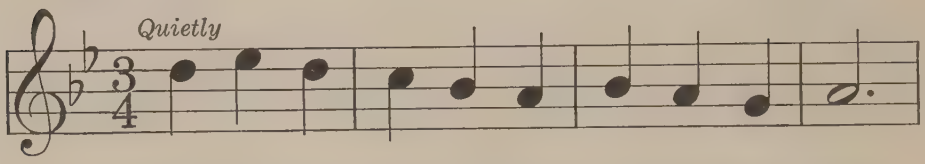


His deeds we love to tell.
Their names will ev - er stand.

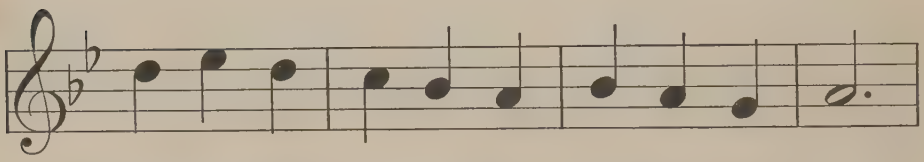
FIRE PICTURES

AMELIA AMES

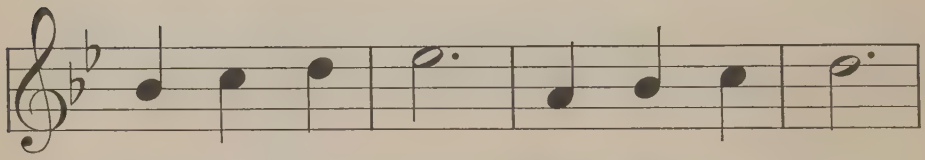
NORA EVANS



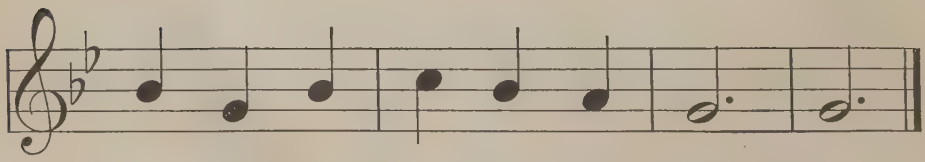
Watch-ing the em-bers that fit - ful - ly glow,



Flames bright-ly leap-ing, now high and now low,



Pic - tures I see Clear as can be,

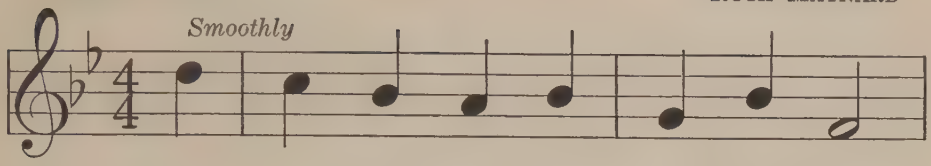


Chang - ing and shift - ing be - fore me.

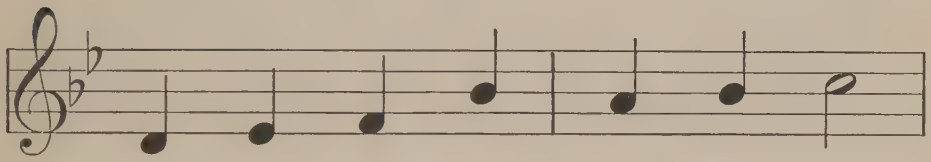
THE FOREST

ANNETTE WYNNE

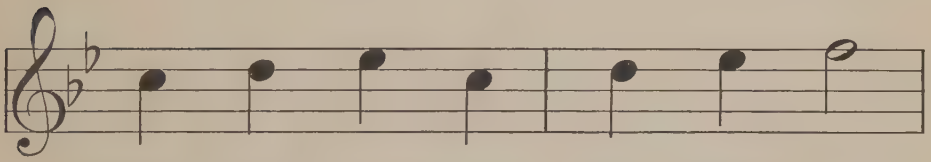
RUTH MAYNARD



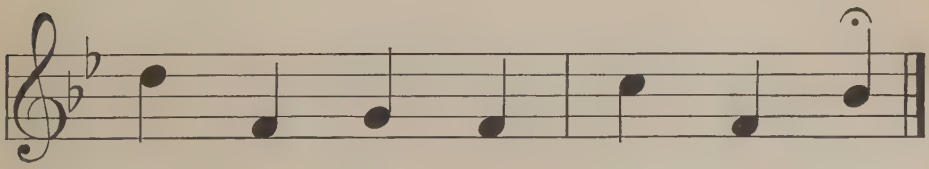
The for - est is the town of trees,



Where they live quite at their ease,



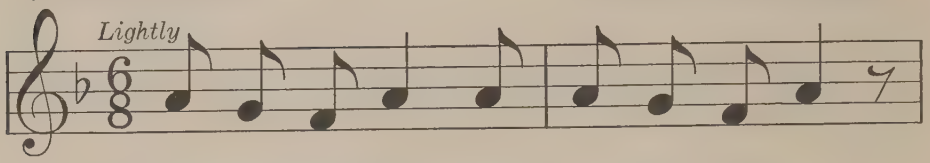
With their neigh - bors at their side,



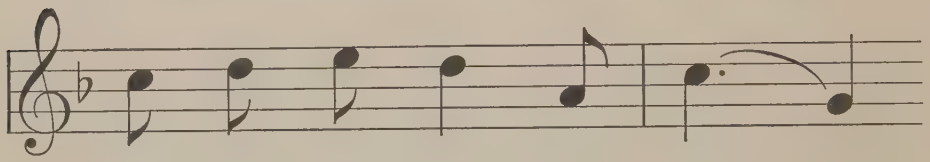
Just as we in cit - ies wide.

LITTLE MISS FLY

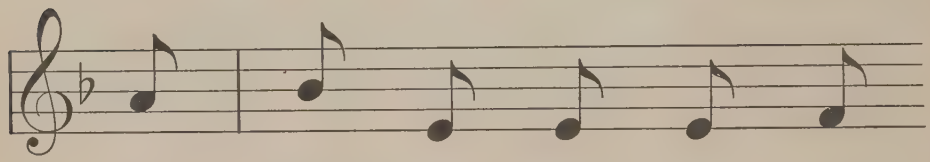
ADELAIDE BAYLOR — RUTH MCCONN SPENCER



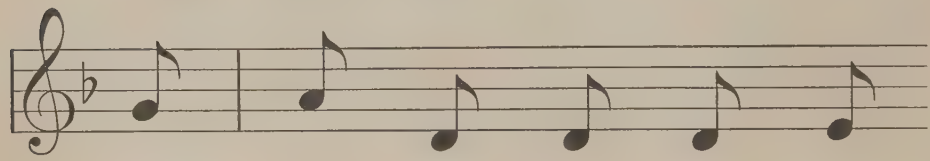
Lit - tle Miss Fly came flut - ter - ing by,



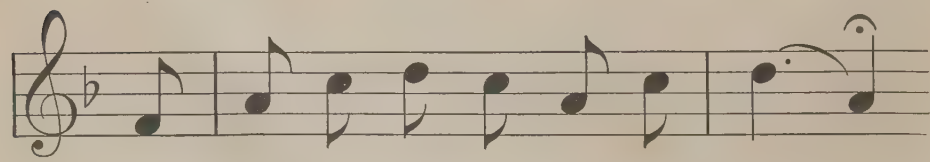
Buzz - ing a song so gay; . .



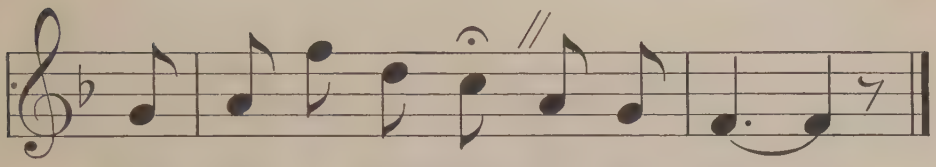
A - long came a spi - der



And o - pen - ly eyed her,



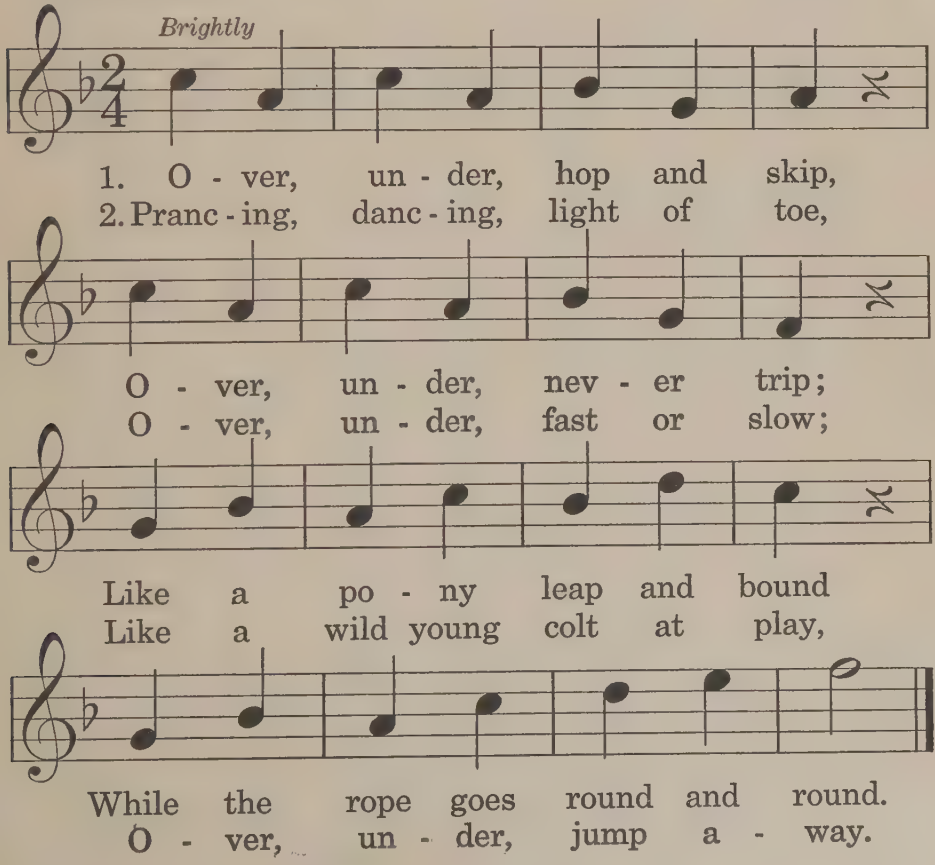
And not a word more did she say, . .



And not a word more did she say. . . .

THE SKIPPING-ROPE

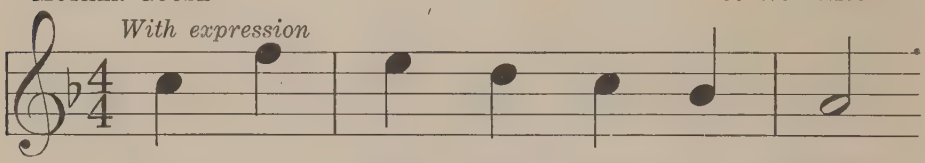
MARY STANHOPE FOLK TUNE


Brightly
1. O - ver, un - der, hop and skip,
2. Pranc - ing, danc - ing, light of toe,
O - ver, un - der, nev - er trip;
O - ver, un - der, fast or slow;
Like a po - ny leap and bound
Like a wild young colt at play,
While the rope goes round and round.
O - ver, un - der, jump a - way.

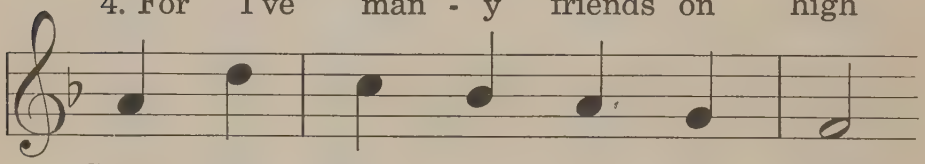
THE CHILD AND THE STAR

MOTHER GOOSE J. W. ELLIOTT

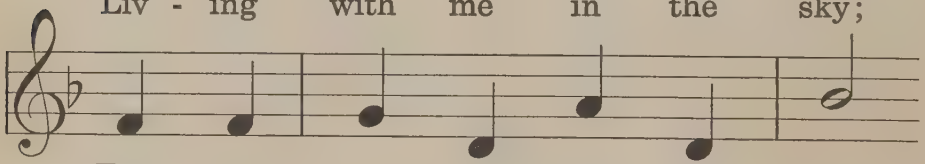
With expression



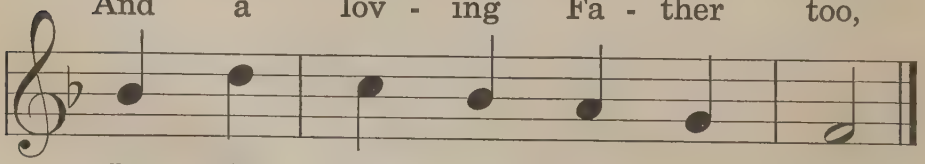
1. Lit - tle star that shines so bright,
2. Lit - tle star, oh, tell me, pray,
3. Lit - tle child, at you I peep,
4. For I've man - y friends on high



Come and peep at me to - night,
Where you hide your - self by day!
While you lie so fast a - sleep;
Liv - ing with me in the sky;



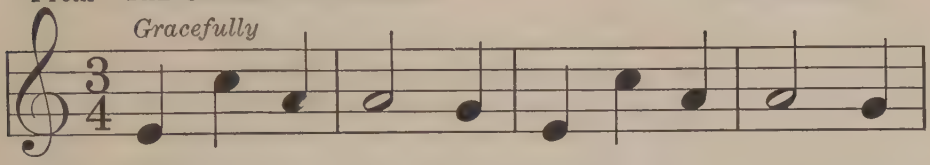
For I of - ten watch for you
Have you got a home like me,
But when morn be - gins to break,
And a lov - ing Fa - ther too,



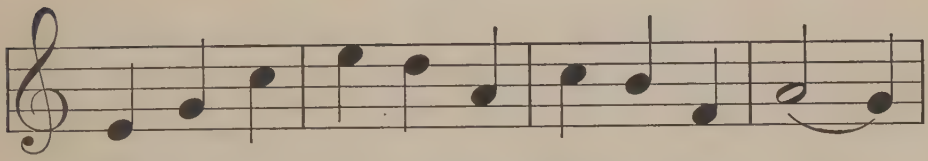
In the sky so dark - ly blue.
And a fa - ther kind to see?
I my home - ward jour - ney take.
Who com - mands what I'm to do.

From "THE CHIMES OF NORMANDY" J. R. PLANQUETTE

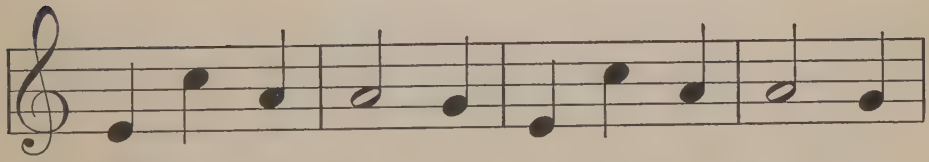
Gracefully



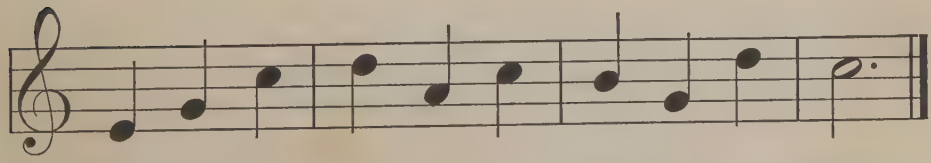
1. Calm is the o - cean, Soft is its mo - tion;
2. Calm is the bil - low, Peace-ful your pil - low,



Sail - or boy, safe - ly this night you may rest;
Safe from the storm and the break-er's white foam;



Wild winds are sleep - ing, Far from you keep - ing;
Soft winds are blow - ing, Friend-ly stars glow - ing,

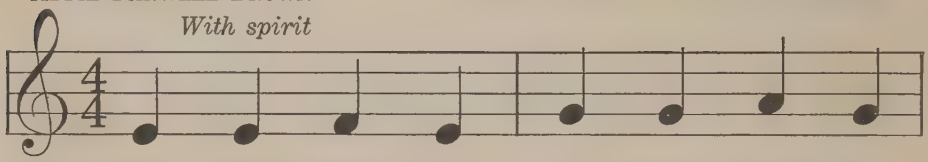


Cloud-less the sky from the east to the west.
Guid - ing you back to the har - bor and home.

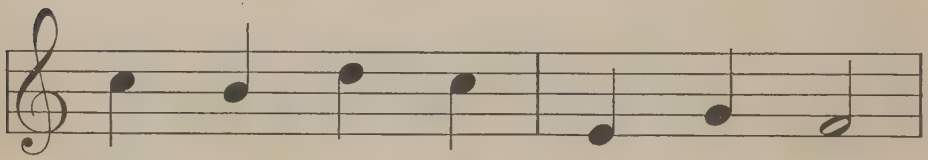
THE FRUIT-SELLER

ABBIE FARWELL BROWN FAY WILSON

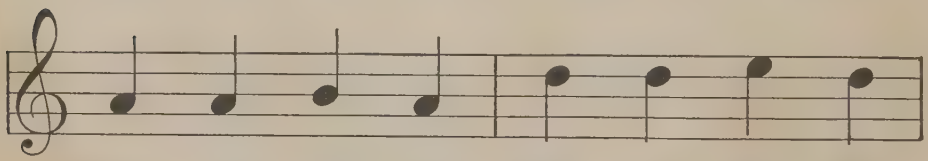
With spirit



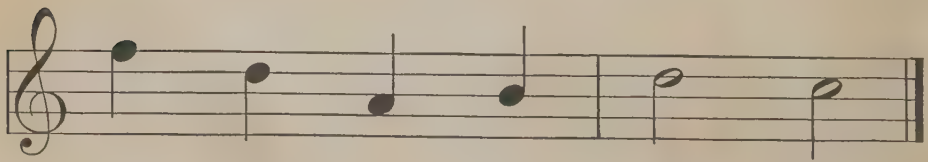
1. Pears and peach - es, Per - fect each is,
2. Fruit - y quinc - es, Fit for princ - es,
3. Cur - rants grow - ing, Col - or show - ing,



Nec - tar - ine with gold - en skin;
A - pri - cot and vel - vet plum;
Ripe ba - na - na, hon - ey - sweet!



Dates and cher - ries, Figs and ber - ries,
Ap - ples ros - y As a po - sy,
Or - ange mel - low, Lem - ons yel - low,



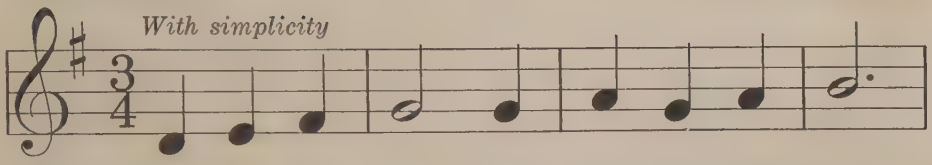
I will give good meas - ure.
Each will give you pleas - ure.
Who will buy my treas - ure?

THE MEADOW LARK

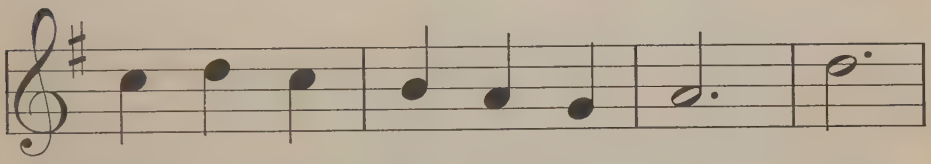
WILL EARHART

WILL EARHART

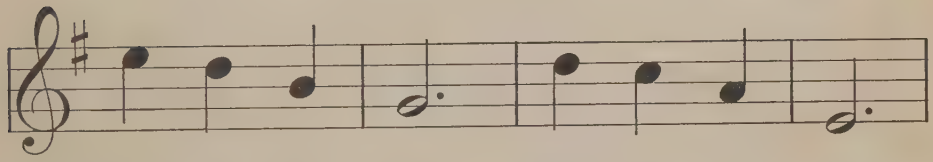
With simplicity



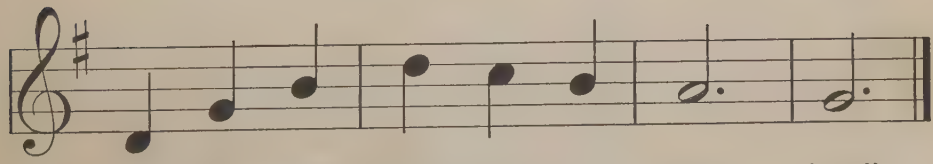
1. Out in the mead - ow un - der the hill
2. Out of his glad - ness, forth from his heart,



Mead - ow lark's car - ol is ring - ing;
Hark to the mu - sic he's fling - ing!



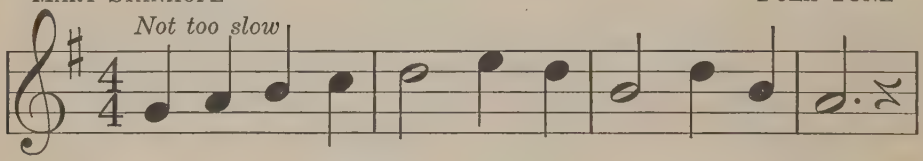
"Blue is the sky, Hap - py am I;
"Bright is the sun; Win - ter is done;



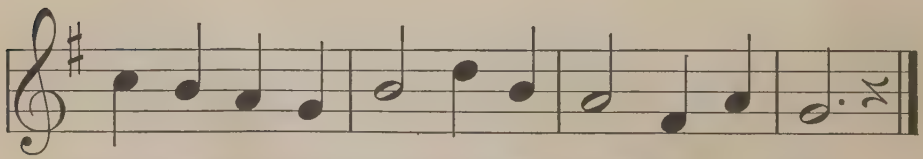
All the world joins in my sing - ing."
All the world sings with my sing - ing."

AIRPLANES

MARY STANHOPE — FOLK TUNE



1. Ev-'ry ma-ple seed In an air-plane may ride,
2. An-chored in the mold Where the air-plane may land,

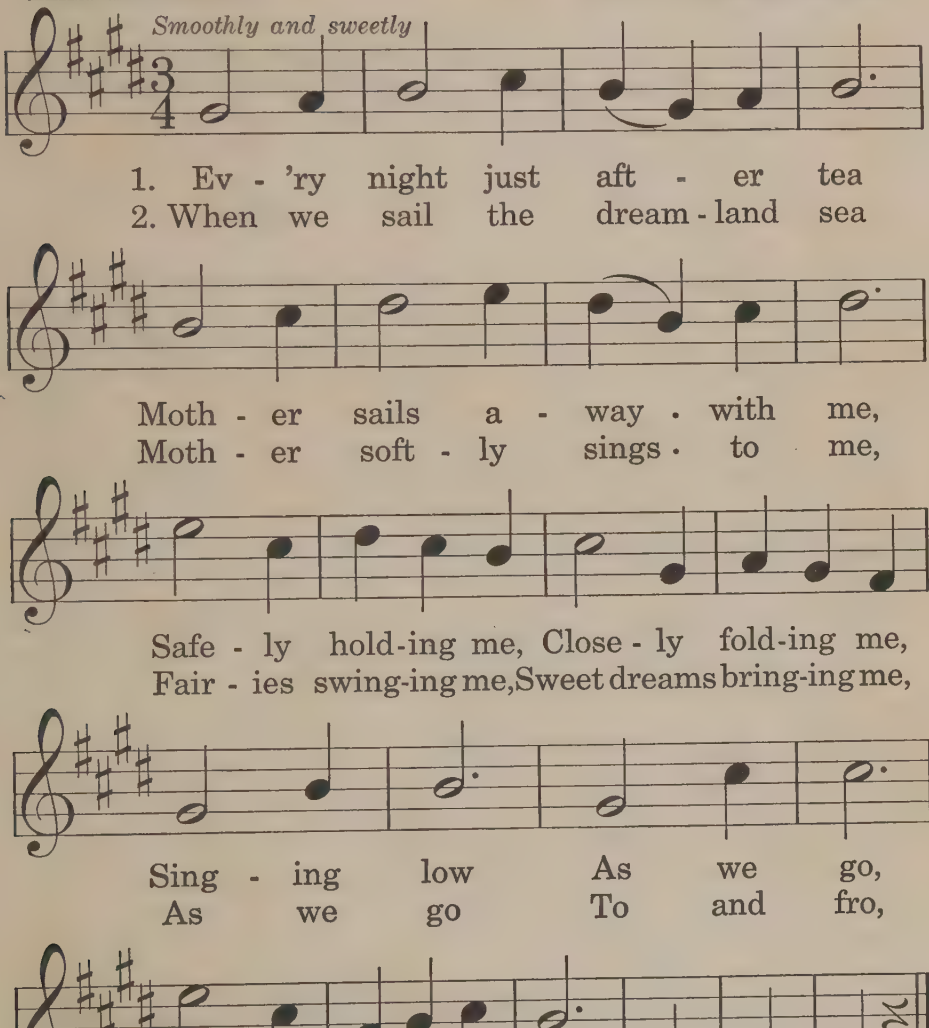


Float, with none to heed, On the wind's sum-mer tide.
Au-tumn shall be-hold A wee ma-ple tree stand.

THE DREAM BOAT

ELIZABETH TAYLOR — CHARLES FONTEYN MANNEY

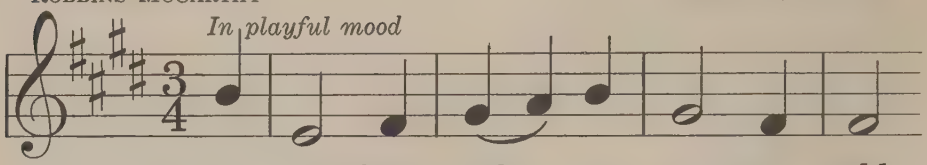
Smoothly and sweetly


1. Ev - 'ry night just aft - er tea
2. When we sail the dream - land sea
Moth - er sails a - way · with me,
Moth - er soft - ly sings · to me,
Safe - ly hold-ing me, Close - ly fold-ing me,
Fair - ies swing-ing me, Sweet dreams bring-ing me,
Sing - ing low As we go,
As we go To and fro,
Moth - er, moth - er dear and I. . .
Moth - er, moth - er dear and I. . .

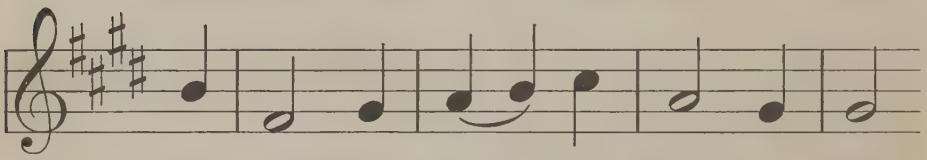
THE SUNFLOWER'S SECRET

ROBBINS-MCCARTHY HELEN S. LEAVITT

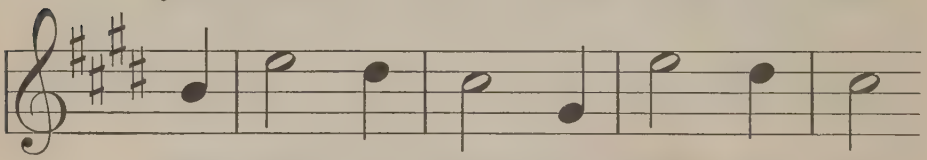
In playful mood



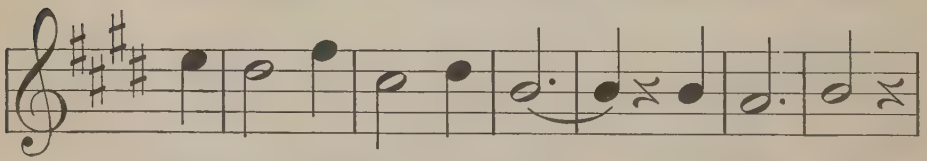
1. The sun-flow'r tall · a se - cret told
2. The yel - low La - dy Mar - i - gold



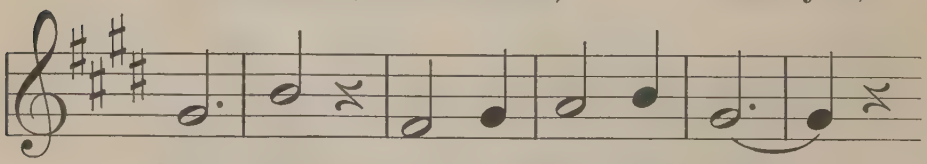
To yel - low La - dy Mar - i - gold;
Quite liked the se - cret that he told;



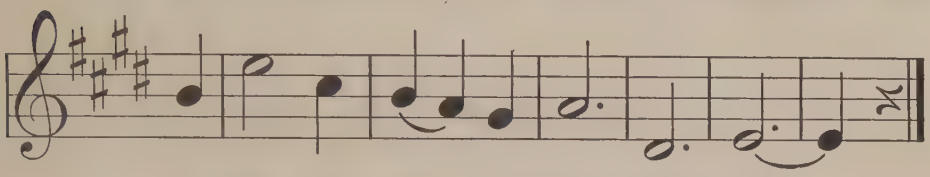
For bend - ing down his gold - en crown,
Her gold - en head she bowed and said,



He whis-pered in her ear, · "I love you,
"O Sun-flow'r, brave and tall, · I love you,



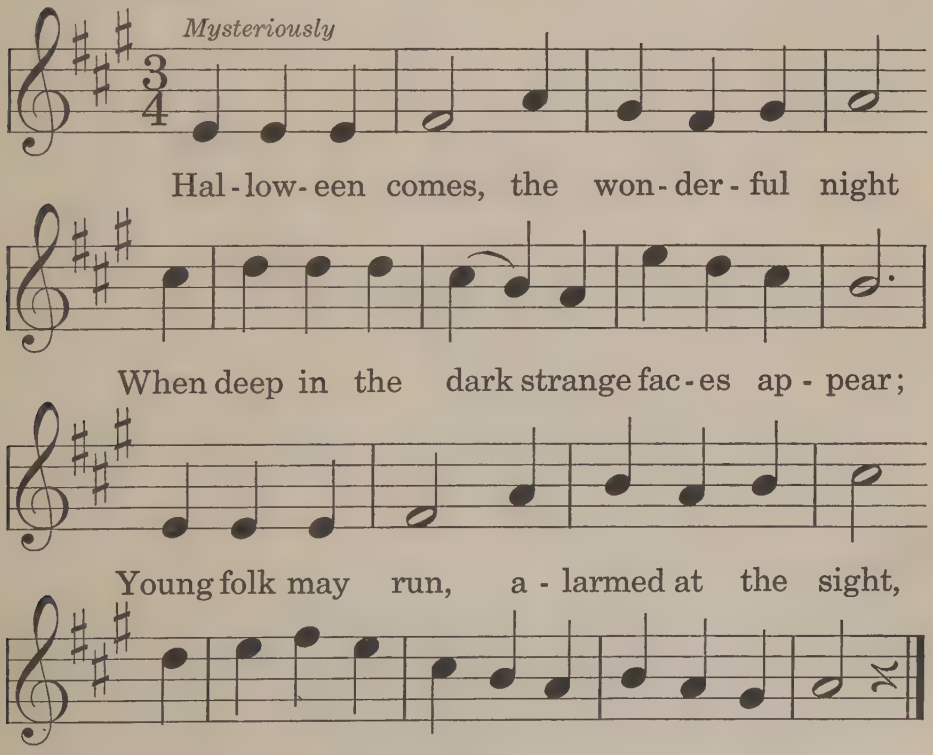
love you, ver - y much, my dear." ·
love you, love you best of all!". ·



A se - cret old · is what he told. ·
A se - cret old · they both have told. ·

THE NIGHT OF HALLOWEEN

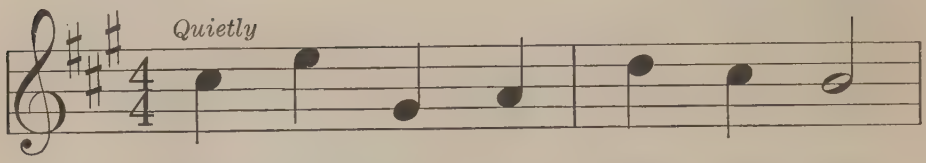
CELIA STANDISH E. W. NEWTON


Mysteriously
Hal - low - een comes, the won - der - ful night
When deep in the dark strange fac - es ap - pear;
Young folk may run, a - larmed at the sight,

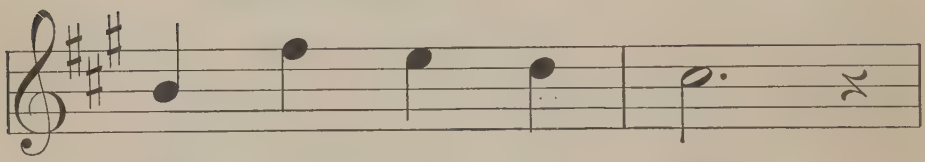
But they're on-ly pumpkins, There's nothing to fear.

THE BUTTERFLY

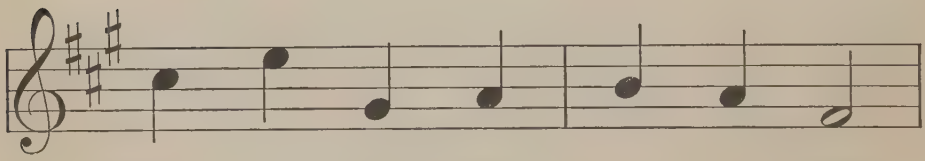
LUCY ALLEN MARTHA WHITE



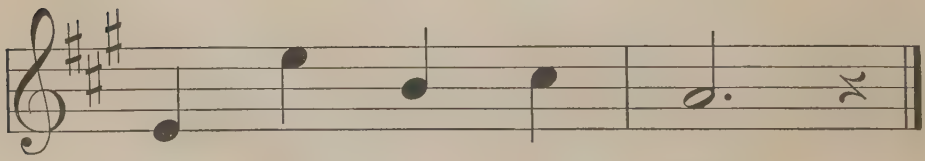
1. Tell me, pret - ty but - ter - fly,
2. While you slum - bered safe and warm



With your gauz - y wings,
Deep in your co - coon,



Where you found such dain - ty ones
Did the fair - ies rob, for you,



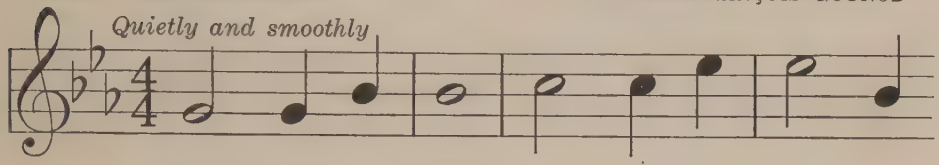
With their spots and rings.
Rain - bow, sun, and moon?

LOVELY APPEAR

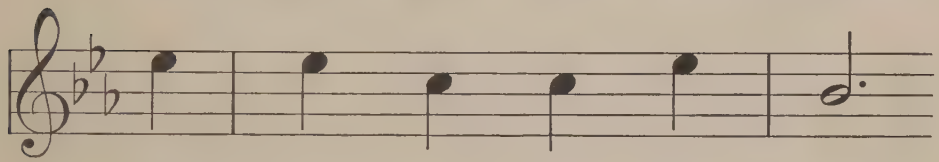
From "The Redemption"

CHARLES FRANÇOIS GOUNOD

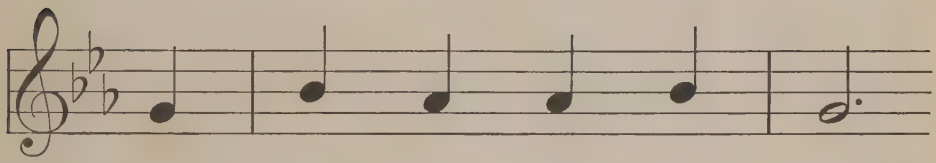
Quietly and smoothly



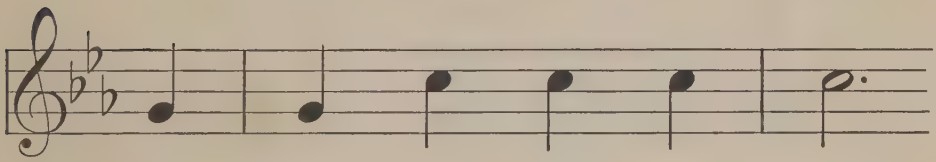
Love - ly ap - pear O - ver the moun-tains



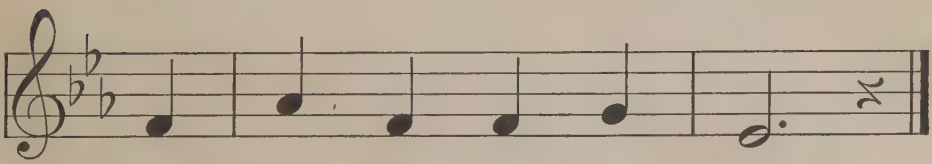
The feet of them that preach



And bring good news of peace;



The feet of them that preach



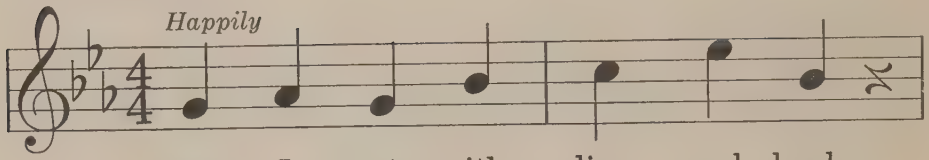
And bring good news of peace.

A STORY

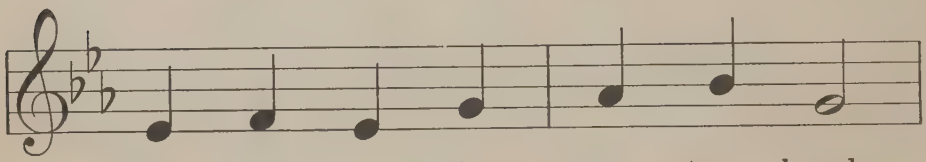
CELIA STANDISH

FAY WILSON

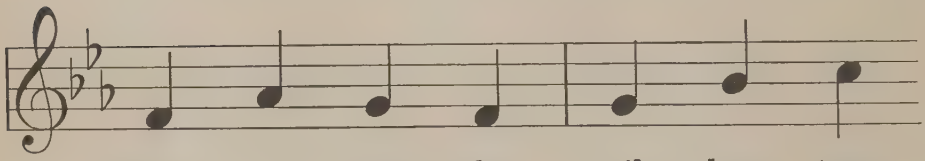
Happily



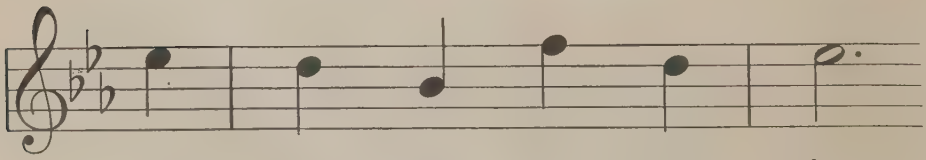
1. Once I sat with line and hook
2. I was real - ly quite worn out,
3. Slow - ly, though, he swam a - way;



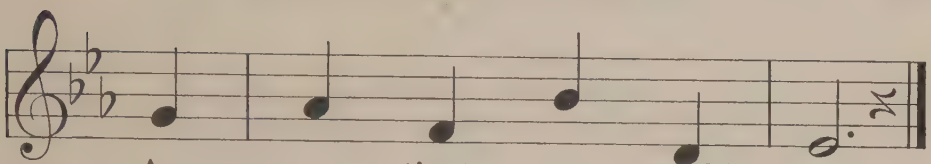
Fish - ing in the pas - ture brook
When a pret - ty speck - led trout
I am sure I heard him say,



Down be - side the wil - low tree
Gen - tly nib - bled at my bait
"I be - lieve that thing a fly,"

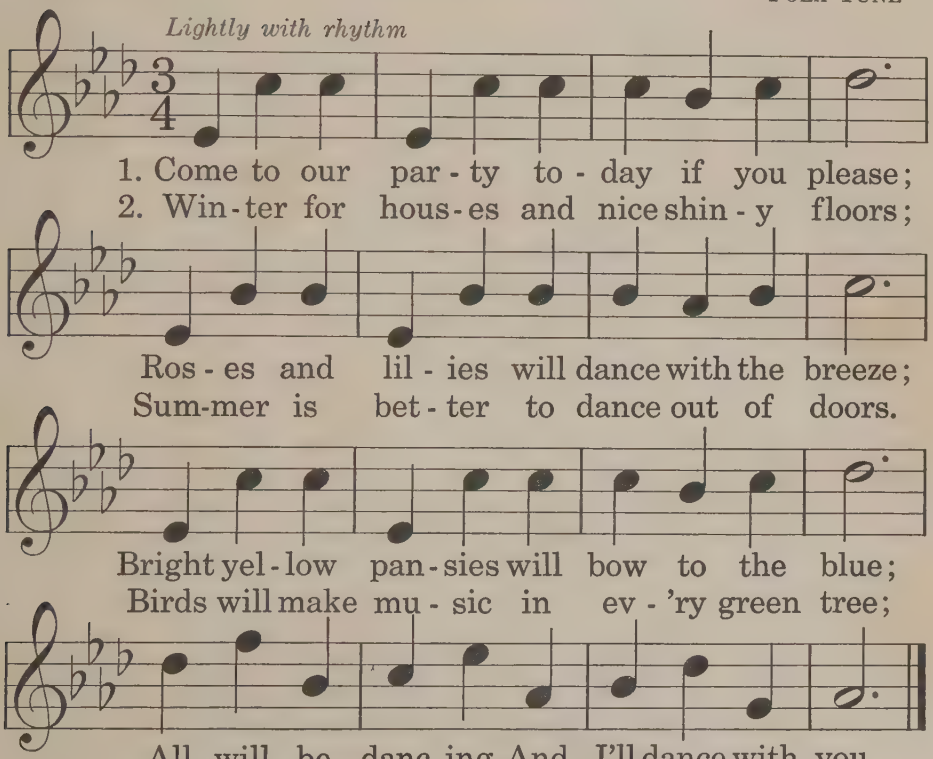


As pa - tient as could be,
As it was grow - ing late,
And winked a scorn - ful eye,



DANCING

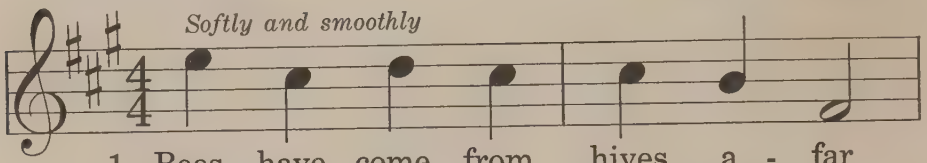
KATE FORMAN FOLK TUNE


Lightly with rhythm
1. Come to our par - ty to - day if you please;
2. Win - ter for hous - es and nice shin - y floors;
Ros - es and lil - ies will dance with the breeze;
Sum-mer is bet - ter to dance out of doors.
Bright yel - low pan - sies will bow to the blue;
Birds will make mu - sic in ev - 'ry green tree;
All will be danc-ing, And I'll dance with you.
All will be danc-ing, And you'll dance with me.

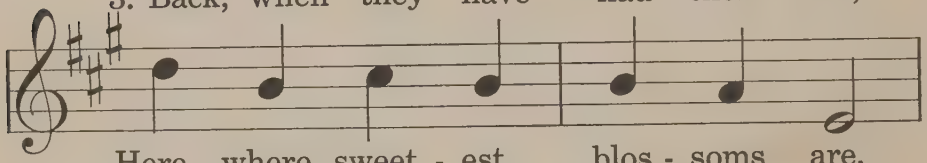
THE HUMMING BEES

KATHERINE MIXTER ARTHUR TARGETT

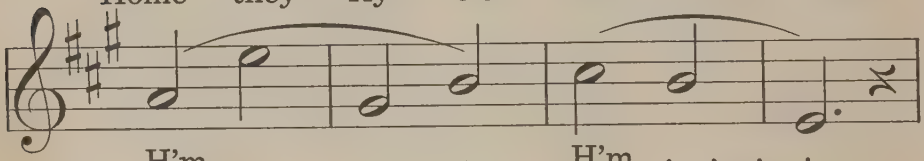
Softly and smoothly



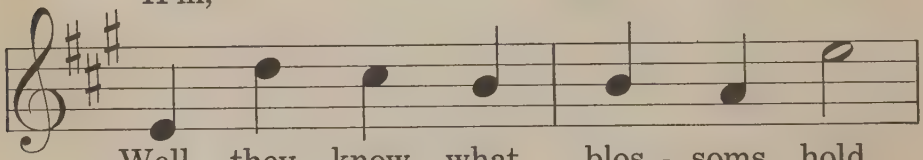
1. Bees have come from hives a - far
2. So from flow'r to flow'r they flit,
3. Back, when they have had their fill,



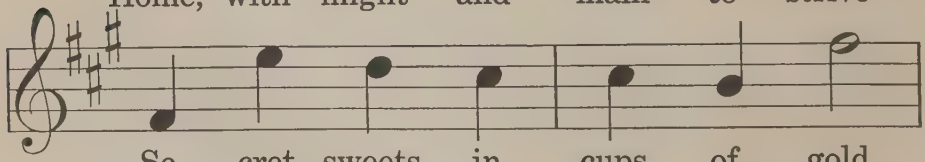
Here where sweet - est blos - soms are.
Pol - len - cov - ered ev - 'ry bit.
Home they fly o'er wood and hill.



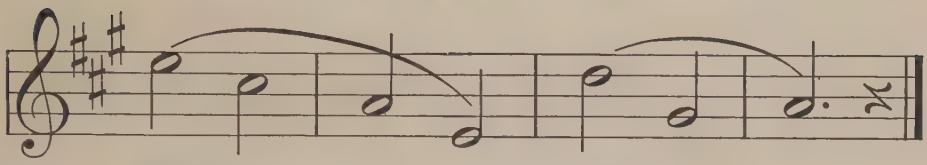
H'm, ... H'm. . . . .



Well they know what blos - soms hold
Hum - ming gay - ly in the sun,
Home, with might and main to strive

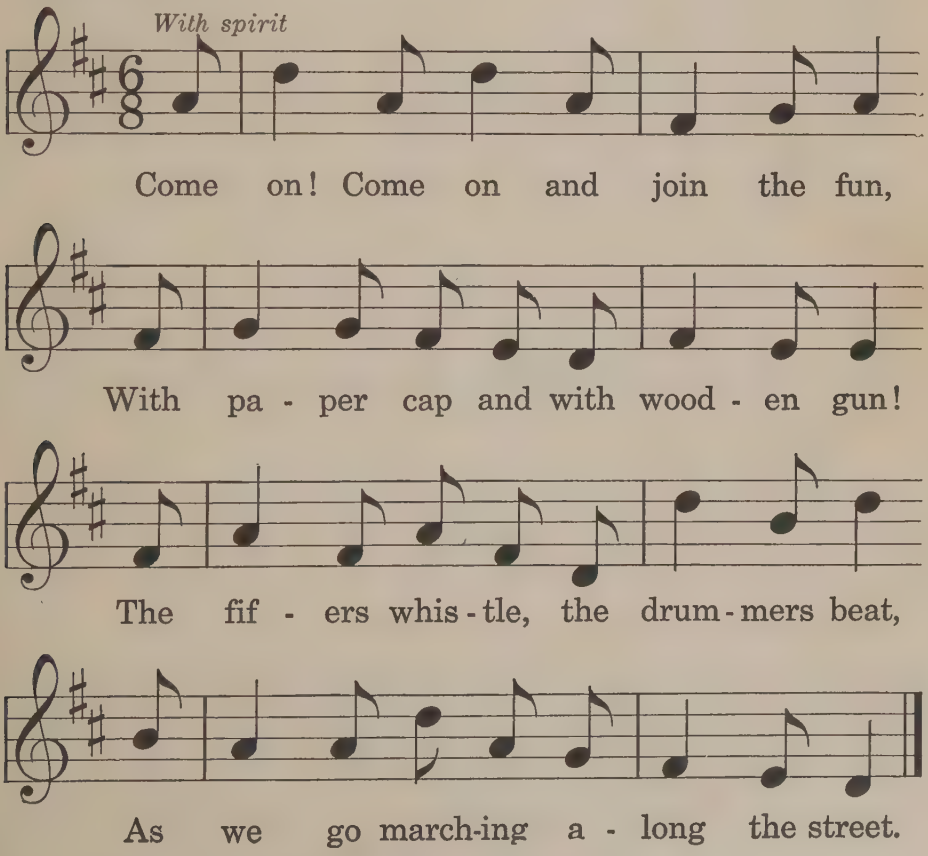


Se - cret sweets in cups of gold.
Gath - 'ring sweets from ev - 'ry one.
In their hon - ey - lad - en hive.



PLAYING SOLDIER

MARY ROOT KERN MARY ROOT KERN

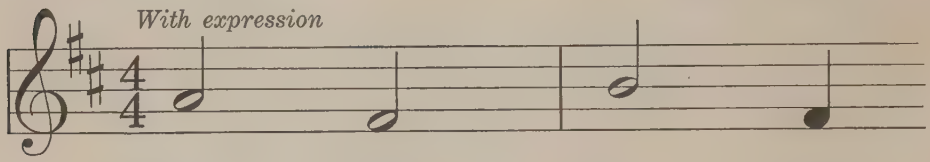

With spirit
Come on! Come on and join the fun,
With pa - per cap and with wood - en gun!
The fif - ers whis - tle, the drum - mers beat,
As we go march-ing a - long the street.

EVENING LIGHTS

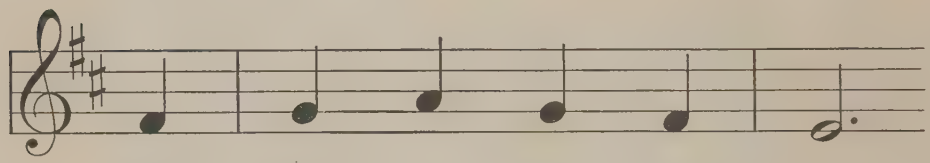
MARY MAPES DODGE

MARY ROOT KERN

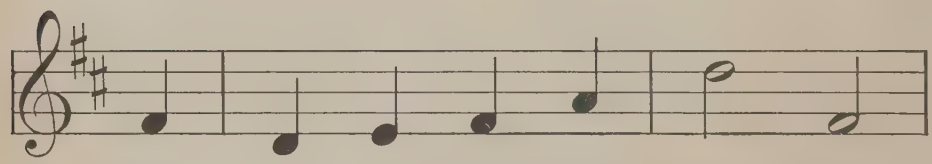
With expression



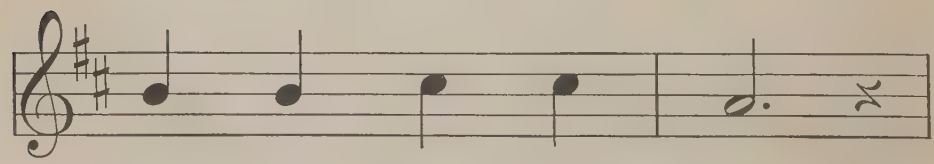
1. Moon - light, star - light,
2. Large boats, small boats,



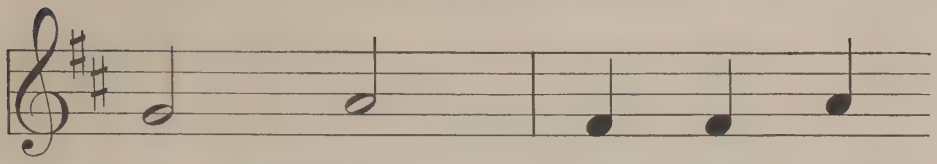
How man - y lights there be
How man - y boats there be,



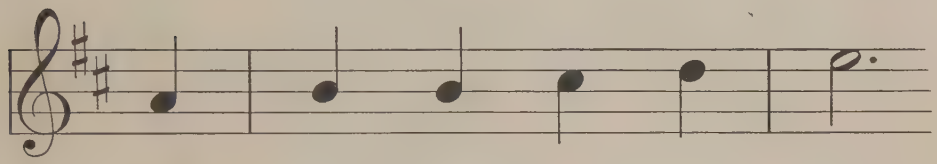
From lit - tle swing - ing lan - terns
And lit - tle swing - ing life - boats



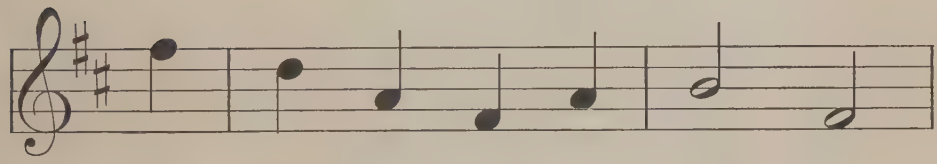
On the ships at sea!
On the ships at sea!



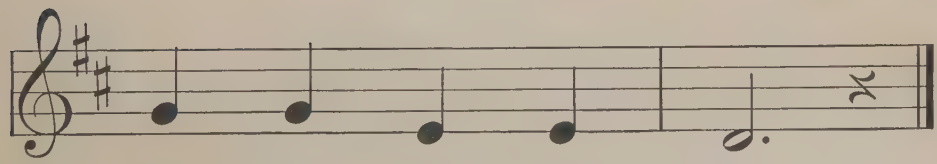
Green lights, yel - low lights,
On the fer - ry - boat



And crim - son lights a - glow,
My moth - er goes with me;



I see them shine at night - fall
I wish that we could float far

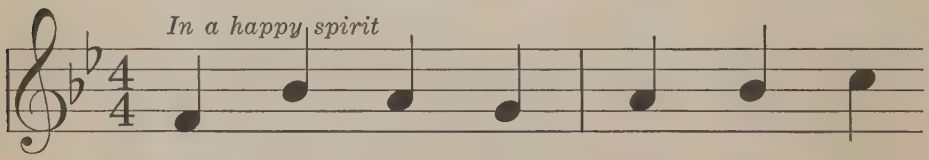


In the mist and snow.
Out up - on the sea.

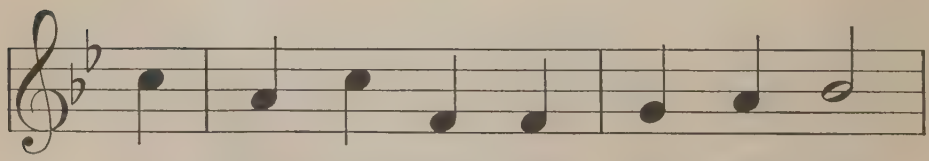
COASTING SONG

ROSE MILES FOLK TUNE

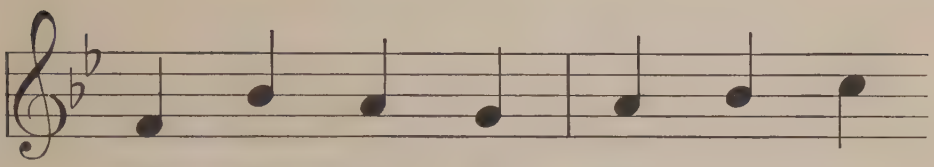
In a happy spirit



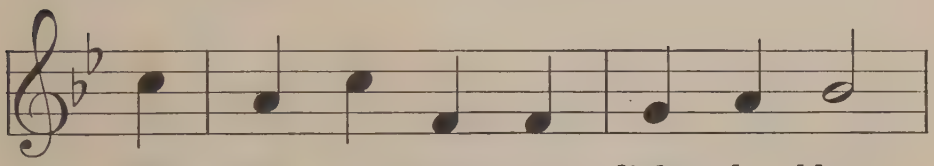
1. Skies are blue as blue can be,
2. Swift as swal - lows we will sweep



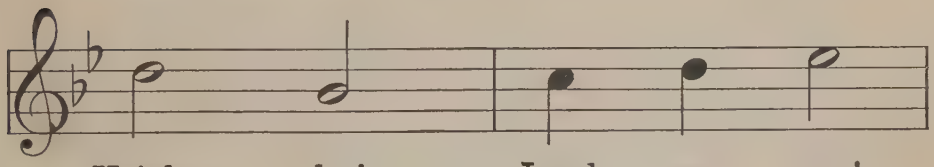
So bring your sled and come with me.
A - down the hill - side long and steep,



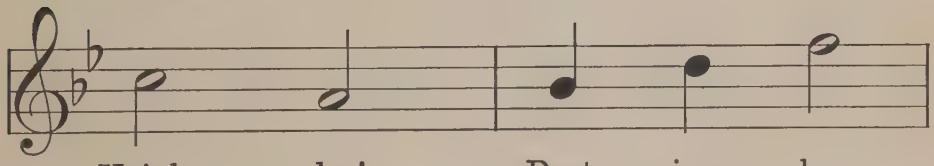
O'er the drift - ed gleam - ing snow
Dart - ing to the plain be - low



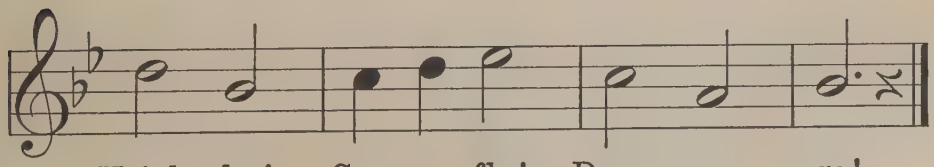
The hap - py breez - es light - ly blow.
With laugh - ing fac - es all a - glow.



Heigh - ho! Loud we cry!



Heigh - ho! Dart - ing by.



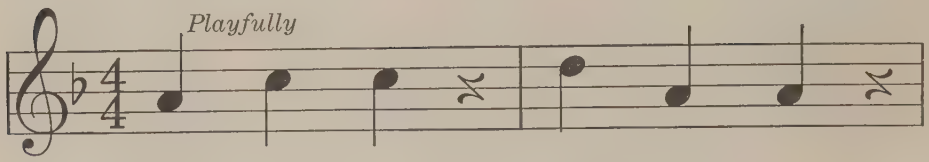
Heigh - ho! See us fly! Down we go!

HOPSCOTCH

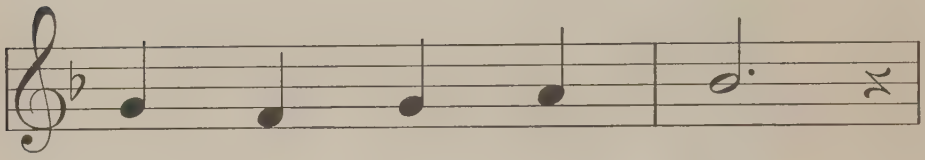
ABBIE FARWELL BROWN

E. W. NEWTON

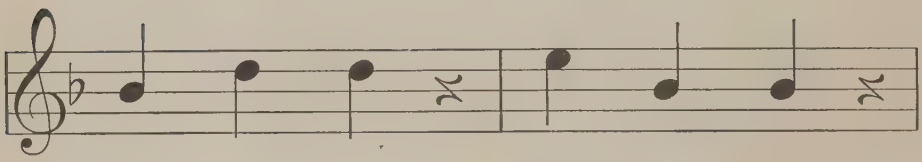
Playfully



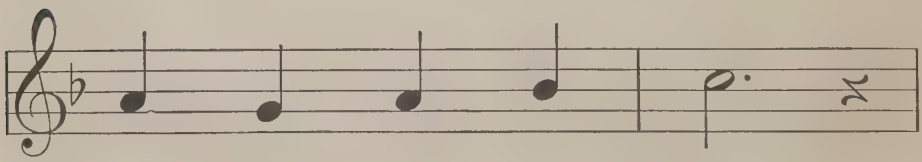
1. Hip - pi - tee! Skip - pi - tee!
2. Hip - pi - tee! Skip - pi - tee!



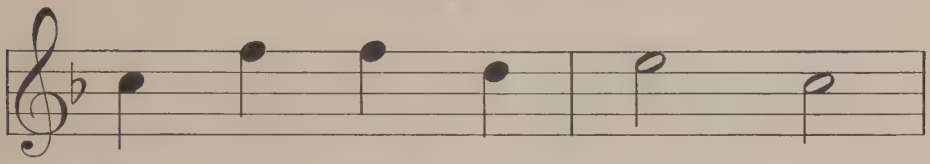
Care - ful, now, be - gin.
Care - ful how we go.



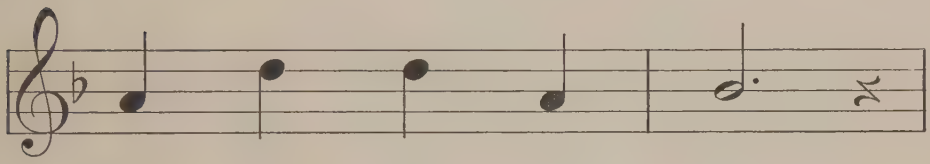
Hop - pi - tee! Pop - pi - tee!
Hop - pi - tee! Pop - pi - tee!



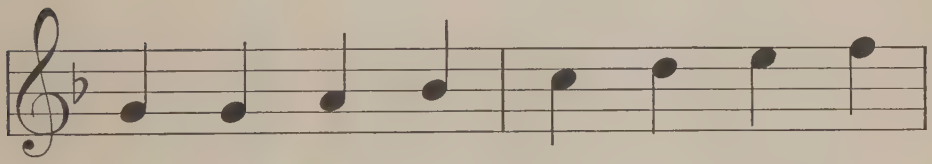
Weav - ing out and in.
Dart - ing to and fro.



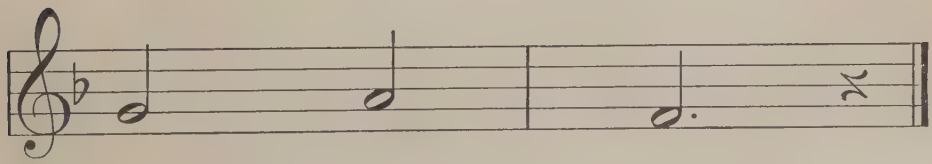
Nev - er touch the chalk - line,
Feet, you must re - mem - ber,



Feet, you must be - ware!
Feet, you must be good!



Hop - ping o - ver, flop - ping o - ver,
Skip - ping o - ver, trip - ping o - ver,



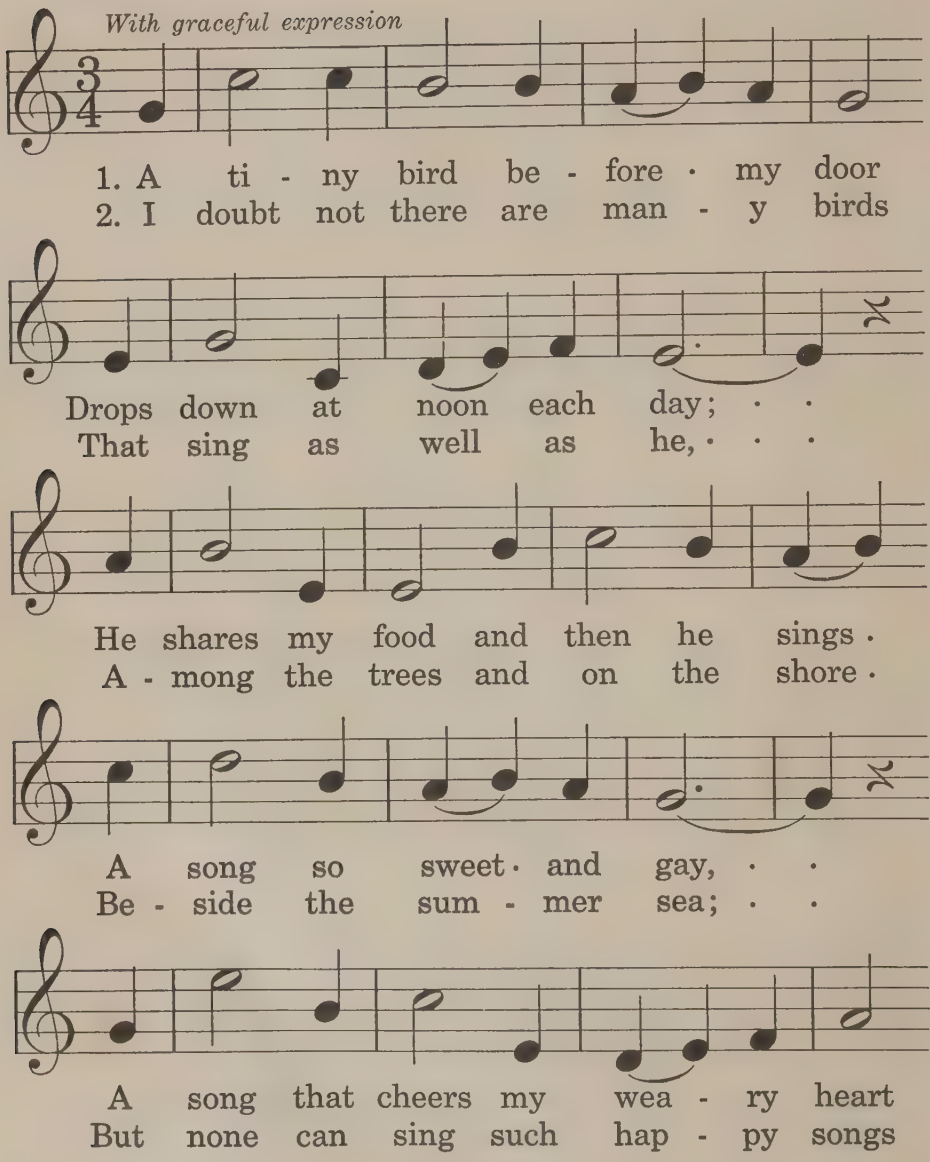
Square to square!
As you should!

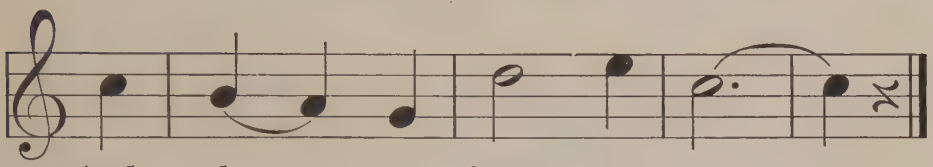
MY SONGSTER

DENIS MCCARTHY

RALPH L. BALDWIN

With graceful expression


1. A ti - ny bird be - fore · my door
2. I doubt not there are man - y birds
Drops down at noon each day; · ·
That sing as well as he, · · ·
He shares my food and then he sings ·
A - mong the trees and on the shore ·
A song so sweet · and gay, · ·
Be - side the sum - mer sea; · ·
A song that cheers my wea - ry heart
But none can sing such hap - py songs

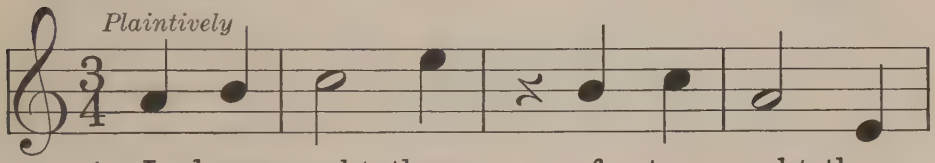


And clears · my fears a - way. · ·
Or bring · such dreams to me. · ·

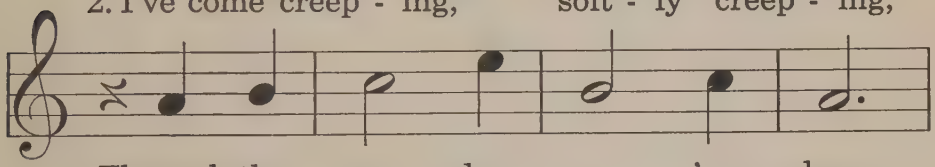
WHERE DO FAIRIES HIDE?

CELIA STANDISH A. C. HORSFORD

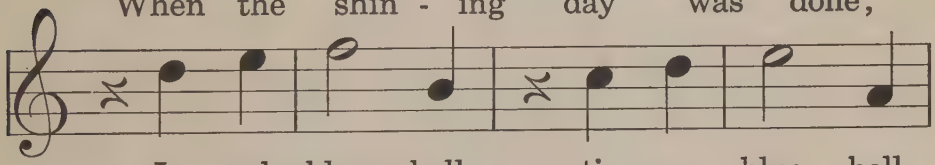
Plaintively



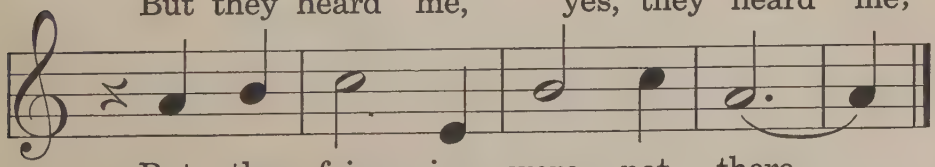
1. I have sought them, of - ten sought them,
2. I've come creep - ing, soft - ly creep - ing,



Through the gar - den ev - 'ry - where,
When the shin - ing day was done;



In each blue - bell, ti - ny blue - bell,
But they heard me, yes, they heard me,

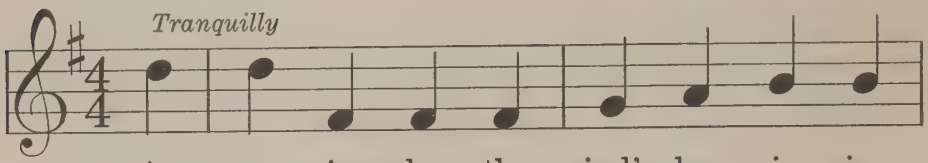


But the fair - ies were not there. ·
For they van - ished, ev - 'ry one. · ·

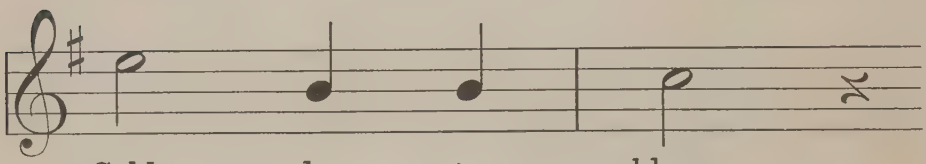
AROUND THE FIRE

DENIS MCCARTHY — ROBERT SCHUMANN

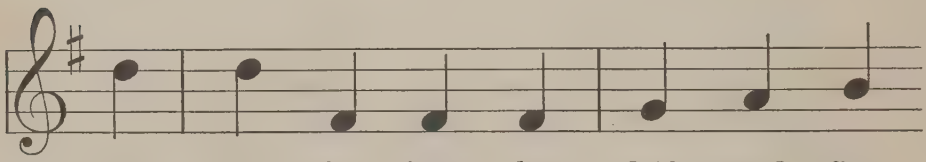
Tranquilly



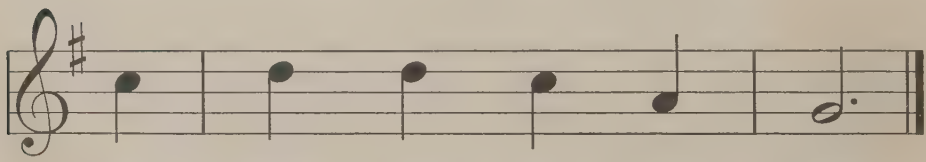
1. At eve - ning when the wind's be - gin - ning
2. And moth - er tells of oth - er chil - dren,
3. And though up - on her face is laugh - ter,



Cold - ly to blow,
Long, long a - go,
Yet well I know



We sit be - fore the drift - wood fire
Who sat be - fore the fire of wood
She dreams of when she too was young



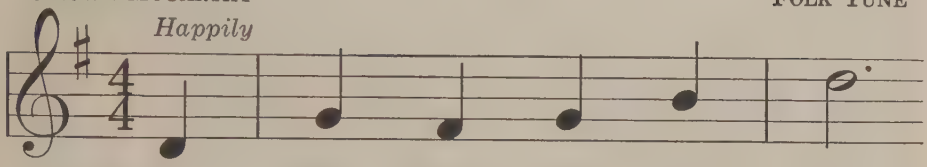
And watch the em - bers glow.
And watched the em - bers glow.
And watched the em - bers glow.

THINGS TO LOVE

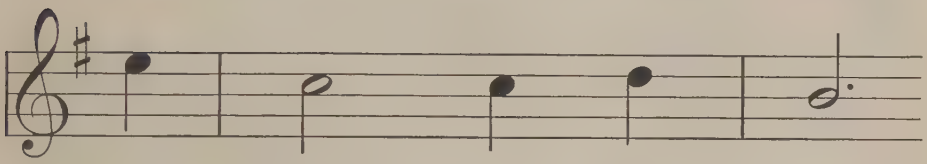
BROWN-MCCARTHY

FOLK TUNE

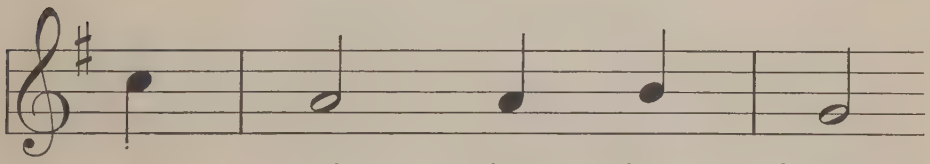
Happily



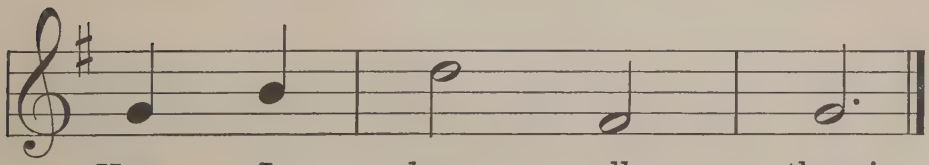
1. A ship with swell - ing sail,
2. A pine tree on the hill,
3. The world with won - der teems



A moon sil - ver pale,
A lake smooth and still,
By sea, wood, and streams,



A soft sing - ing breeze;
A sky light - ly blue;
And, great things or small,

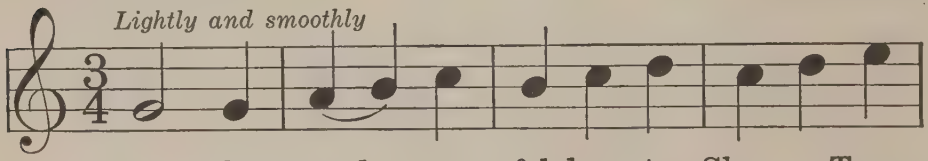


How I love all these!
How I love these too!
We can love them all.

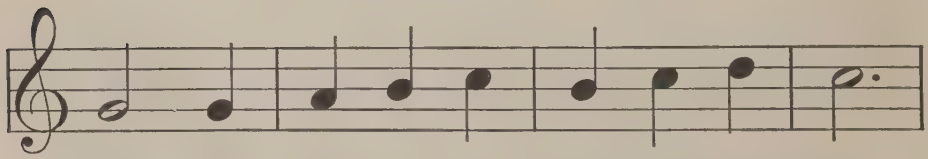
TO SLEEPY TOWN

CELIA STANDISH — WILL EARHART

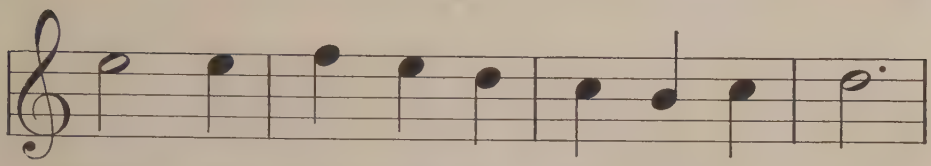
Lightly and smoothly



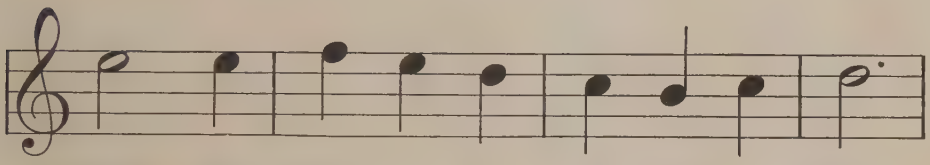
1. On the road · you fol-low to Sleep-y Town
2. On the road · you fol-low to Sleep-y Town



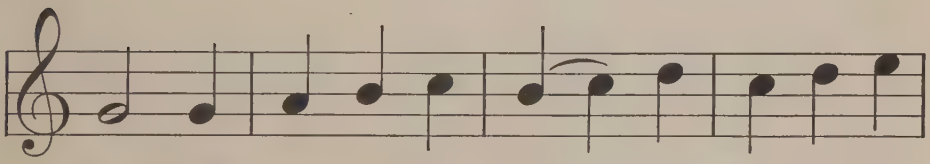
There the fair - y - tale folk you will pass;
Puss - in - Boots and his mas - ter you'll meet;



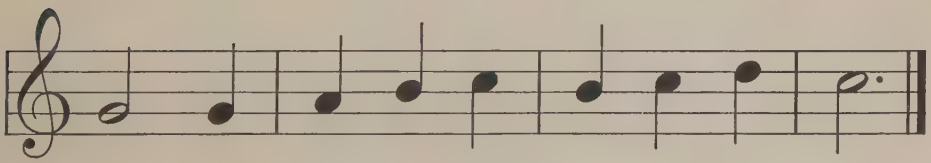
There's Bo - peep with her wan - der - ing sheep,
There's A - lad - din and Gold - i - locks too,



There's the beau - ti - ful la - dy a - sleep;
Jack so read - y and gal - lant and true!



You will see on the road · to Sleep - y Town
Close your wea - ry eyes, go · · to Sleep - y Town!



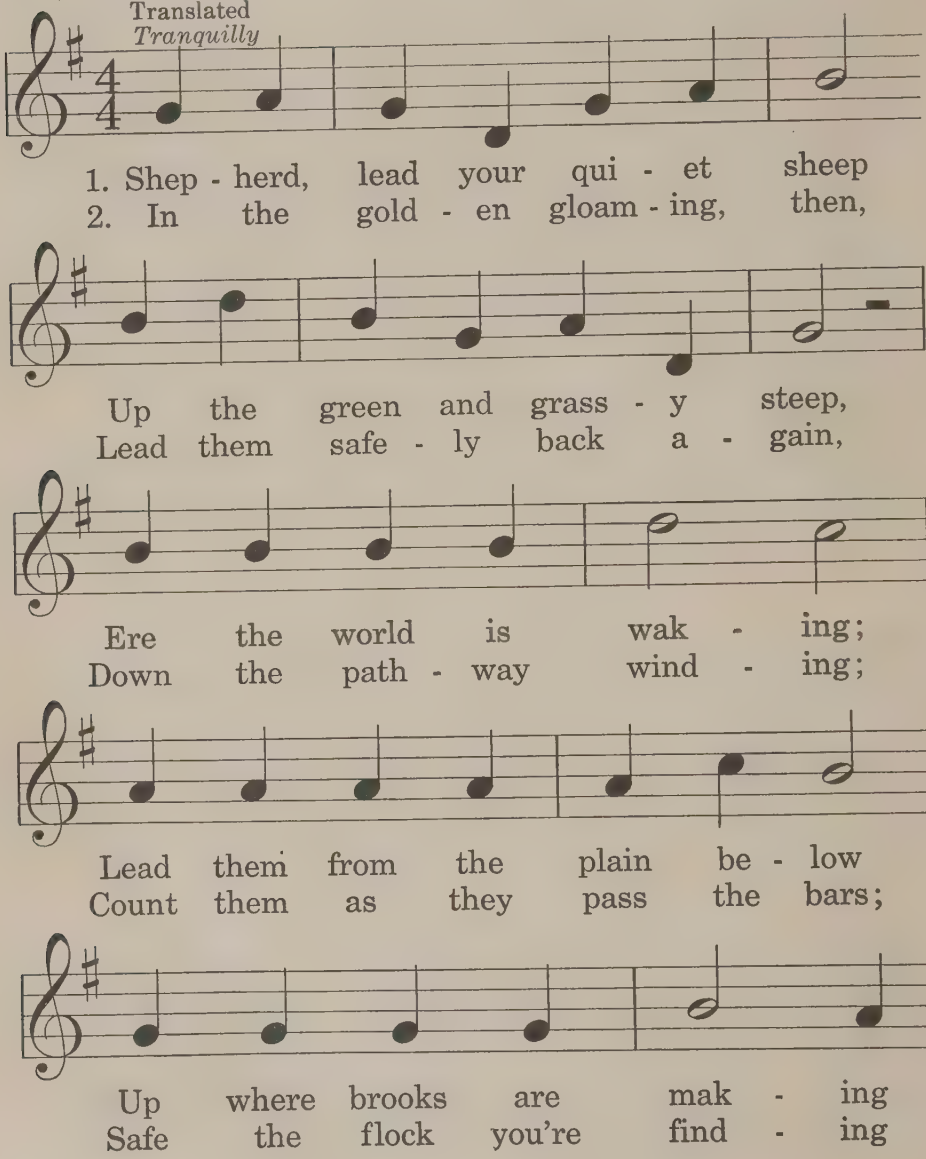
Cin - der - el - la with slip - per of glass.
All your fair - y - tale friends you will greet.

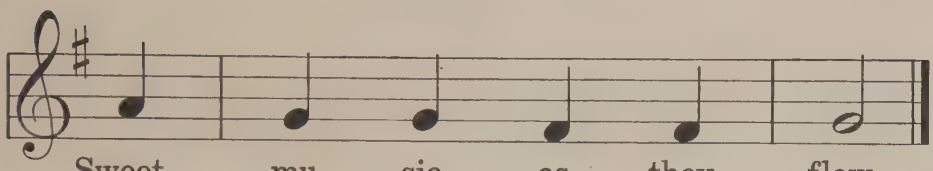
THE SHEEPFOLD

M. Louise Baum
Translated

Folk Song

Tranquilly


1. Shep - herd, lead your qui - et sheep
2. In the gold - en gloam - ing, then,
Up the green and grass - y steep,
Lead them safe - ly back a - gain,
Ere the world is wak - ing;
Down the path - way wind - ing;
Lead them from the plain be - low
Count them as they pass the bars;
Up where brooks are mak - ing
Safe the flock you're find - ing



MORNING AND EVENING

LENA DAY MARTHA WHITE

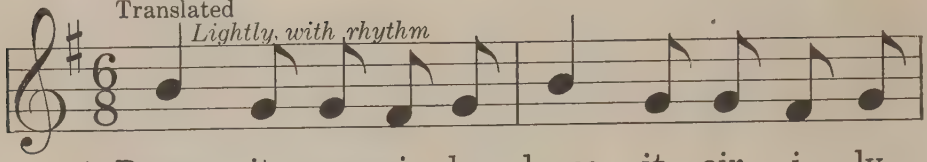
Softly
1. When the sun re - turn - ing
2. When the shad - ows length - en
Brings an - oth - er day,
O - ver land and sea,
Fa - ther, for Thy love and care
Giv - ing thanks for all Thy care,
With hum - ble hearts we pray.
We sing our songs to Thee.

OLD-TIME DANCE

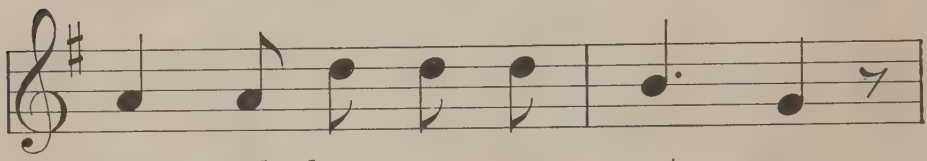
MARY STANHOPE
Translated

FOLK SONG

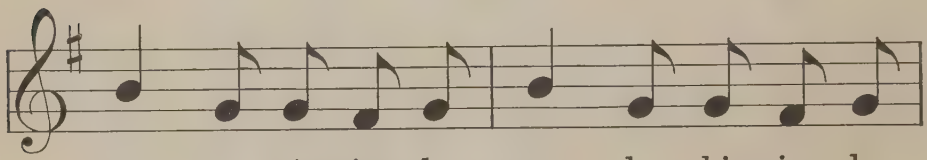
Lightly, with rhythm



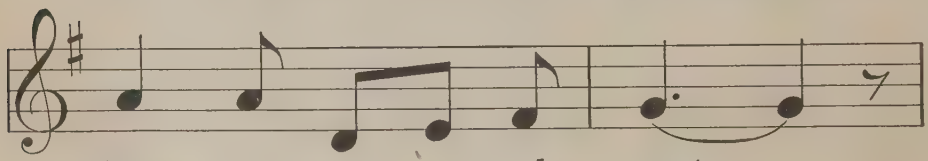
1. Dance it mer - ri - ly, dance it air - i - ly,
2. Dance it read - i - ly, dance it stead - i - ly,



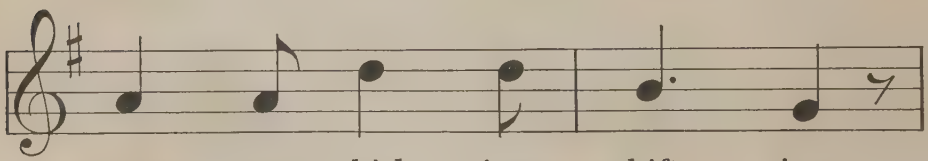
Dance and bow to your part - ners;
Step in time to the mu - sic;



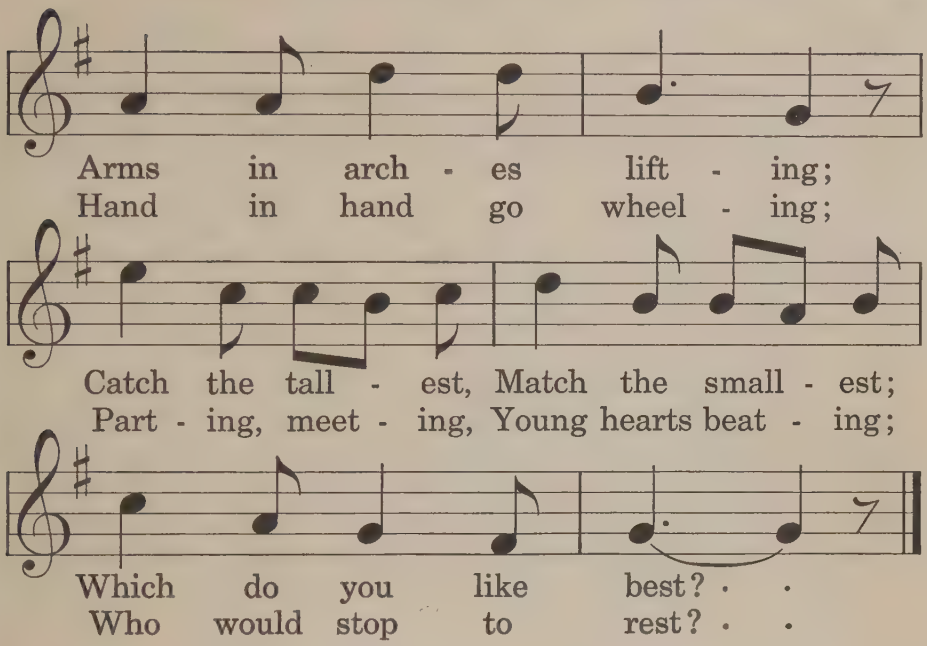
Curt - sy trip-ping - ly, gay - ly, skip-ping - ly,
Light - ly meet-ing them, bright - ly greet-ing them,



Curt - sy east · and west. · ·
Turn and twirl · with zest. · ·



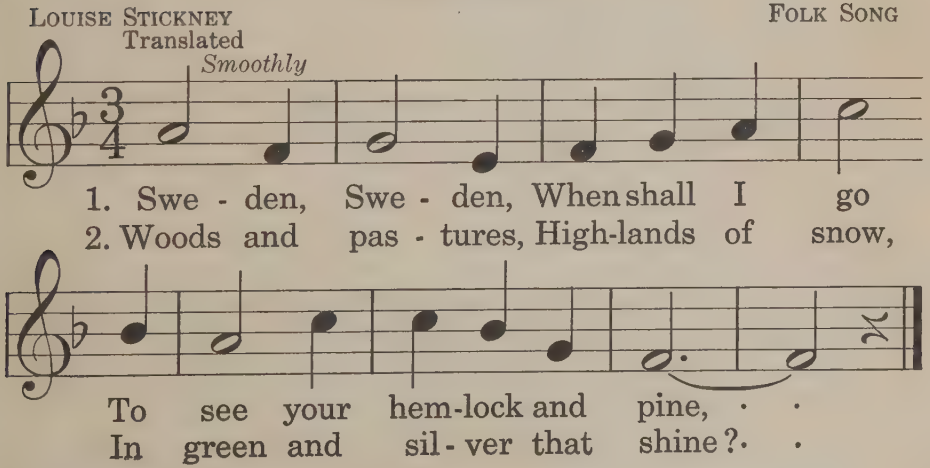
Danc - ers whirl - ing, shift - ing,
Round the cir - cle reel - ing,


Arms in arch - es lift - ing;
Hand in hand go wheel - ing;
Catch the tall - est, Match the small - est;
Part - ing, meet - ing, Young hearts beat - ing;
Which do you like best? . .
Who would stop to rest? . .

SWEDEN

LOUISE STICKNEY
Translated

FOLK SONG

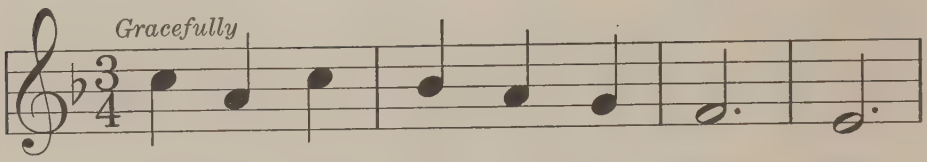

Smoothly
1. Swe - den, Swe - den, When shall I go
2. Woods and pas - tures, High-lands of snow,
To see your hem-lock and pine, . .
In green and sil - ver that shine? . .

CLOUD SHIPS

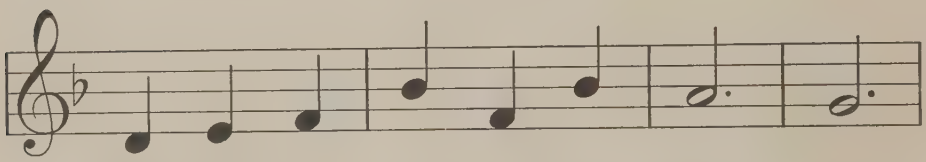
DENIS MCCARTHY

ESTELLE CUSHMAN

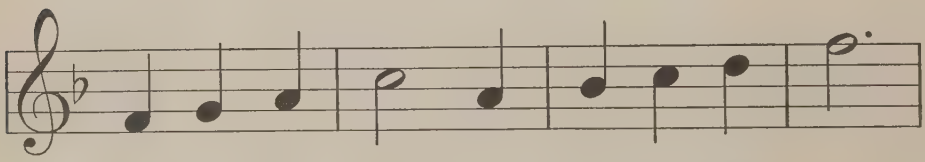
Gracefully



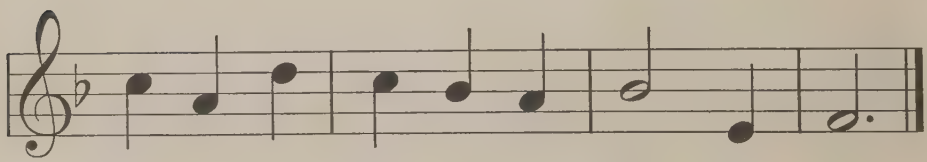
1. Down where the riv - er is gleam - ing,
2. Clouds are my gal - lant ships go - ing,



Down where the wil - lows are dream - ing,
Stirred by the sum - mer winds blow - ing,



Un - der the sky, Oh, there let me lie
Steer-ing a - far, By sun-shine and star,



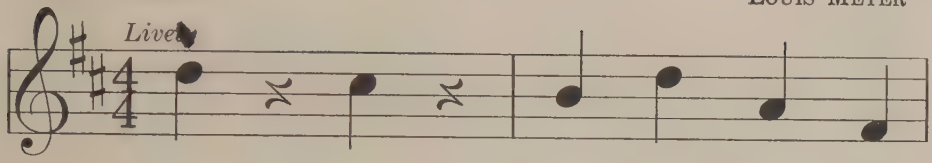
Watch-ing the clouds that go sail - ing by.
Out where the won - ders of dream - land are.

THE CRICKET

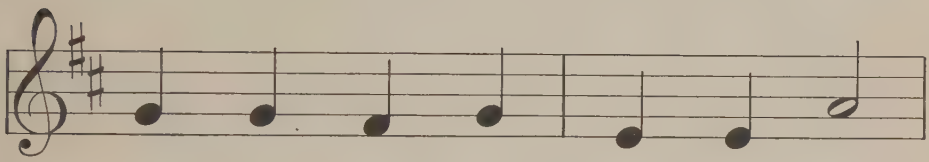
EDITH ROBBINS

LOUIS MEYER

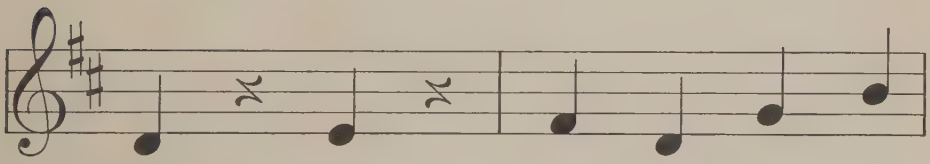
Lively



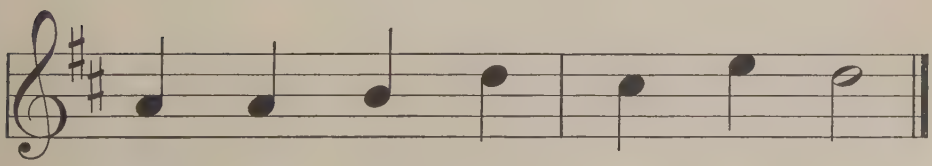
Chirp! Chirp! Crick - et chirp - ing,



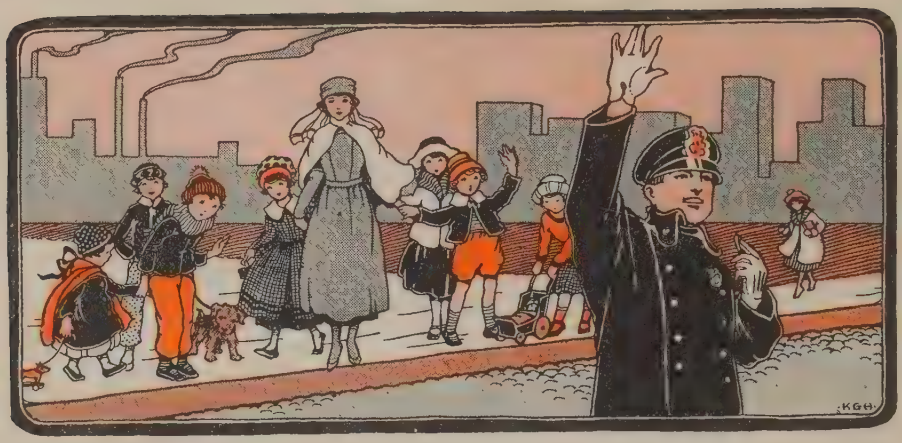
Talk - ing al - ways while we play.



Chirp! Chirp! Crick - et chirp - ing,



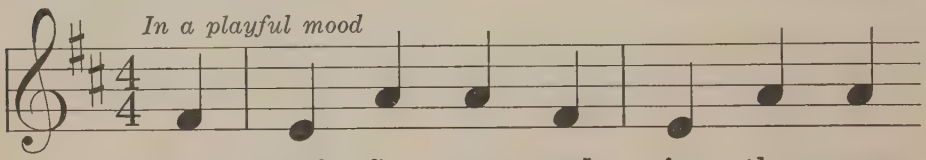
Talk - ing all the sum - mer day.



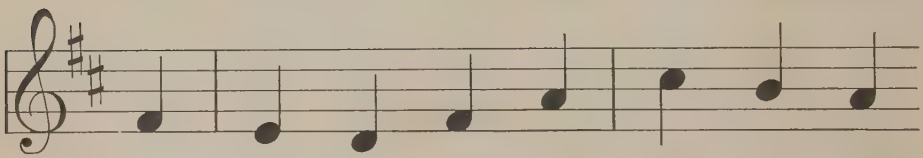
THE TRAFFIC MAN

ROBBINS-MCCARTHY HELEN S. LEAVITT

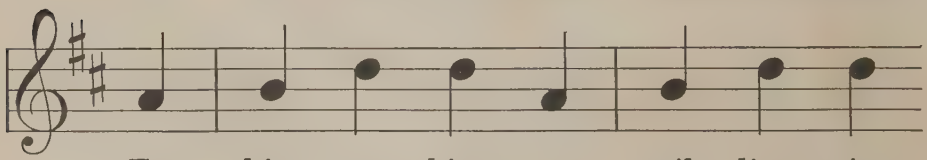
In a playful mood



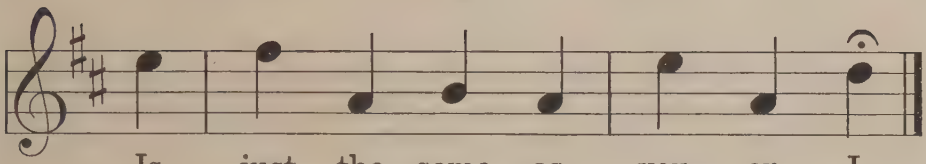
1. The traf - fic man stands in the square
2. For "Safe - ty First" he takes his stand



And stops the au - tos that go by;
In win - ter's cold and sum - mer's heat;



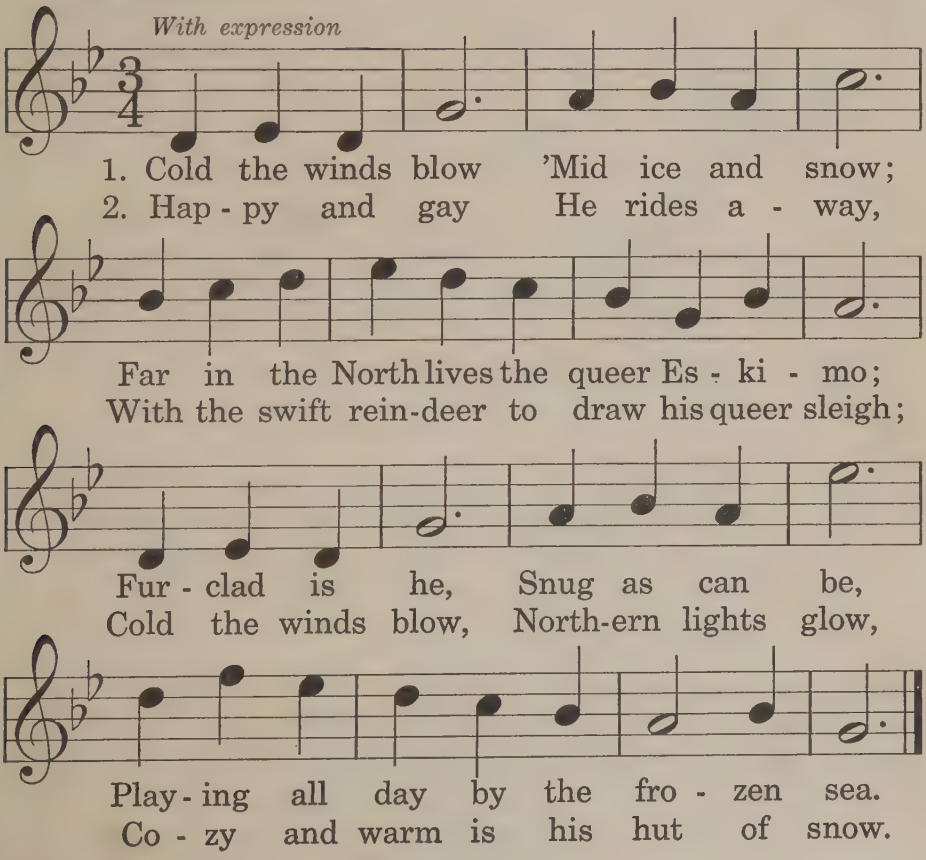
To him a king or mil - lion - aire
And not un - til he waves his hand



Is just the same as you or I.
May chil - dren cross the crowd - ed street.

THE ESKIMO

ELIZABETH TAYLOR E. W. NEWTON



1. Cold the winds blow 'Mid ice and snow;
2. Hap - py and gay He rides a - way,

Far in the North lives the queer Es - ki - mo;
With the swift rein-deer to draw his queer sleigh;

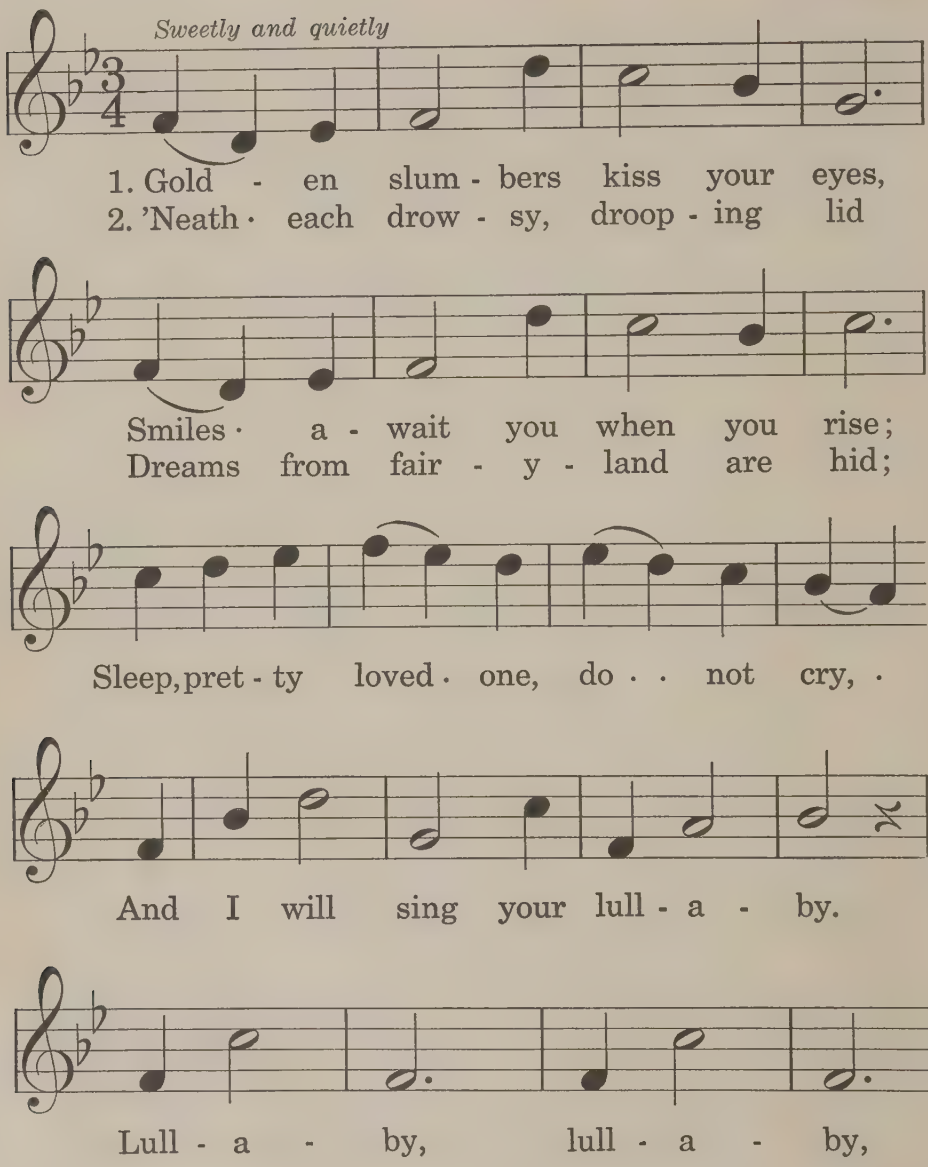
Fur - clad is he, Snug as can be,
Cold the winds blow, North-ern lights glow,

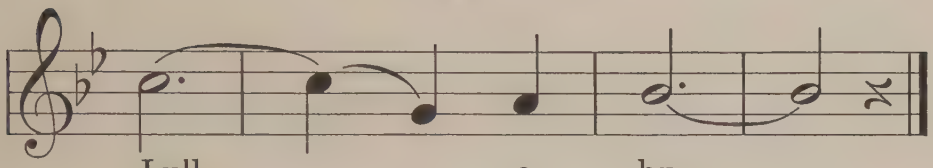
Play - ing all day by the fro - zen sea.
Co - zy and warm is his hut of snow.

GOLDEN SLUMBERS

TRADITIONAL

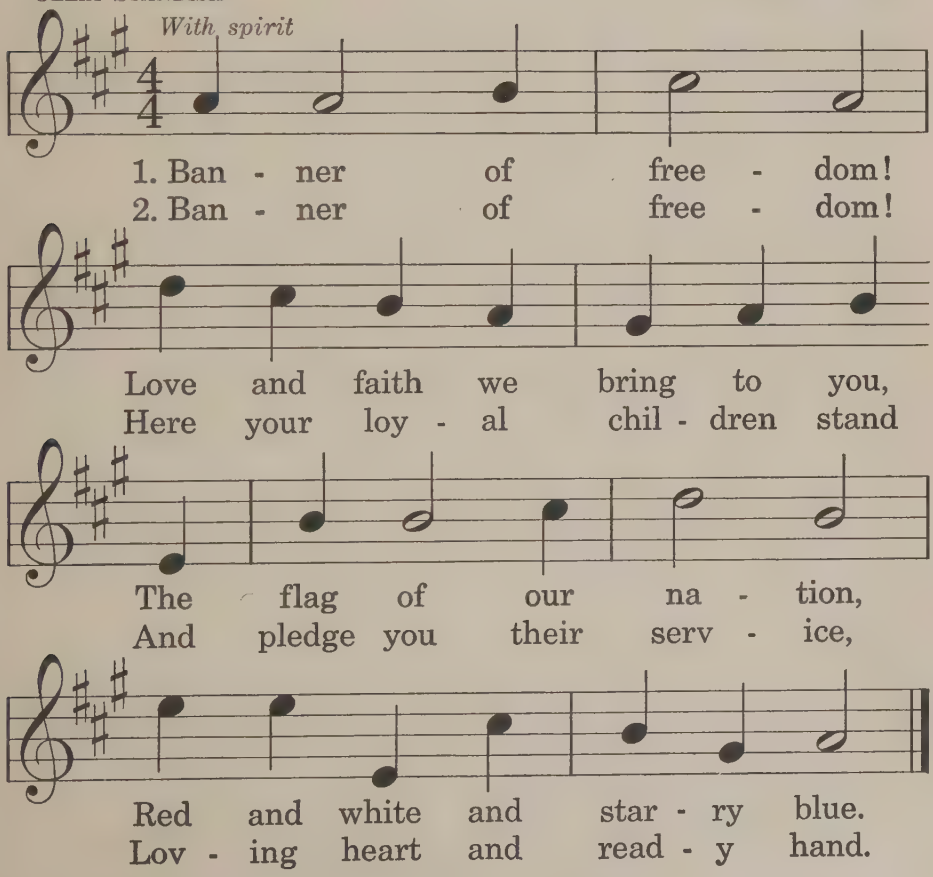
FOLK SONG


Sweetly and quietly
1. Gold - en slum - bers kiss your eyes,
2. 'Neath · each drow - sy, droop - ing lid
Smiles · a - wait you when you rise;
Dreams from fair - y - land are hid;
Sleep, pret - ty loved · one, do · · not cry, ·
And I will sing your lull - a - by.
Lull - a - by, lull - a - by,



BANNER OF FREEDOM

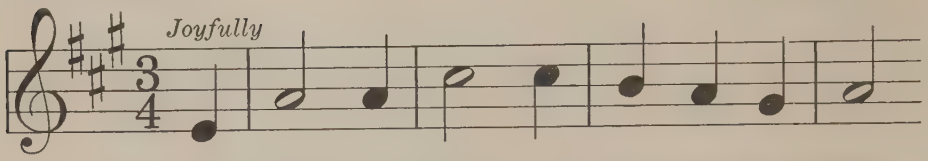
CELIA STANDISH STANLEY WESTON


With spirit
1. Ban - ner of free - dom!
2. Ban - ner of free - dom!
Love and faith we bring to you,
Here your loy - al chil - dren stand
The flag of our na - tion,
And pledge you their serv - ice,
Red and white and star - ry blue.
Lov - ing heart and read - y hand.

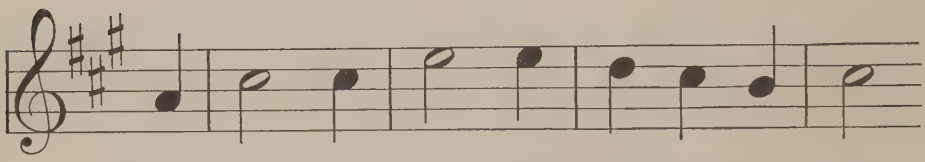
VALENTINE'S DAY

KATE FORMAN

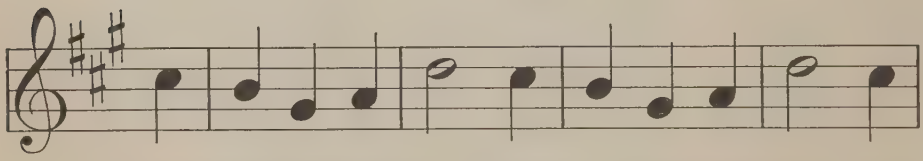
J. FR. REICHARDT



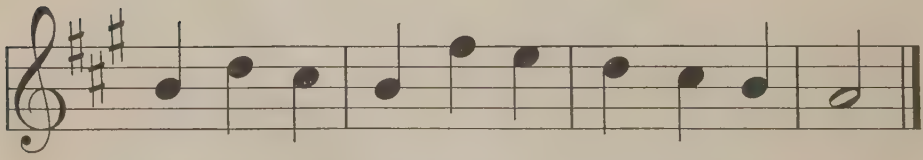
1. Now, who'll make rimes for Val - en-tine's Day,
2. And who'll make hearts for Val - en-tine's Day,



With words so fine and col - ors so gay,
Sweet hearts of cake, for that is the way?



And paint them with po - sies, Cu-pids and ros - es,
Then, smil-ing and spright-ly, Say quite po - lite - ly,

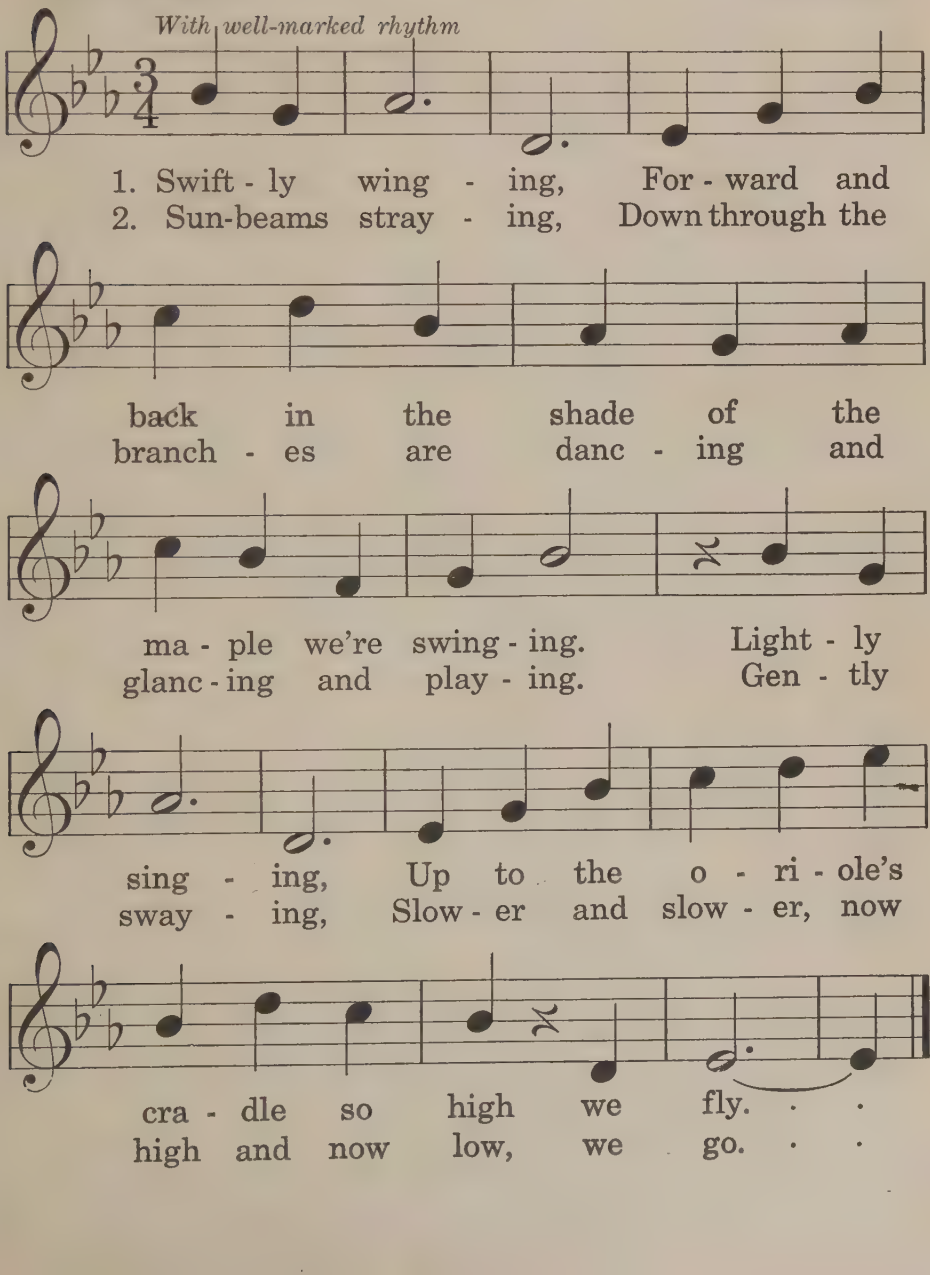


Glow-ing and blow-ing for Val - en-tine's Day?
"Please have a heart, for it's Val - en-tine's Day."

IN THE SWING

CELIA STANDISH — WILSON-WHITE

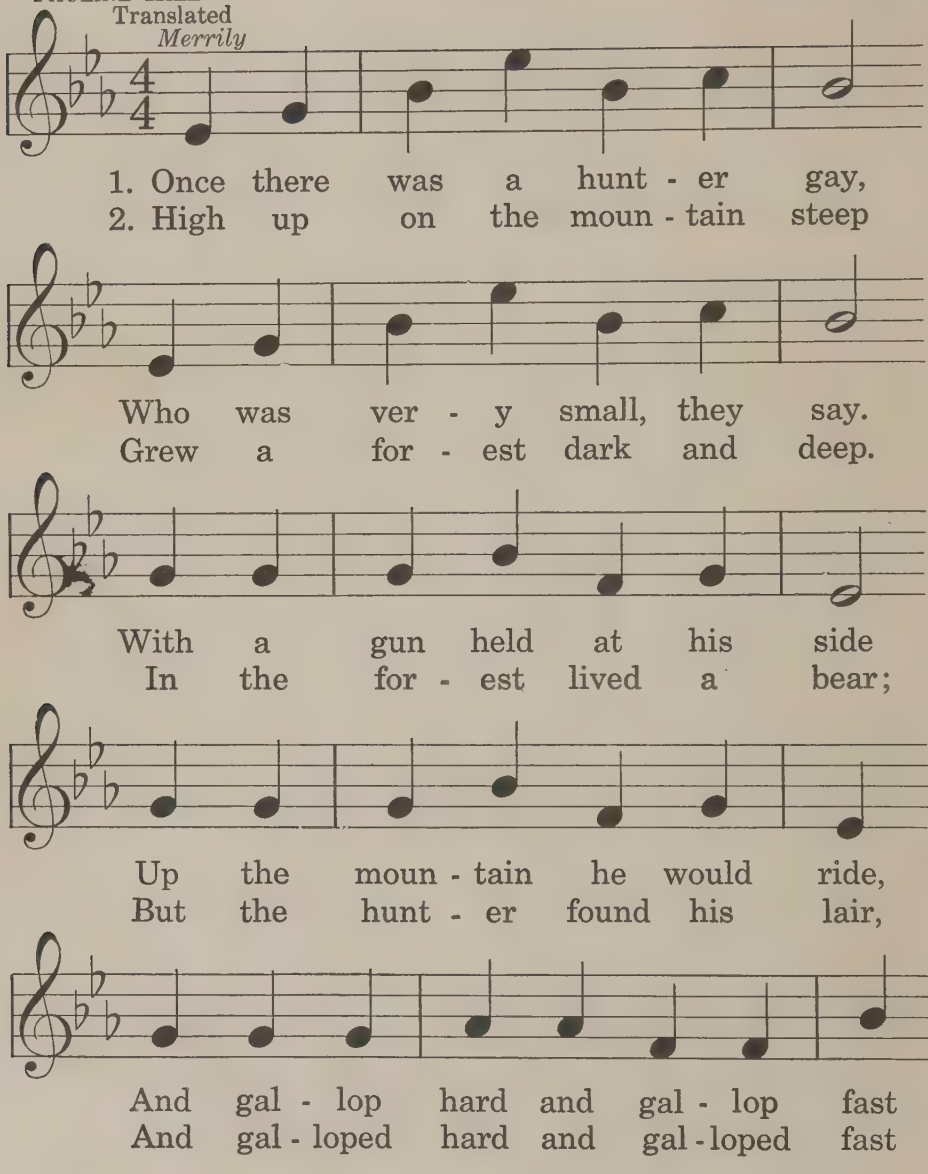
With well-marked rhythm

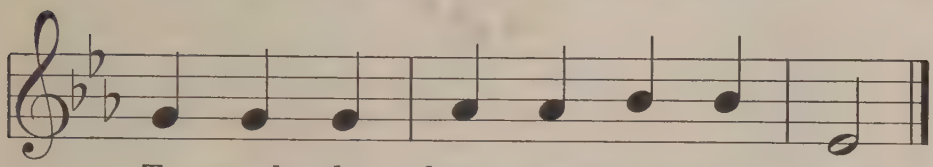

1. Swift - ly wing - ing, For - ward and
2. Sun-beams stray - ing, Down through the
back in the shade of the
branch - es are danc - ing and
ma - ple we're swing - ing. Light - ly
glanc - ing and play - ing. Gen - tly
sing - ing, Up to the o - ri - ole's
sway - ing, Slow - er and slow - er, now
cra - dle so high we fly. . .
high and now low, we go. . .

THE LITTLE HUNTER

PAULINE HILL
Translated
Merrily

FOLK SONG

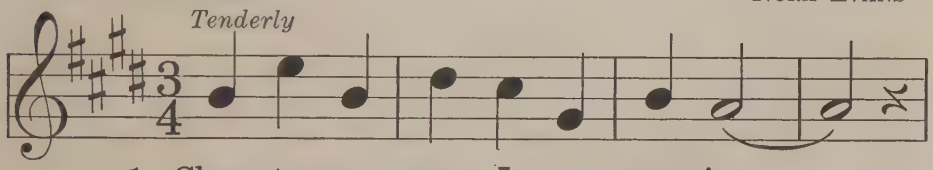

1. Once there was a hunt - er gay,
2. High up on the moun - tain steep
Who was ver - y small, they say.
Grew a for - est dark and deep.
With a gun held at his side
In the for - est lived a bear;
Up the moun - tain he would ride,
But the hunt - er found his lair,
And gal - lop hard and gal - lop fast
And gal - loped hard and gal - loped fast



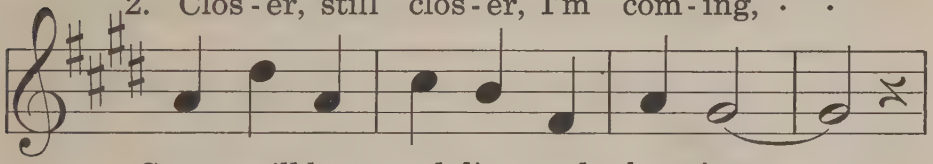
To reach the hunt - ing-grounds at last.
And brought the big bear home at last.

THE FAIRY OF DREAMS

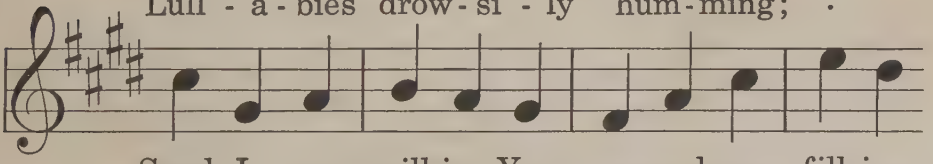
PHYLLIS MANNING NORA EVANS



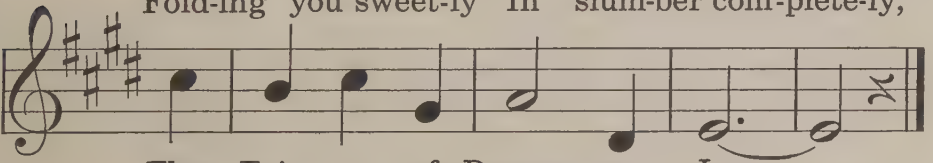
1. Close to you now I am creep-ing; . .
2. Clos - er, still clos - er, I'm com - ing, . .



Soon you'll be nod-ding and sleep-ing; . .
Lull - a - bies drow - si - ly hum - ming; .



Sand I am spill-ing, Your eyes and ears fill-ing;
Fold-ing you sweet-ly In slum-ber com-plete-ly,

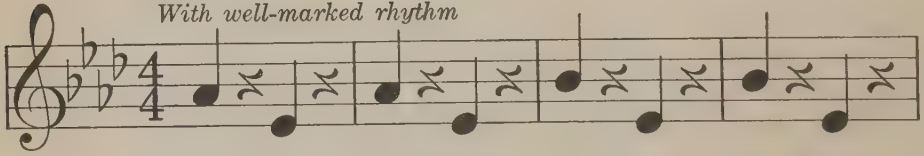


The Fair - y of Dreams am I. . .
The Fair - y of Dreams am I. . .

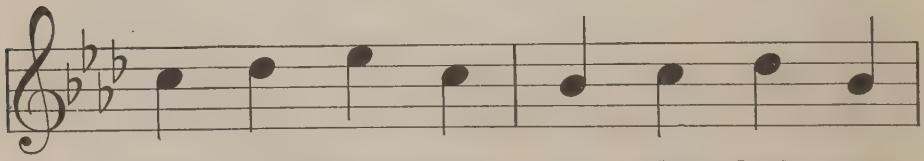
GRANDFATHER'S CLOCK

NIXON WATERMAN LAURA STREETER

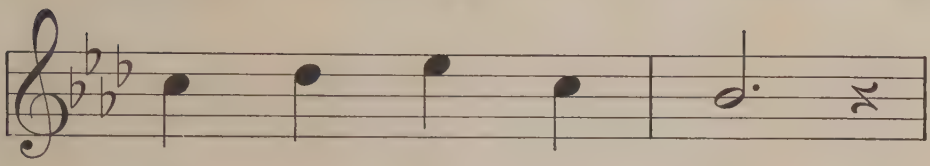
With well-marked rhythm



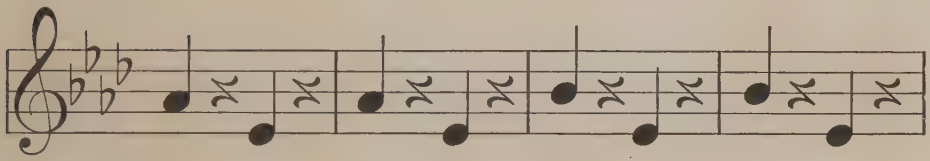
1. Tick, tock, tick, tock, Tick, tock, tick, tock,
2. Tick, tock, tick, tock, Tick, tock, tick, tock,



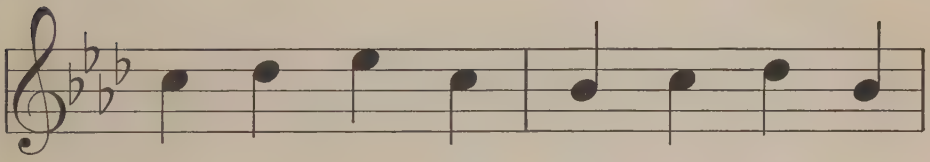
These two words are all the clock can
These two words re - peat - ing ev - er



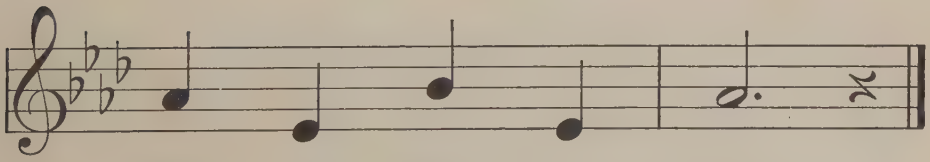
Ev - er, ev - er say.
Ev - 'ry night and day.



Tick, tock, tick, tock, Tick, tock, tick, tock;
Tick, tock, tick, tock, Tick, tock, tick, tock;



To it - self the old clock talk - ing
Thus the clock with tick - ing, tock - ing,



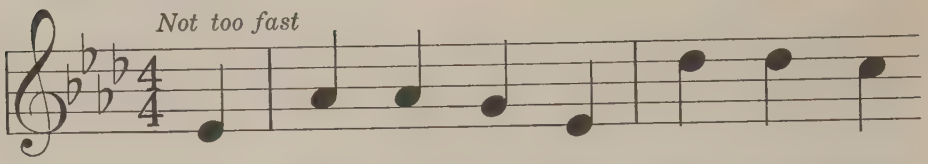
Ticks the hours a - way.
Talks the hours a - way.

TAKING THE BLAME

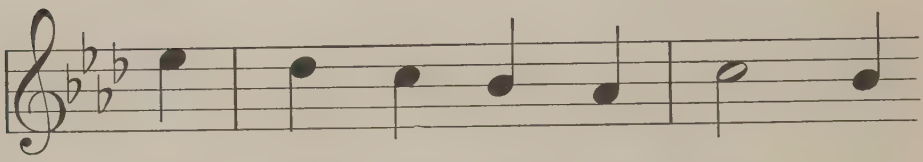
REBECCA FORESMAN

ERNST SCHMIDT

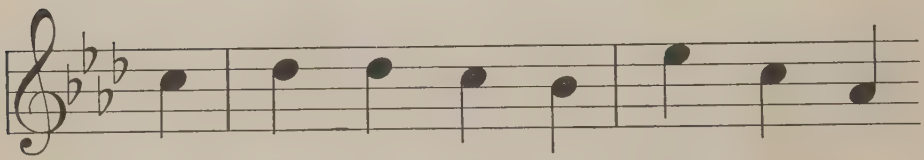
Not too fast



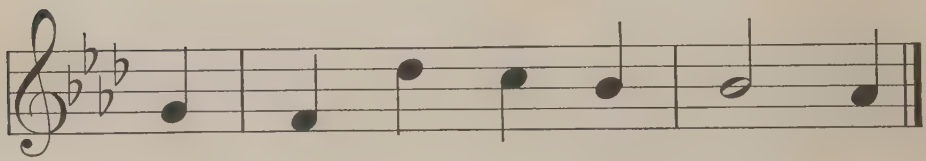
1. I like the boy who takes the blame
2. I know it's hard to take the blame;



When he's the one who did it;
No - bod - y can de - ny it;



E'en when he thinks that he would feel
But that is why I like the boy

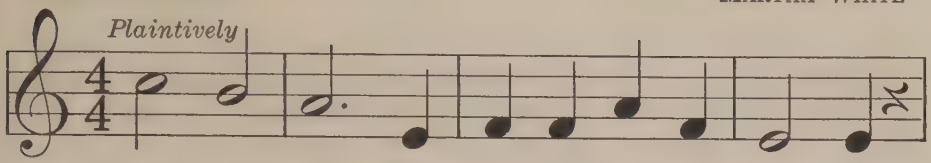


Much bet - ter if he hid it.
Who's brave e - nough to try it.

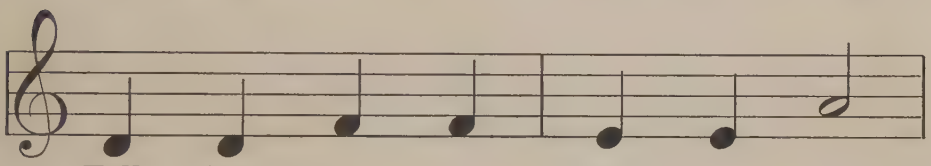
DING, DONG, DELL

DENIS MCCARTHY MARTHA WHITE

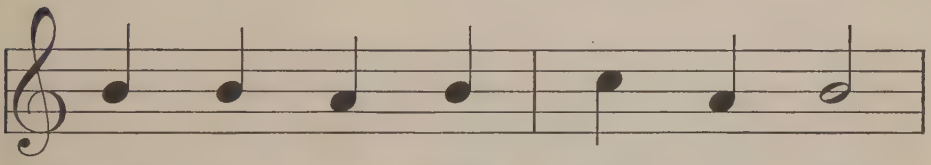
Plaintively



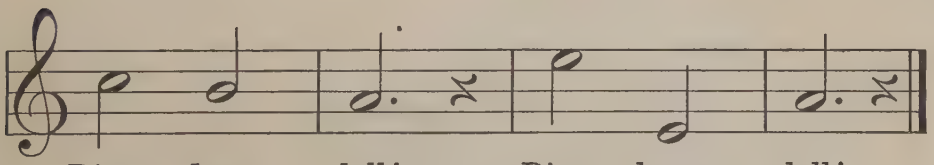
1. Ding, dong, dell! The fair - y bells are toll - ing;
2. Ding, dong, dell! The fair - y bells are call - ing;
3. Ding, dong, dell! In vain the ech - oes roll - ing;



Toll - ing for a fair - y band
Call - ing from the fair - y shore,
For the fair - ies love to stay



Passed a - way from Fair - y Land;
"Fair - ies, oh, come back once more!"
Here on earth where chil - dren play.



Ding, dong, dell! Ding, dong, dell!
Ding, dong, dell! Ding, dong, dell!
Ding, dong, dell! Ding, dong, dell!

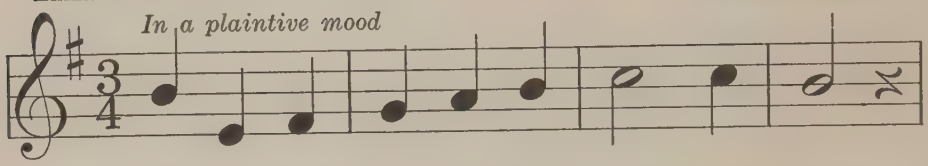
J

AUTUMN LEAVES

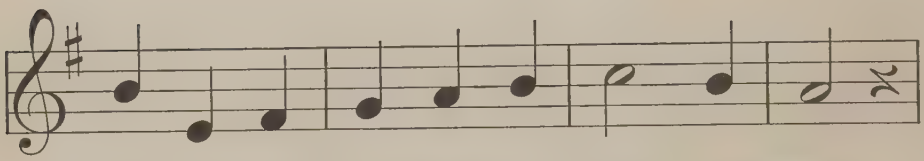
ELIZABETH WALKER

ETHEL HORSMAN

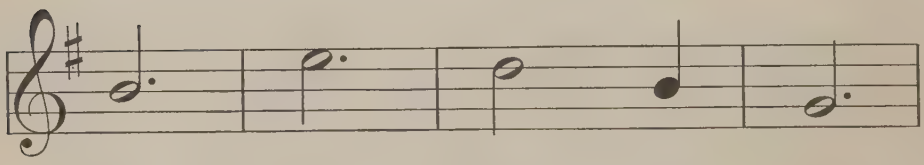
In a plaintive mood



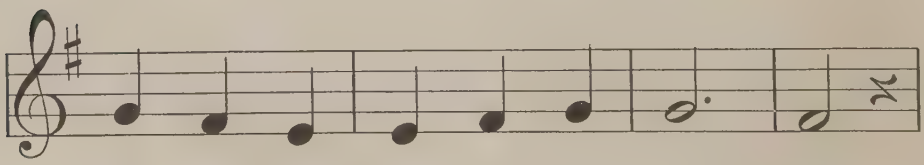
Au-tumn winds blow through the shin - ing trees;



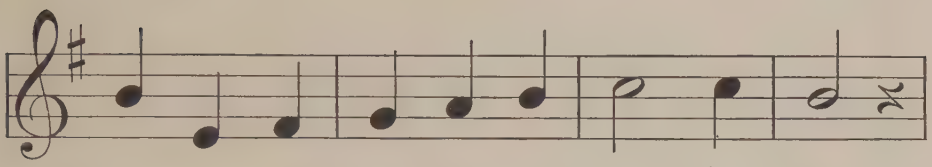
Poor lit - tle leaves, will they faint and freeze?



No, no, no, not so!

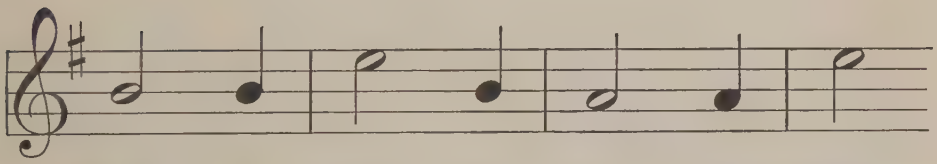


List to the tale I am tell - ing!

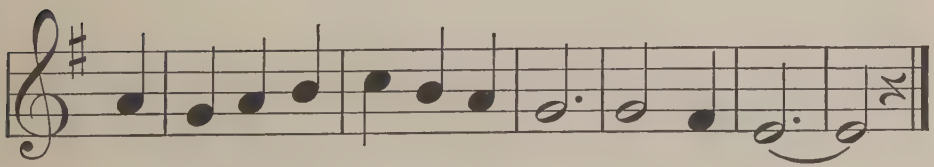


This is the sto - ry of why they fall;

They are not trou-bled by cold · at all;



Moth - er Tree, when sum - mer's fled,

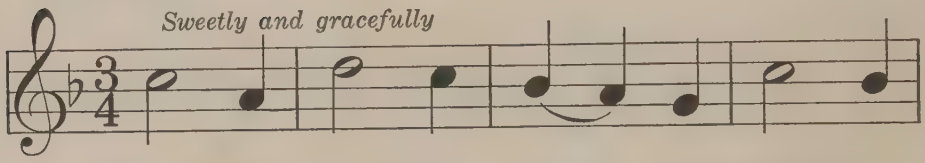


Just snug-ly and lov-ing-ly puts them to bed. ·

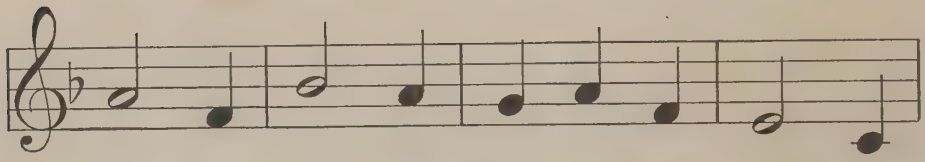
HANDSOME BUMBLEBEE

EDITH ROBBINS E. W. NEWTON

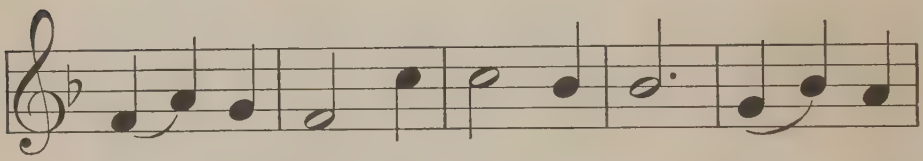
Sweetly and gracefully



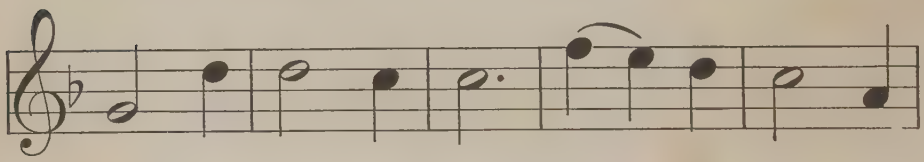
Bum - ble - bee, you hand - some fel - low,



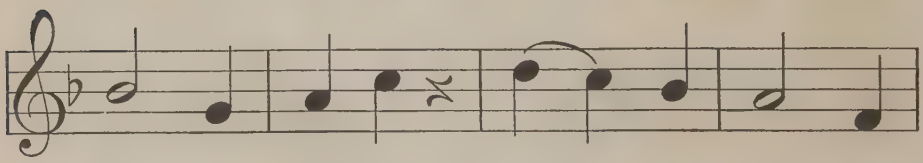
With your vel - vet jack - et of yel - low,



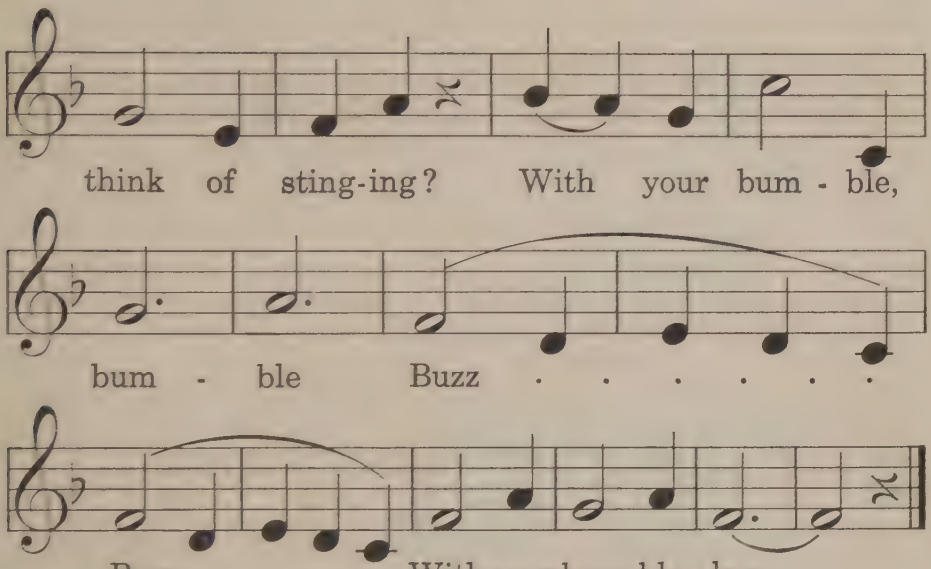
Gold - en buck - les on your back Hold your



belt of shin - ing black; With your bum - ble,

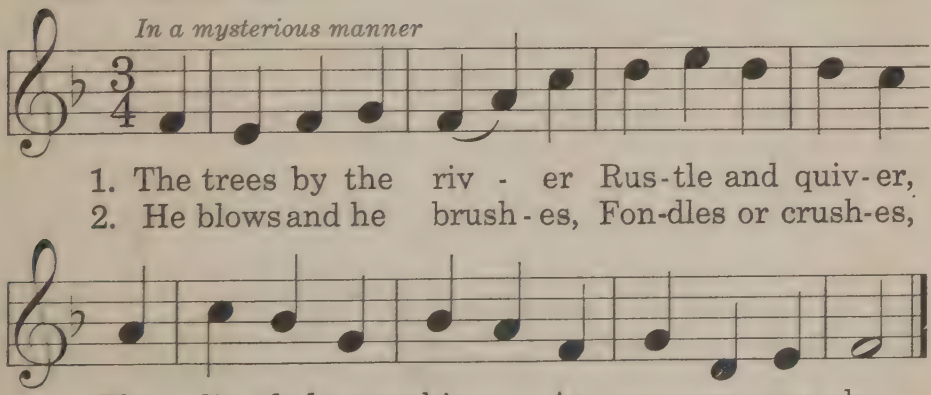


bum - ble sing - ing, Do · · you ev - er



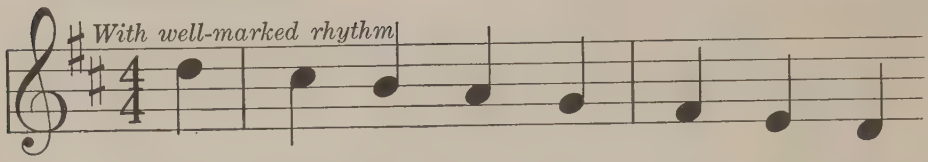
THE WANDERER UNSEEN

ABBIE FARWELL BROWN FOLK TUNE

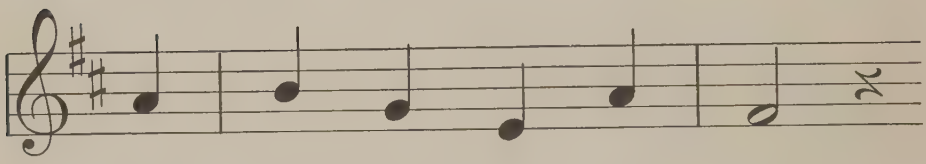

In a mysterious manner
1. The trees by the riv - er Rus-tle and quiv-er,
2. He blows and he brush - es, Fon-dles or crush-es,
The lit - tle leaves shiv - er As some-one goes by.
He soothes and he hush-es Un - seen by an eye!

TELLING TIME

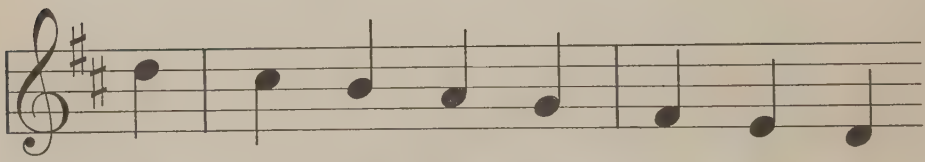
JOHN KENDRICK BANGS — CHARLES FONTEYN MANNEY



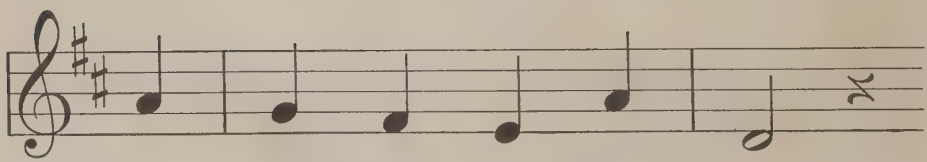
The time of day I do not tell



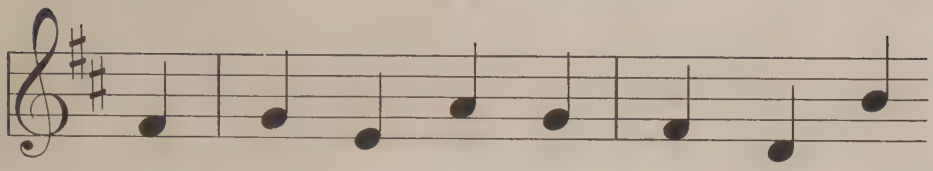
As some do, by the clock,



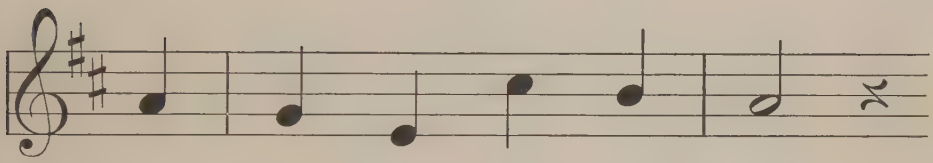
Or by the dis - tant chim - ing bell



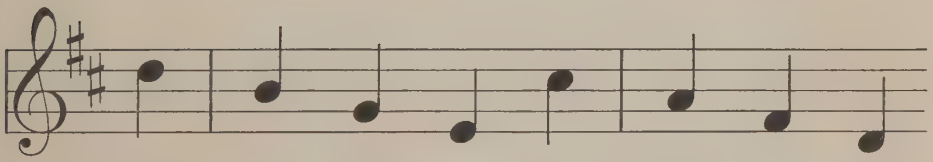
Set in some stee - pled rock;



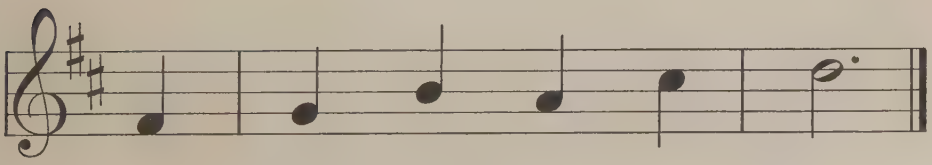
But by the prog - ress that I see



In what I have to do;



It's ei - ther Done O' - clock for me

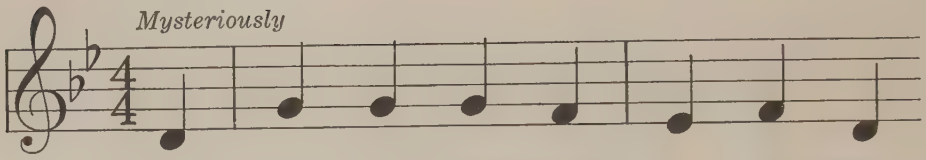


Or on - ly Half - past Through.

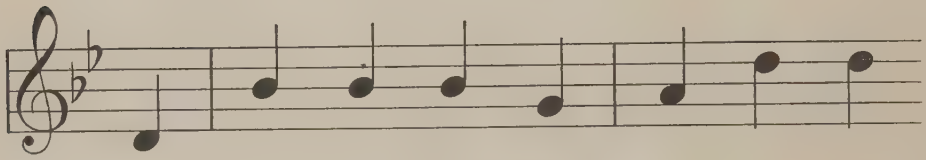
THE CUTWORM

EDITH ROBBINS RALPH L. BALDWIN

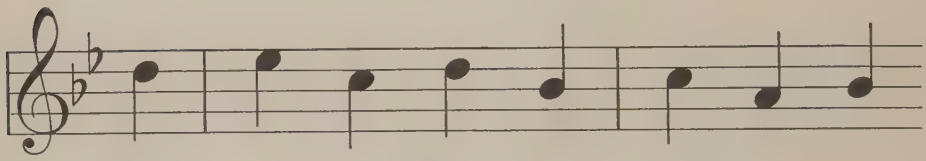
Mysteriously



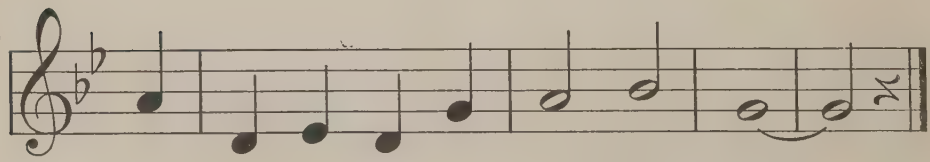
1. O Mis - ter Cut-worm, in the night
2. O Mis - ter Cut-worm, cru - el wight!



You're do - ing things that are not right;
Your con - duct will not bear the light;



You crawl a - cross our gar - den beds
"The worm will turn," they say, 'tis true,



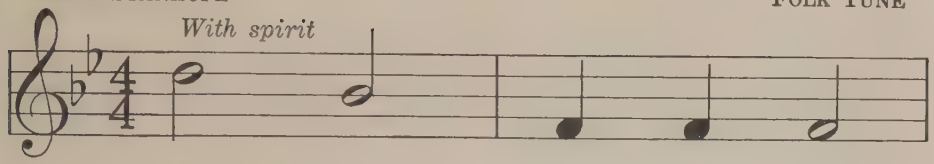
And leave the plants with - out their heads.
But some day we will turn on you.

THE SCOUT'S TRUMPET

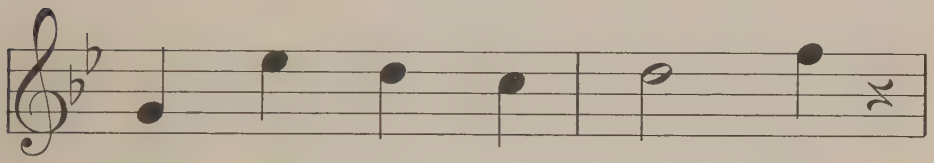
MARY STANHOPE

FOLK TUNE

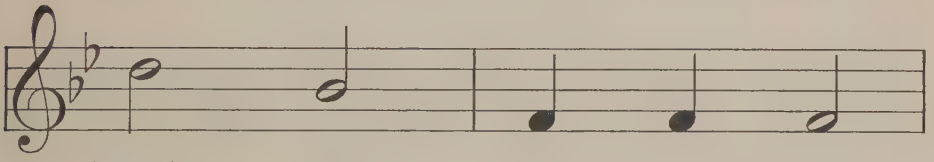
With spirit



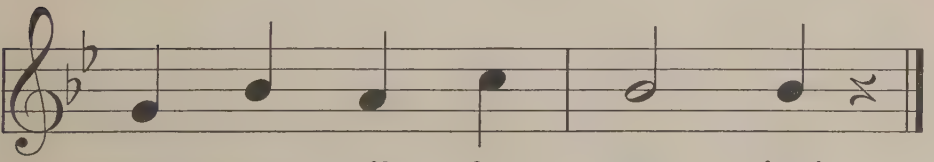
1. Trum - pets blow and blow!
2. Trum - pets blow! A race!
3. Trum - pets blow! To bed;



Set you all a - tramp - ing;
They pro - claim the win - ner;
Sleep till comes the day, sirs!



Trum - pets blow! For, oh,
Tell - ing here's the place!
Warn - ing, lift your head



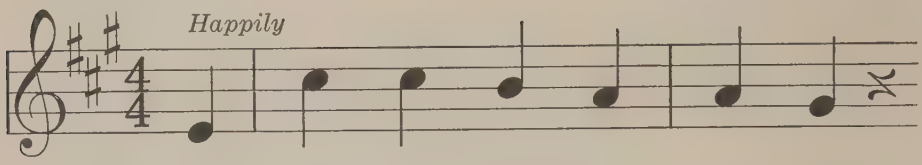
Scouts are off for camp - ing!
Build a fire for din - ner!
When you hear them play, sirs!

MY SHETLAND PONY

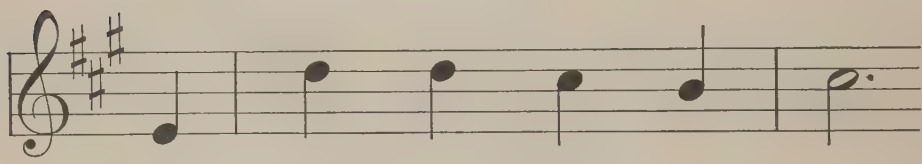
MARY ROOT KERN

MARY ROOT KERN

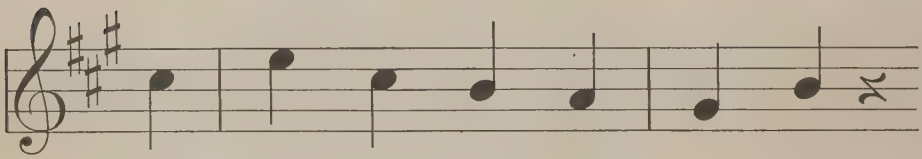
Happily



1. I have a Shet - land po - ny;
2. And when I drive my po - ny,

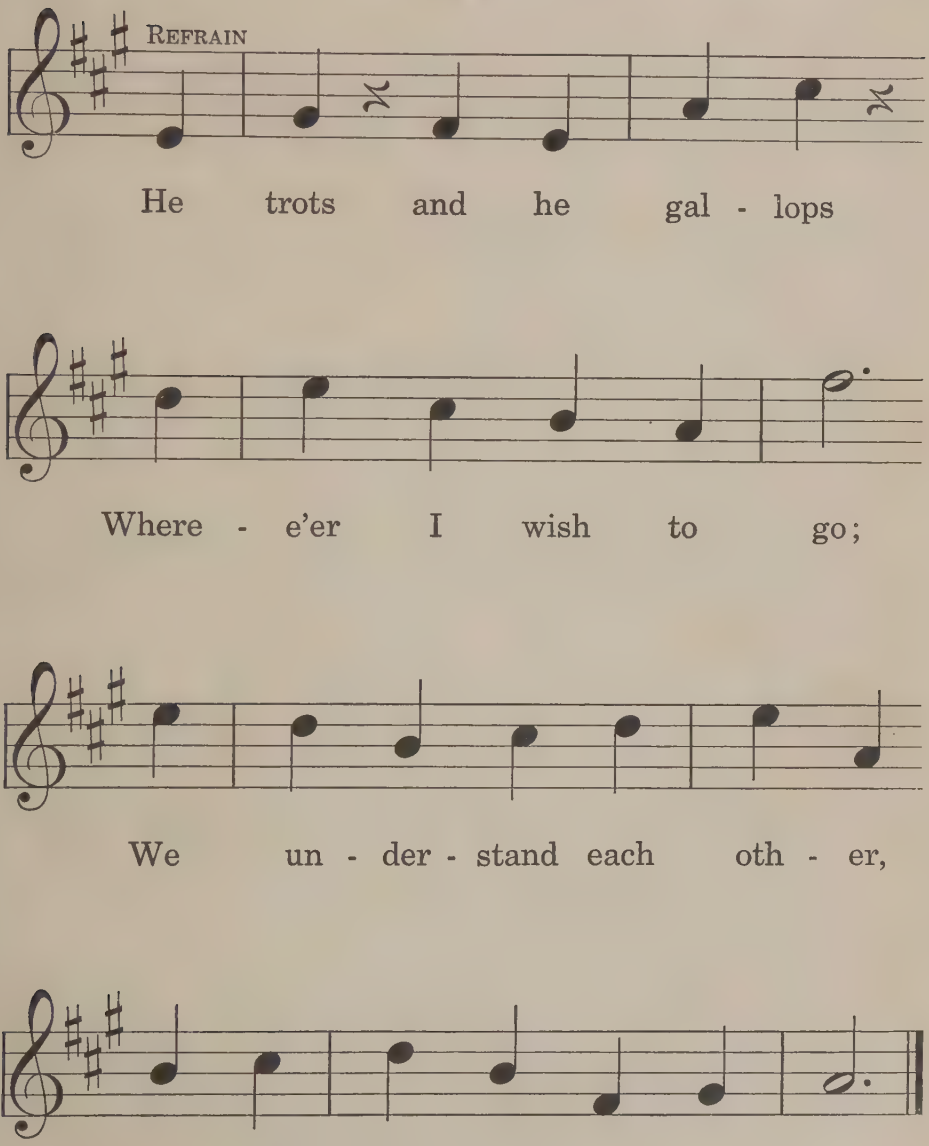


He's black as he can be;
As oft I do with pride,



And when I bring his har - ness,
He does not seem to mind it

He nods his head at me.
If I take friends to ride.

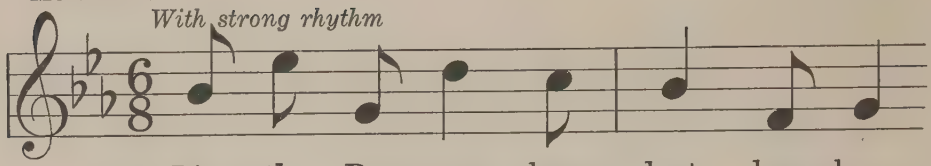

REFRAIN
He trots and he gal - lops
Where - e'er I wish to go;
We un - der - stand each oth - er,
For we love each oth - er so.

LITTLE BOPEEP

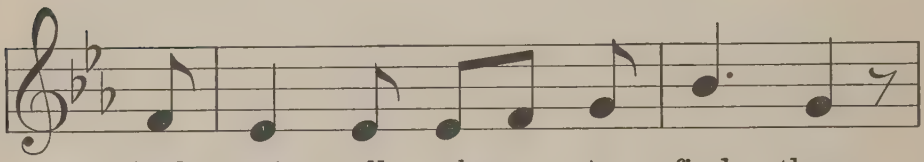
MOTHER GOOSE

J. W. ELLIOTT

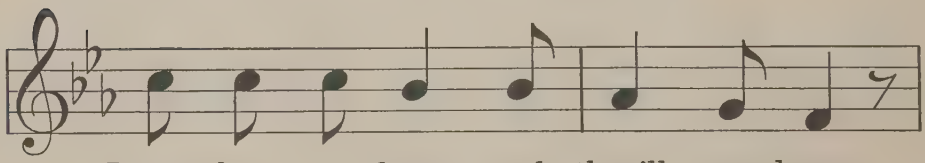
With strong rhythm



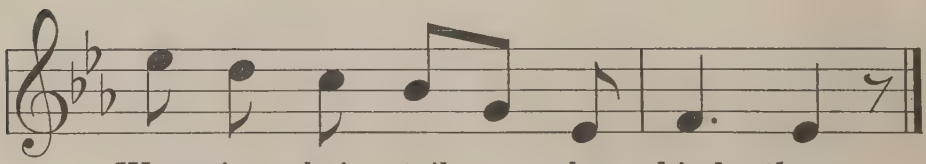
1. Lit - tle Bo - peep has lost her sheep
2. Lit - tle Bo - peep fell fast a - sleep
3. Then up she took her lit - tle crook,



And can't tell where to find them;
And dreamed she heard them bleat - ing;
De - ter - mined she · would find them;



Leave them a - lone and they'll come home,
When she a - woke 'twas all a joke;
What was her glee those sheep to see,

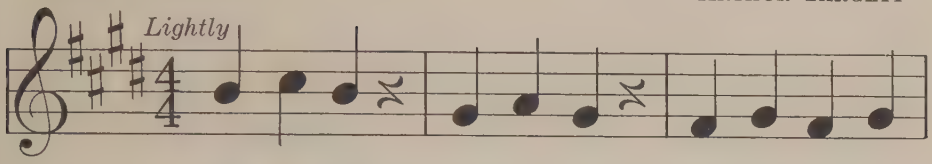


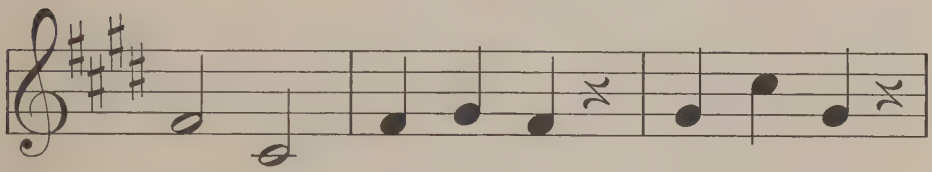
Wag - ging their tails · be - hind them.
Oh, cru - el vi - sion fleet - ing!
Wag - ging their tails · be - hind them!

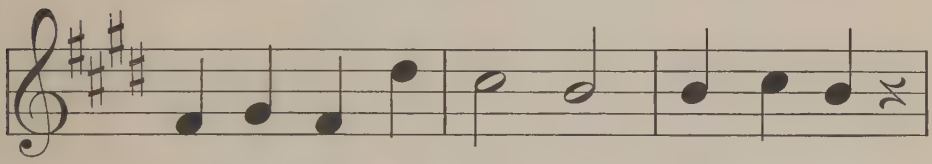
SPRING RAINS

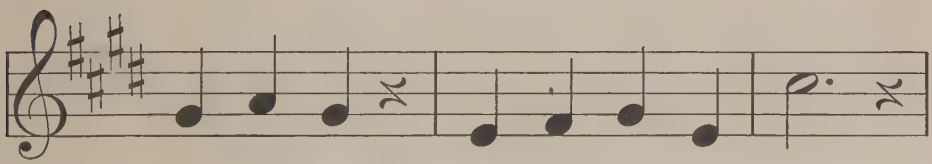
KATHERINE MIXTER

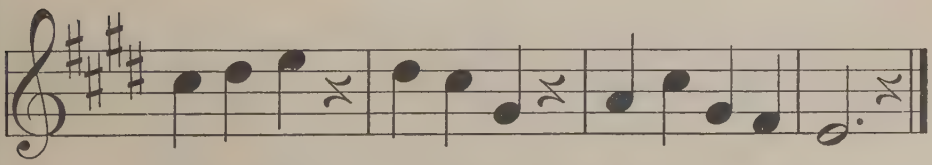
ARTHUR TARGETT





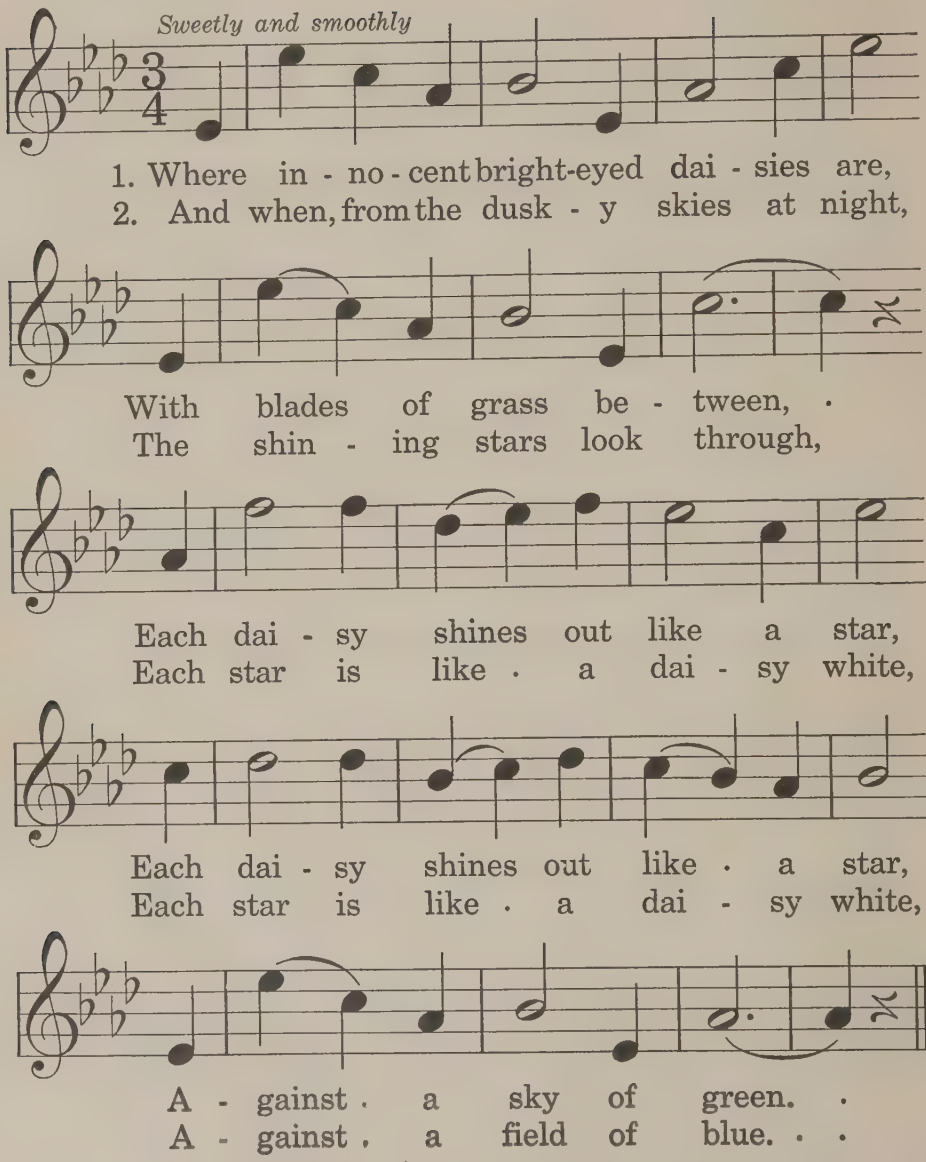






THE DAISY

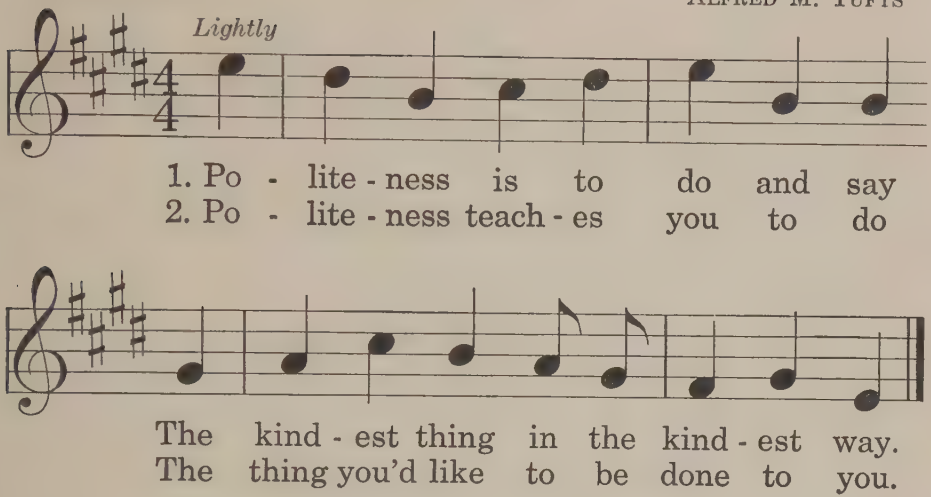
CHRISTINA ROSSETTI — HARVEY B. GAUL


Sweetly and smoothly
1. Where in - no - cent bright-eyed dai - sies are,
2. And when, from the dusk - y skies at night,
With blades of grass be - tween,
The shin - ing stars look through,
Each dai - sy shines out like a star,
Each star is like a dai - sy white,
Each dai - sy shines out like a star,
Each star is like a dai - sy white,
A - gainst a sky of green.
A - gainst a field of blue.

POLITENESS

TRADITIONAL

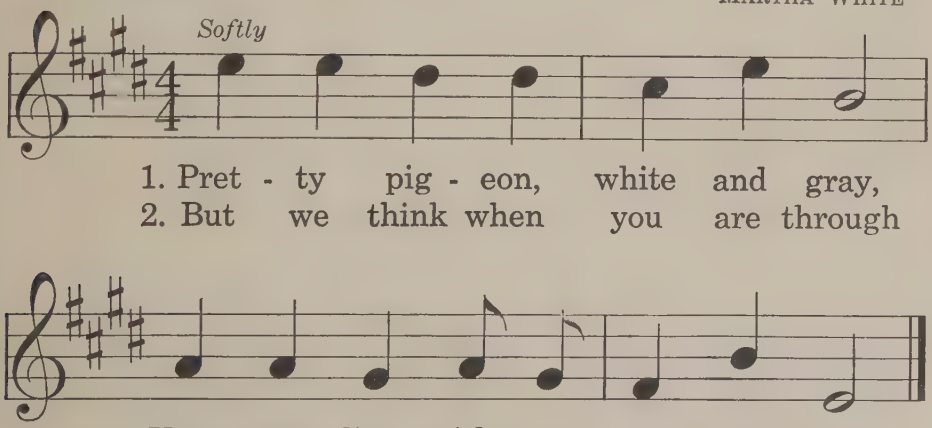
ALFRED M. TUFTS


Lightly
1. Po - lite - ness is to do and say
2. Po - lite - ness teach - es you to do
The kind - est thing in the kind - est way.
The thing you'd like to be done to you.

PRETTY PIGEON

LOUISE STICKNEY

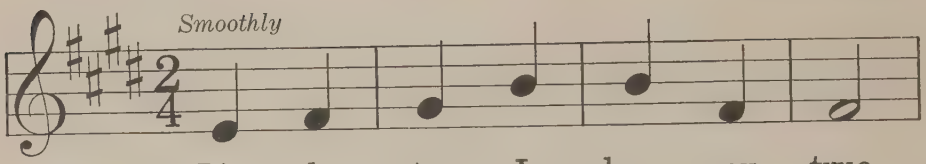
MARTHA WHITE


Softly
1. Pret - ty pig - eon, white and gray,
2. But we think when you are through
You may dine with us ev - 'ry day.
You should pay with a "coo - roo - coo."

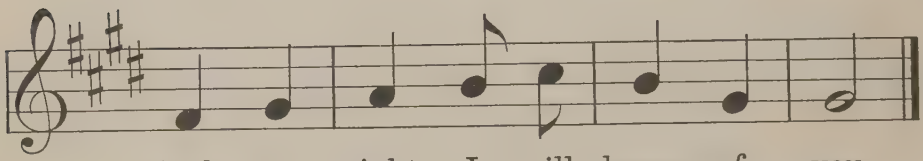
STAR DREAMS

MARY VAUGHN

NORA EVANS



1. Lit - tle star, I love you true,
2. When I wake, and sun - light streams,

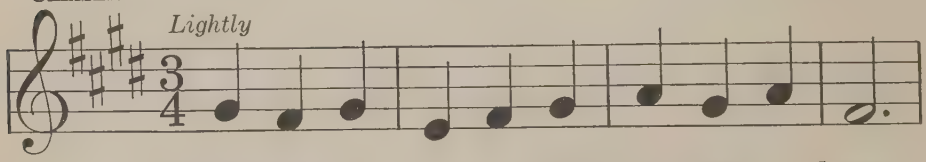


And to - night I will dream of you.
You'll be gone to your own bright dreams.

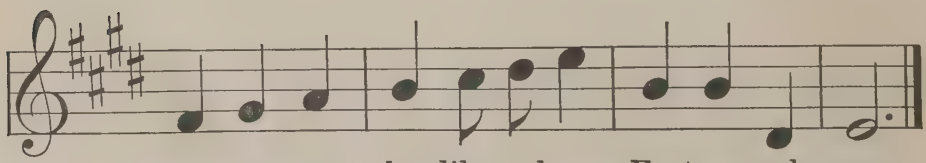
SCHOOL HAS BEGUN

CLEMENT DWIGHT

MARY R. CARROLL



1. Sum-mer is o - ver, Sep - tem - ber is here,
2. Stud - ies are wait-ing, Oh, come! let us run!



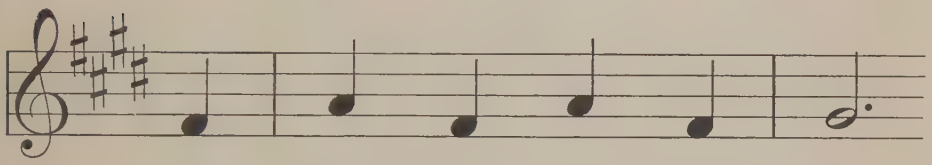
Sea-sons go by like a dream, Fast-er each year.
We must be read - y to work; School has be-gun.

THANKSGIVING PIE

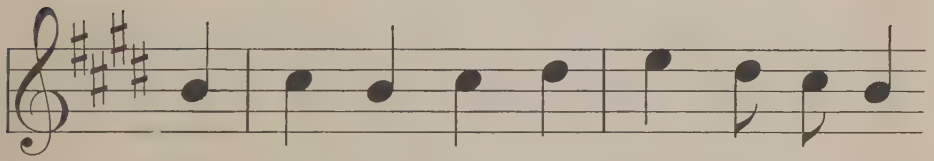
MARGARET CONNOLLY — FOLK TUNE

With well-marked rhythm

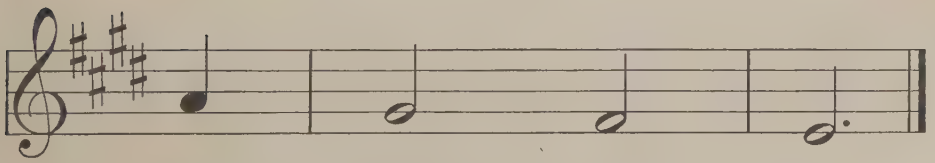
1. Thanks - giv - ing Day is nigh,
2. Oh, hear the chil - dren cry,



O pump - kins, you should fly!
"Thanks - giv - ing Day, good - by!



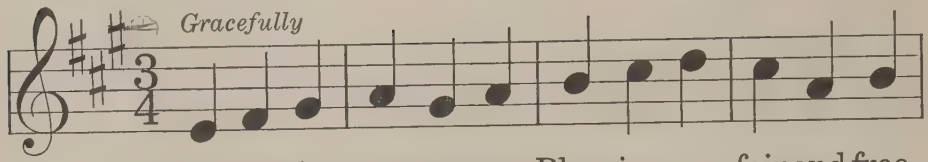
Un - less you wish to serve as a dish
Of some-thing rare we all had a share;



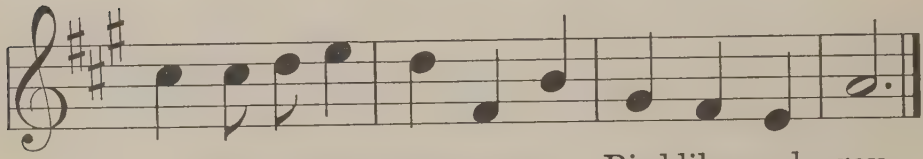
Of moth - er's pie.
'Twas pump - kin pie."

SAILING

ABBIE FARWELL BROWN — RUTH MAYNARD



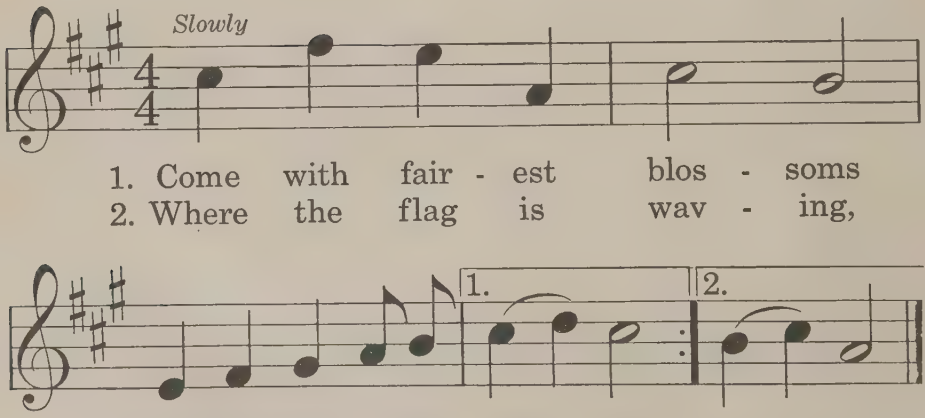
1. Wind of the sum-mer sea, Blow-ing so fair and free,
2. Flight of a pleas-ant thing, Grace-ful the snow-y wing,



O-ver the waves car-ry me, Bird-like and gay.
O-ver my head flut-ter-ing, Salt-y with spray.

IN MEMORY

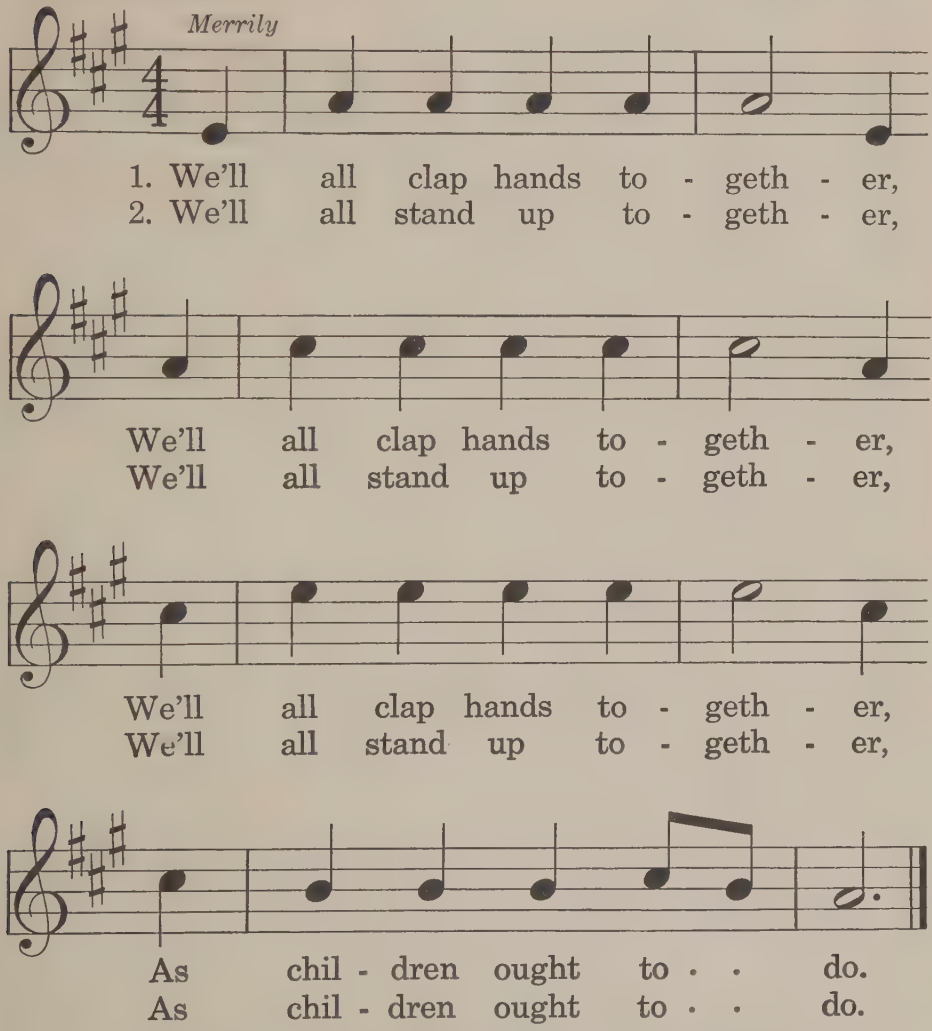
BETH CUSHING — NORA EVANS



1. Come with fair-est blos-soms
2. Where the flag is wav-ing,

Where our he-ro is sleep-ing;
Si-lent watch he is keep-ing.

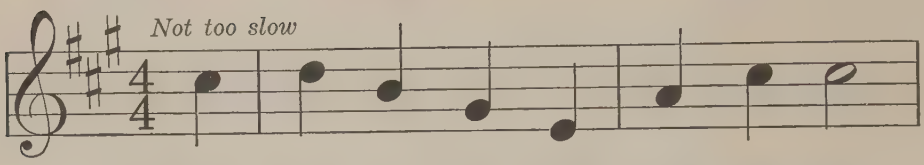
TRADITIONAL TRADITIONAL


Merrily
1. We'll all clap hands to - geth - er,
2. We'll all stand up to - geth - er,
We'll all clap hands to - geth - er,
We'll all stand up to - geth - er,
We'll all clap hands to - geth - er,
We'll all stand up to - geth - er,
As chil - dren ought to . . do.
As chil - dren ought to . . do.

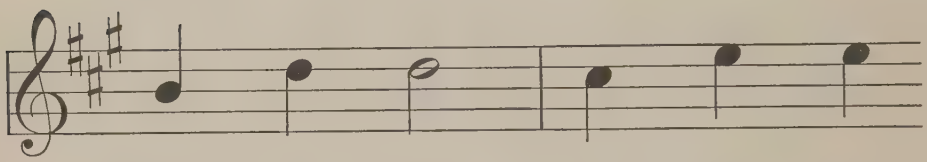
3. We'll all turn round together, etc. (as in verses 1 and 2).
4. We'll all stand still together, etc.
5. We'll all sit down together, etc.

FLOWERS OF AUTUMN

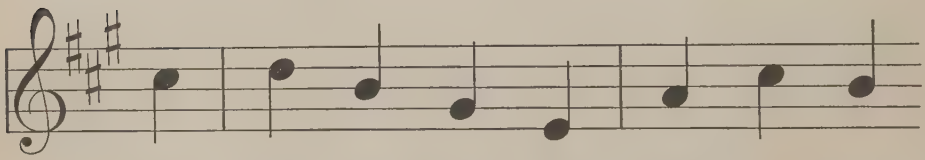
LUCY ALLEN HENRY MAYER



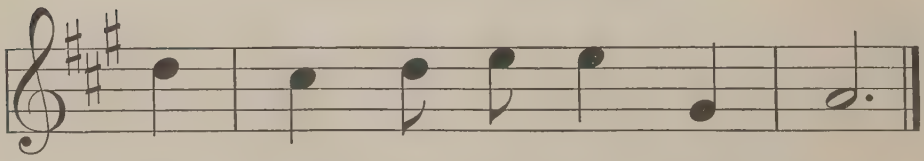
1. Bright gold - en - rod with shin - ing face
2. The pur - ple as - ter too is here,



Blooms for me, rich and free;
Slim and tall by the wall;



It nods and bends with state - ly grace
These roy - al flow'rs, when frosts ap - pear,



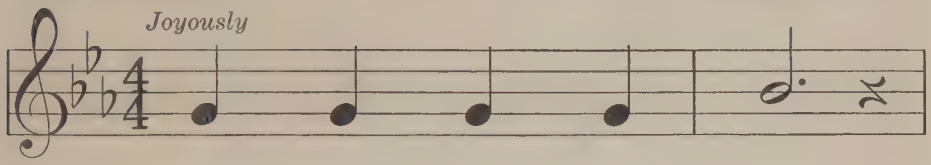
When breez - es of au - tumn blow.
In beau - ty and splen - dor grow.

A MERRY SONG

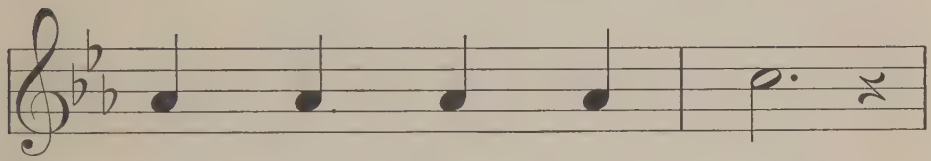
CELIA STANDISH

MARTHA WHITE

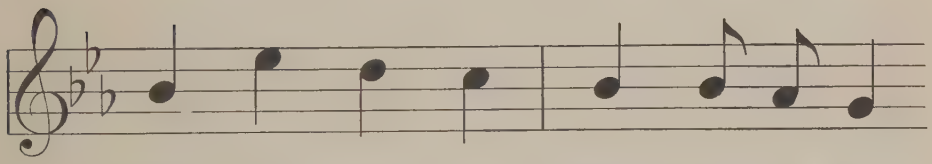
Joyously



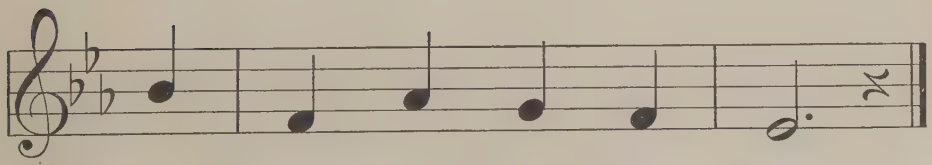
1. What though skies are gray,
2. Skies will soon be blue,



Put your cares a - way;
Birds will call to you;



Sing a song, a bright, hap - py song,
Sing a song, a bright, hap - py song,

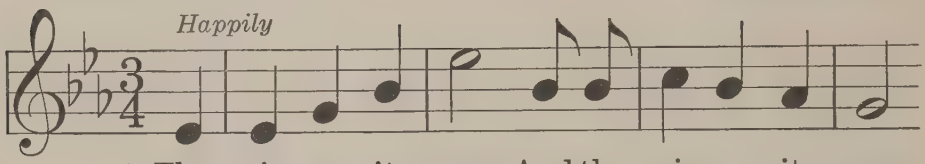


And smile the live - long day!
And you'll feel hap - py, too.

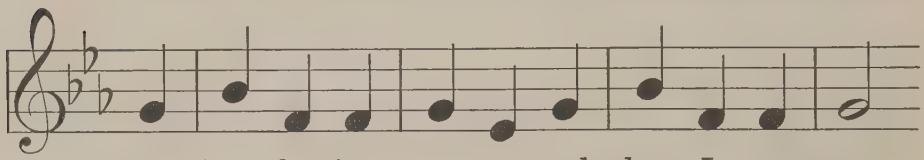
WEATHERWISE

ABBIE FARWELL BROWN — EARL TOWNER

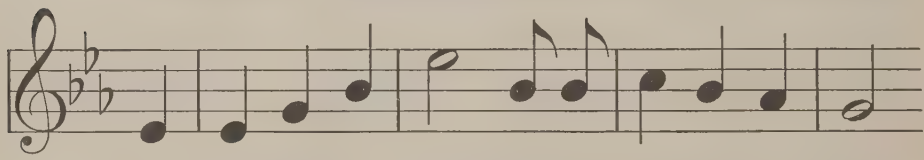
Happily



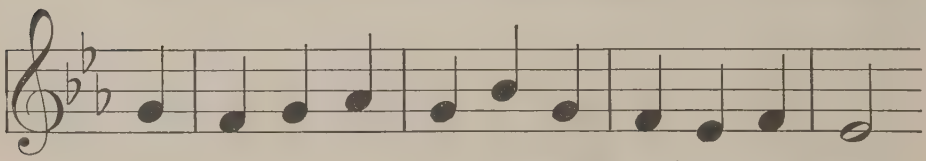
1. The rain as it comes And the rain as it goes
2. The jol - ly old sun, As he comes and he goes,



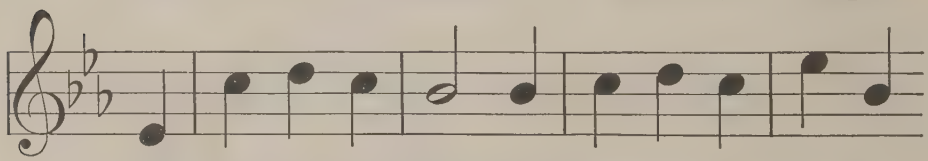
En - joys be - ing tear - y and glum, I sup - pose.
Is dear to the chil-dren and sure - ly he knows.



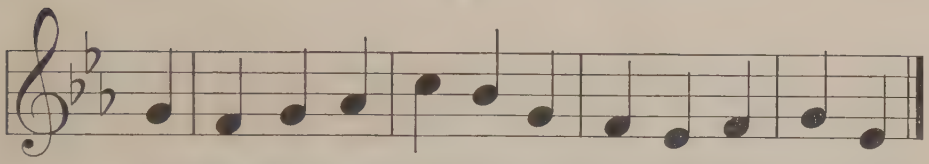
It wor-ries a - long With a drip and a drop,
He dries up the rain And is mer - ry and bright,



And real - ly it nev - er seems read - y to stop,
But nev - er in - sists up - on shin-ing at night.



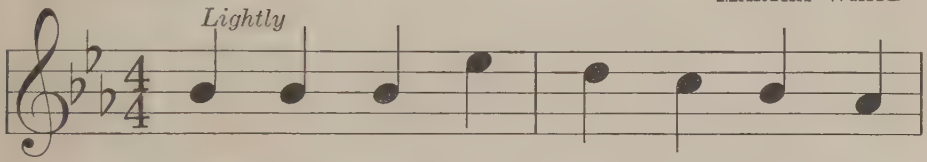
But sure - ly the rain Must know that the day-time
The sun and the rain! It's bet - ter than mon - ey



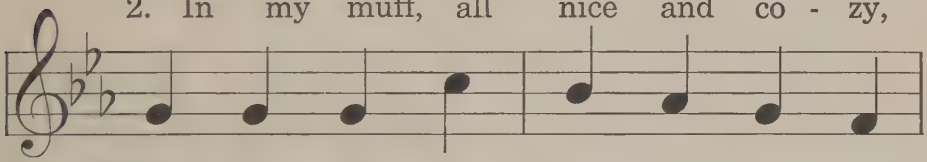
Is made for the chil-dren to have for their play-time.
To clear up the clouds with a smile that is sun - ny.

THE STRAY KITTEN

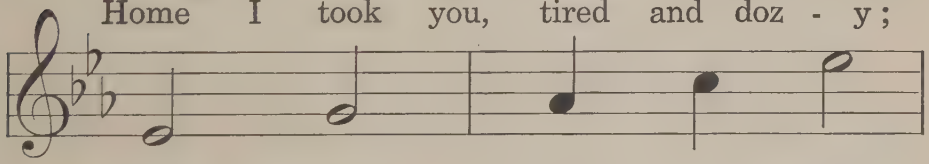
KATE FORMAN MARTHA WHITE



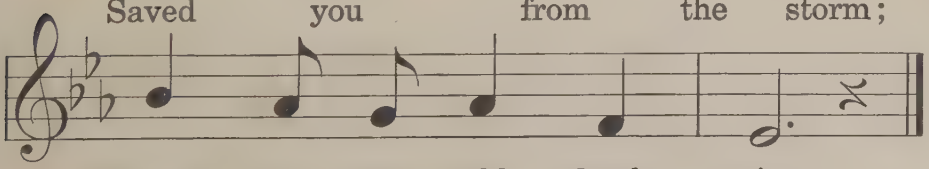
1. First I heard you, then I found you,
2. In my muff, all nice and co - zy,



Then I put my arms a - round you;
Home I took you, tired and doz - y;



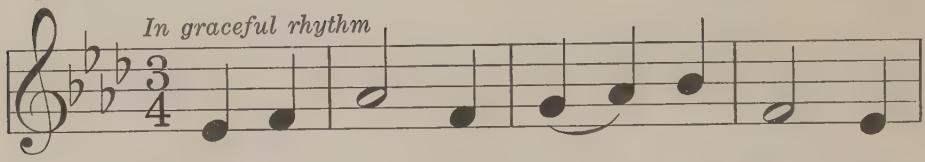
Cold snow ev - 'ry - where
Saved you from the storm;



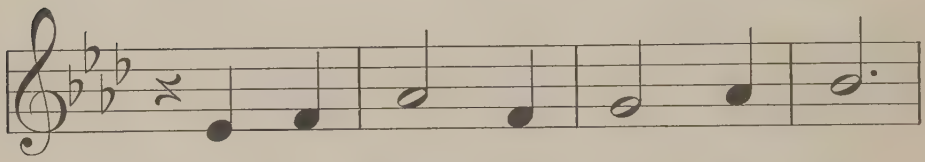
Whirled in the wild March air.
Fed you and kept you warm.

IN SEPTEMBER

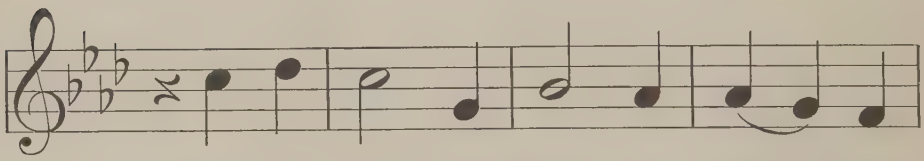
ELIZABETH TAYLOR. HELEN S. LEAVITT



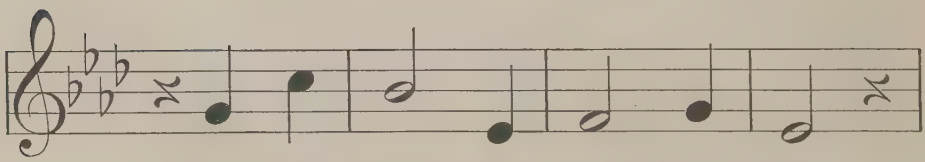
1. Gold - en - rod is nod - ding gay - ly,
2. Song-birds from the wood - land call - ing,



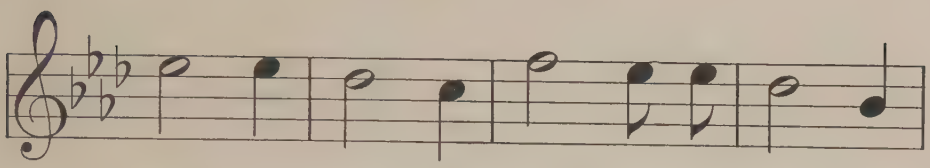
Grow - ing bright - er ev - 'ry day,
They no long - er must de - lay;



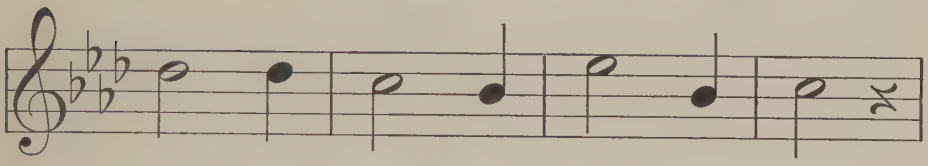
Like a song of gold - en sun - shine
Bus - y bee, with hon - ey lad - en,



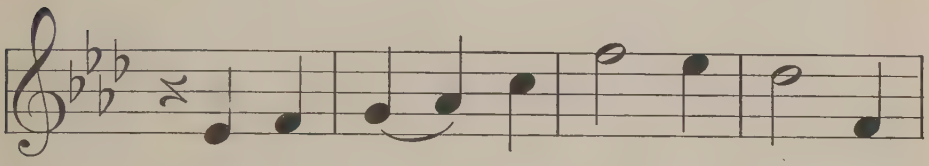
When the sum - mer skies turn gray;
Keeps on work - ing blithe and gay;



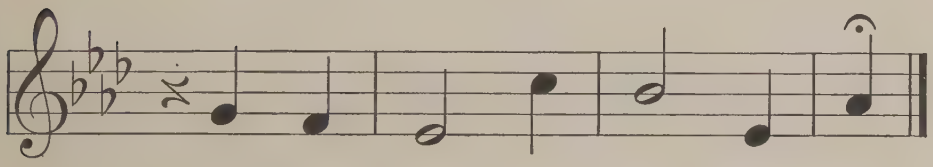
Whis - pers to us, "Au - tumn is com - ing,"
Well he knows that win - ter is com - ing,



Soft - ly calls us from our play;
Sum - mer can - not al - ways stay;



Gold - en - rod · brings us Sep - tem - ber;
There's a warn - ing, 'tis Sep - tem - ber!



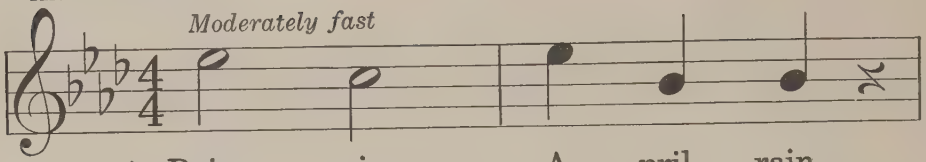
Au - tumn days are on the way.
Au - tumn days are on the way.

APRIL RAIN

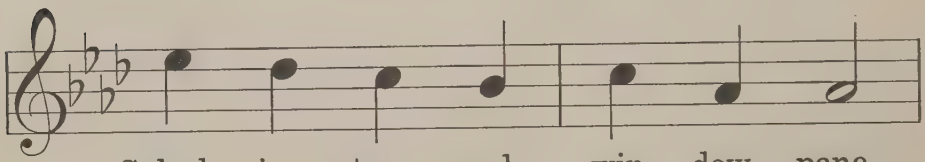
ANNETTE WYNNE

E. W. NEWTON

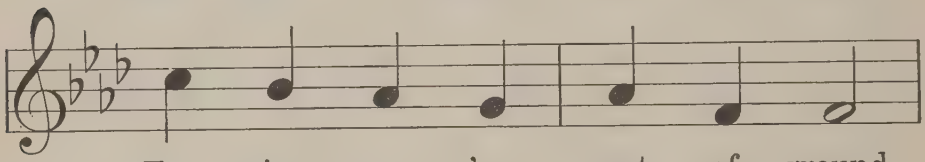
Moderately fast



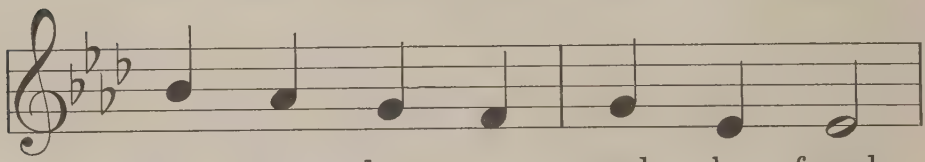
1. Rain, rain, A - pril rain,
2. Rain, rain, A - pril rain;



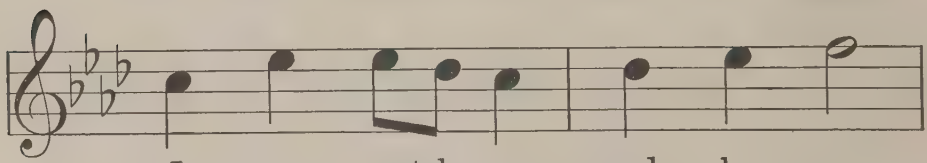
Splash - ing tree and win - dow - pane,
When the au - tumn's gar - den grain



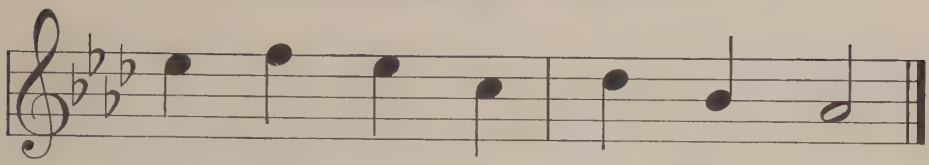
Tap - ping ev - 'ry spot of ground,
By the farm - er's hand is reaped,



Lest some sleep - y seed be found;
In the farm - er's barn is heaped,

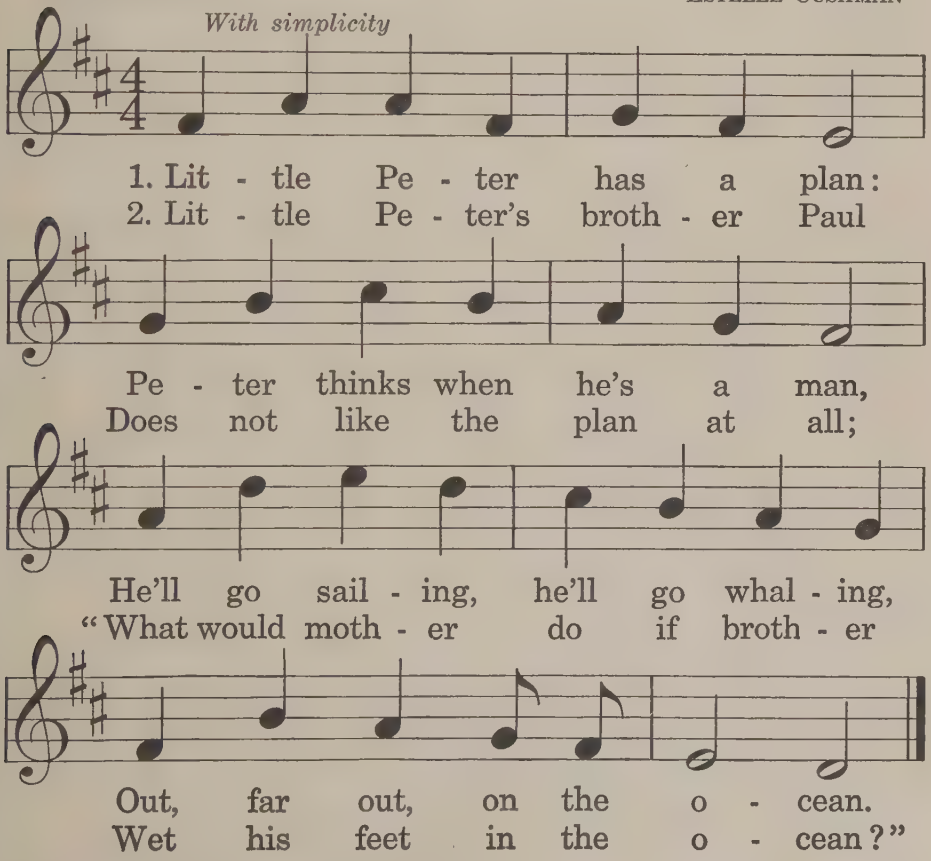


I can watch you and be gay
Then he'll turn · and think of you,



PETER AND PAUL

DENIS MCCARTHY ESTELLE CUSHMAN

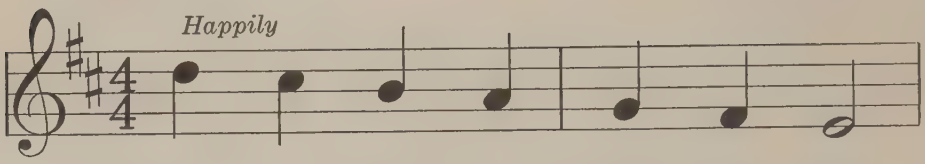

With simplicity
1. Lit - tle Pe - ter has a plan:
2. Lit - tle Pe - ter's broth - er Paul
Pe - ter thinks when he's a man,
Does not like the plan at all;
He'll go sail - ing, he'll go whal - ing,
"What would moth - er do if broth - er
Out, far out, on the o - cean.
Wet his feet in the o - cean?"

THE MORNING CALL

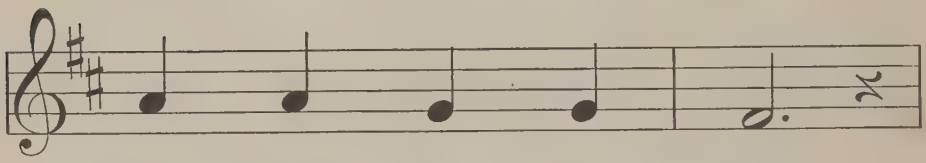
MARGARET CONNOLLY

LOUIS MEYER

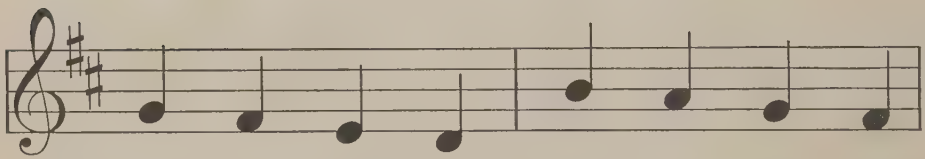
Happily



1. Ev - 'ry morn a flick - er comes,
2. 'Tis a morn - ing call he drums



Tap - ping on my tree;
On my ap - ple tree;



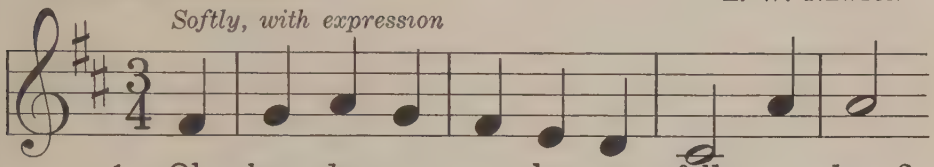
"Wake up, wake up, wake up, wake up!"
"Wake up, wake up, wake up, wake up!"

That's what he says to me.
What can he want with me?

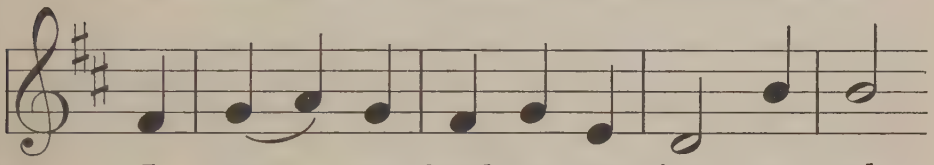
A MYSTERY

RUTH MCCONN SPENCER — E. W. NEWTON

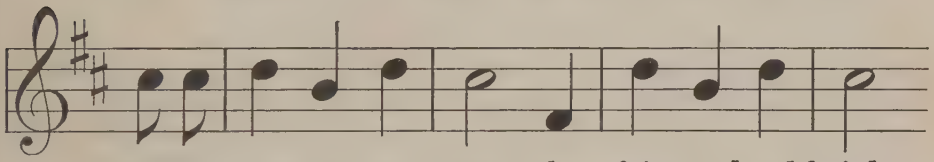
Softly, with expression



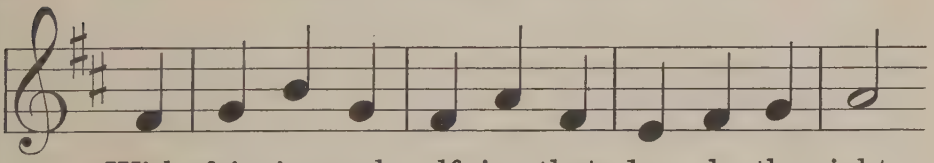
1. Oh, where do we go when we fall a - sleep?
2. When - ev - er I think I have found the place,



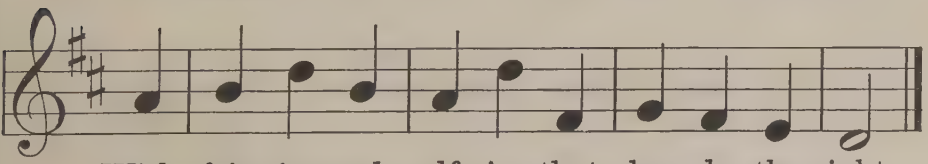
I try · so hard to get just a peek;
A film - y veil is be - fore my face;



But I nev - er can see the fair - y - land bright
And I can't see a thing, though hard I may look;



With fair - ies and elf - ins that daz - zle the sight,
Per - haps it will tell in my fair - y - tale book,



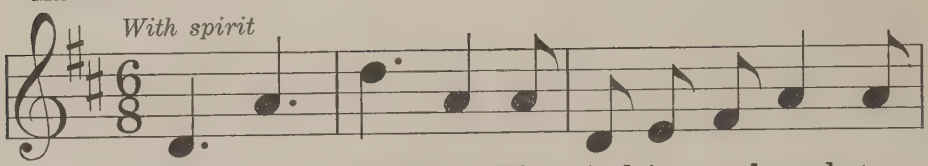
With fair - ies and elf - ins that daz - zle the sight.
Per - haps it will tell in my fair - y - tale book.

THE WIND

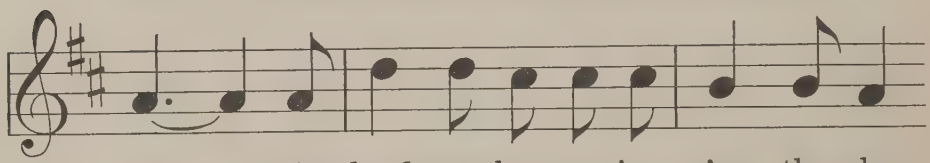
MARGARET CONNOLLY

MARY ROOT KERN

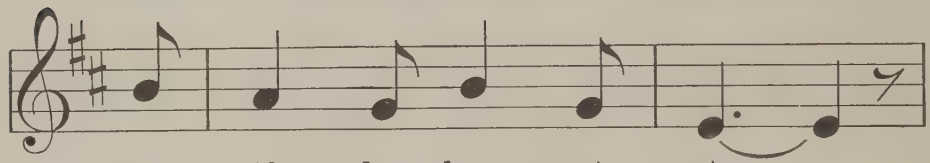
With spirit



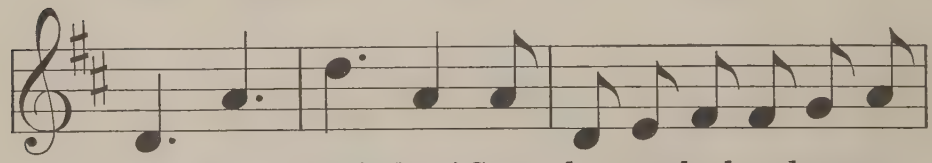
1. Ho! Ho! Blow! Blow! The wind is a-broad to-
2. Ho! Ho! Blow! Blow! The wind from the west is



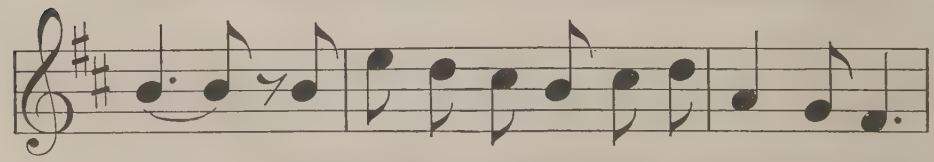
day; · The clouds are hur-ry-ing o'er the sky
strong; · He sweeps in mu-sic a-mong the trees



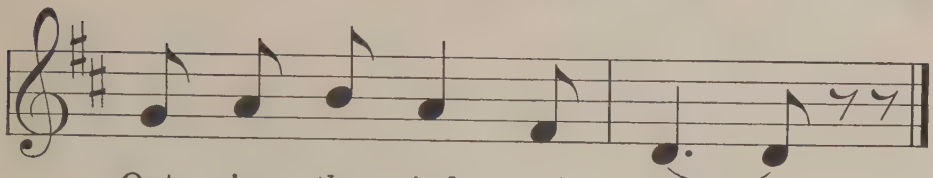
As if they dare not stay. · ·
And sings a storm-y song. · ·



Ho! Ho! Blow! Blow! Come, let us take hands as we
Ho! Ho! Blow! Blow! Oh, come, let us share in the



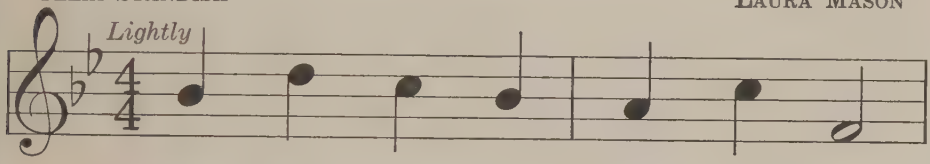
run, And wish we might fly like the clouds on high,
fun, And sing as we may on this gold-en day,



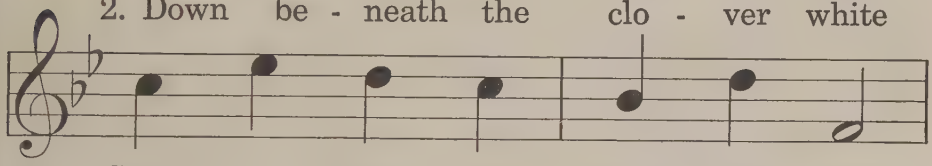
Out in the wind and sun. . .
Out in the wind and sun. . .

MEADOW BERRIES

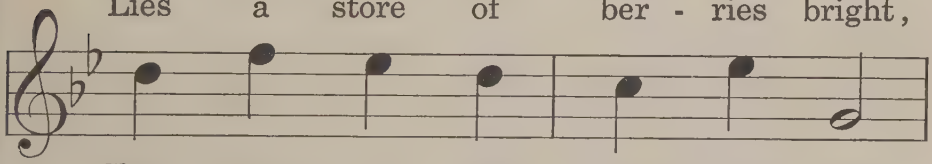
CELIA STANDISH LAURA MASON



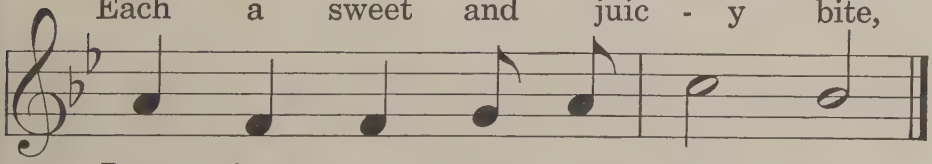
1. Danc - ing in the mead - ow grass
2. Down be - neath the clo - ver white



Goes a mer - ry, laugh - ing lass,
Lies a store of ber - ries bright,



Chas - ing all the bees that pass,
Each a sweet and juic - y bite,



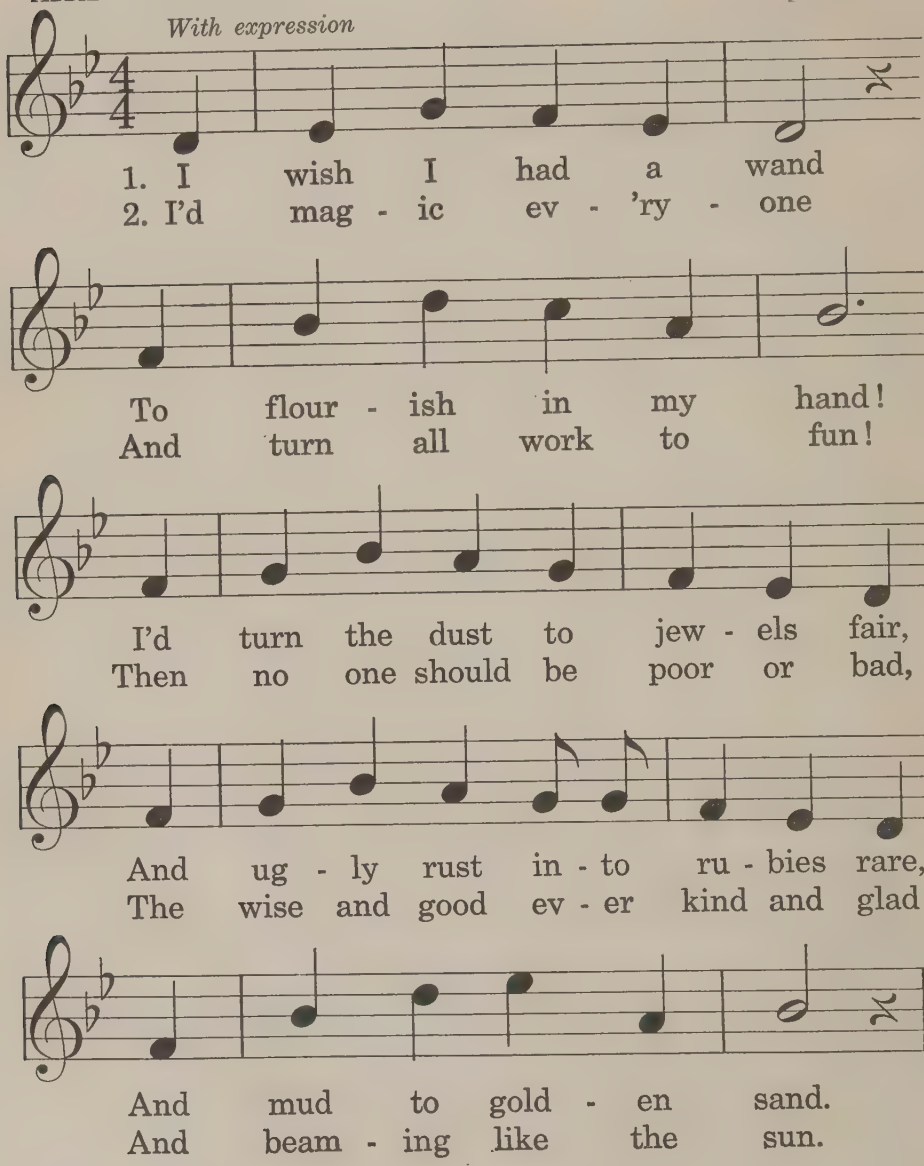
Danc - ing o - ver the mead - ow.
Hid - ing there in the mead - ow.

WITH A WAND

ABBIE FARWELL BROWN

WILL EARHART

With expression

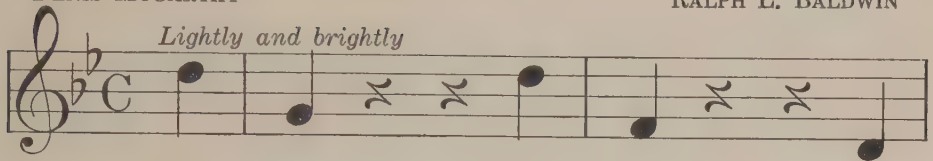

1. I wish I had a wand
2. I'd mag - ic ev - 'ry - one
To flour - ish in my hand!
And turn all work to fun!
I'd turn the dust to jew - els fair,
Then no one should be poor or bad,
And ug - ly rust in - to ru - bies rare,
The wise and good ev - er kind and glad
And mud to gold - en sand.
And beam - ing like the sun.

"YOU'RE IT"

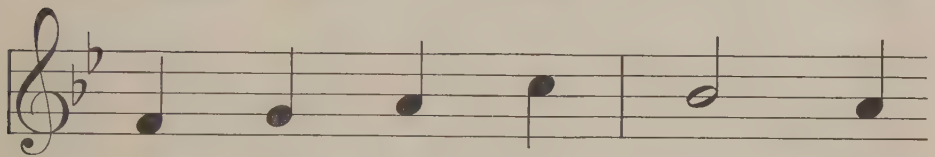
DENIS MCCARTHY

RALPH L. BALDWIN

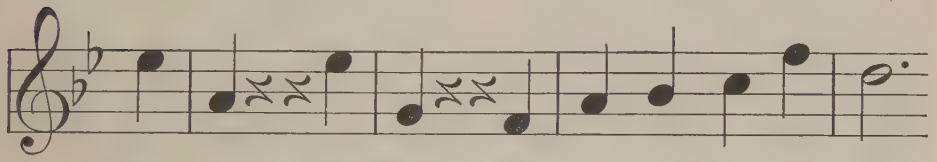
Lightly and brightly



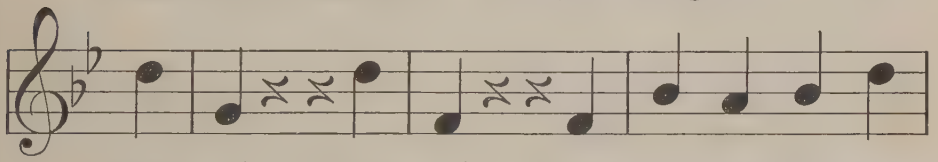
1. "You're it!" "You're it!" Oh,
2. "You're it!" "You're it!" The



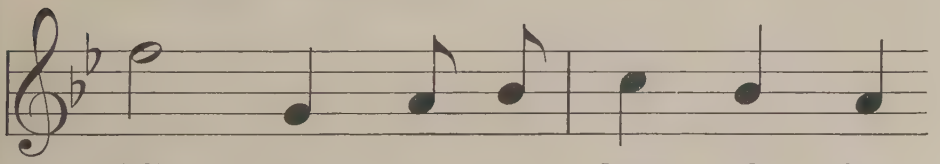
hear the chil - dren call - ing!
count - ing out is end - ed;



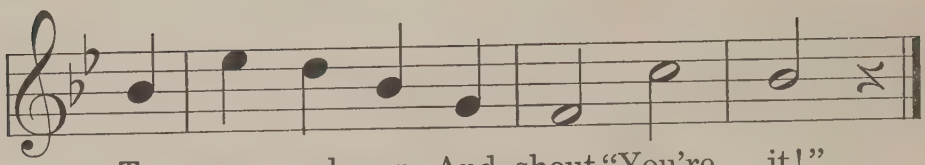
Now here, now there, Like fair - ies light they flit.
Stand there! That's fair! Now play the game a bit.



"You're it!" "You're it!" When eve-ning shades are
"You're it!" "You're it!" I think it sim-ply



fall - ing, It is lots of fun
splen - did In the gath - 'ring dark,

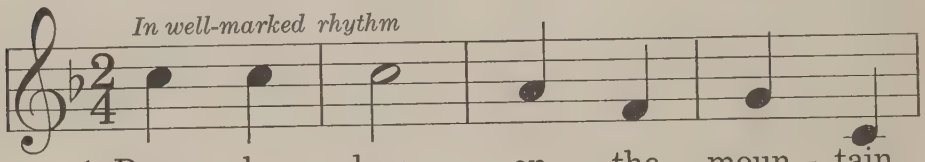


To race and run And shout "You're it!"
In street or park, To play "You're it!"

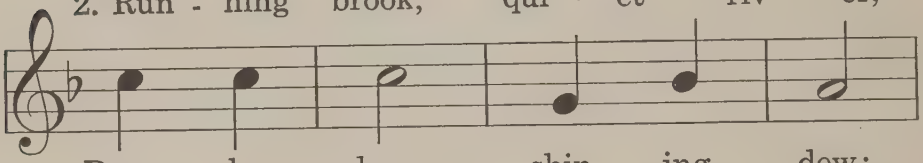
WATER

ABBIE FARWELL BROWN MARTHA WHITE

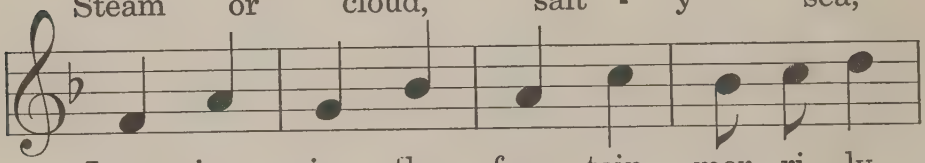
In well-marked rhythm



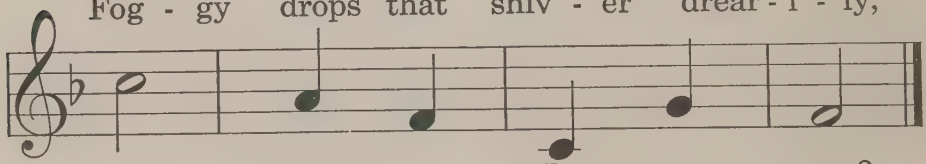
1. Drop by drop, on the moun - tain,
2. Run - ning brook, qui - et riv - er,



Drop by drop, shin - ing dew;
Steam or cloud, salt - y sea,



Leap - ing in the foun - tain mer - ri - ly,
Fog - gy drops that shiv - er drear - i - ly,



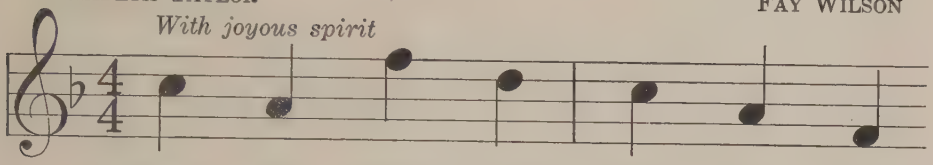
O Wa - ter! What are you?
O Wa - ter! Strange to me!

A CHRISTMAS SONG

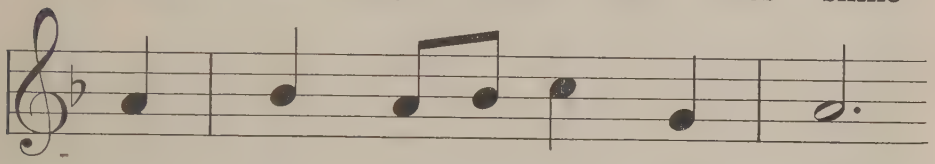
ELIZABETH TAYLOR

FAY WILSON

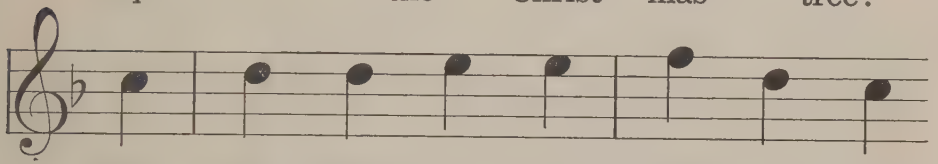
With joyous spirit



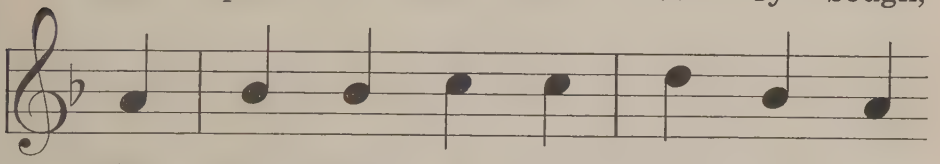
1. Ring the bells for Christ - mas Day!
2. Sing for joy while can - dles shine



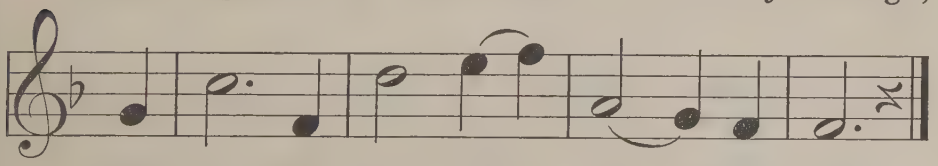
Let all the chil - dren sing!
Up - on the Christ - mas tree!



Glad tid - ings of good cheer and joy,
Sur - pris - es wait on ev - 'ry bough,



Glad tid - ings of good cheer and joy,
Sur - pris - es wait on ev - 'ry bough,



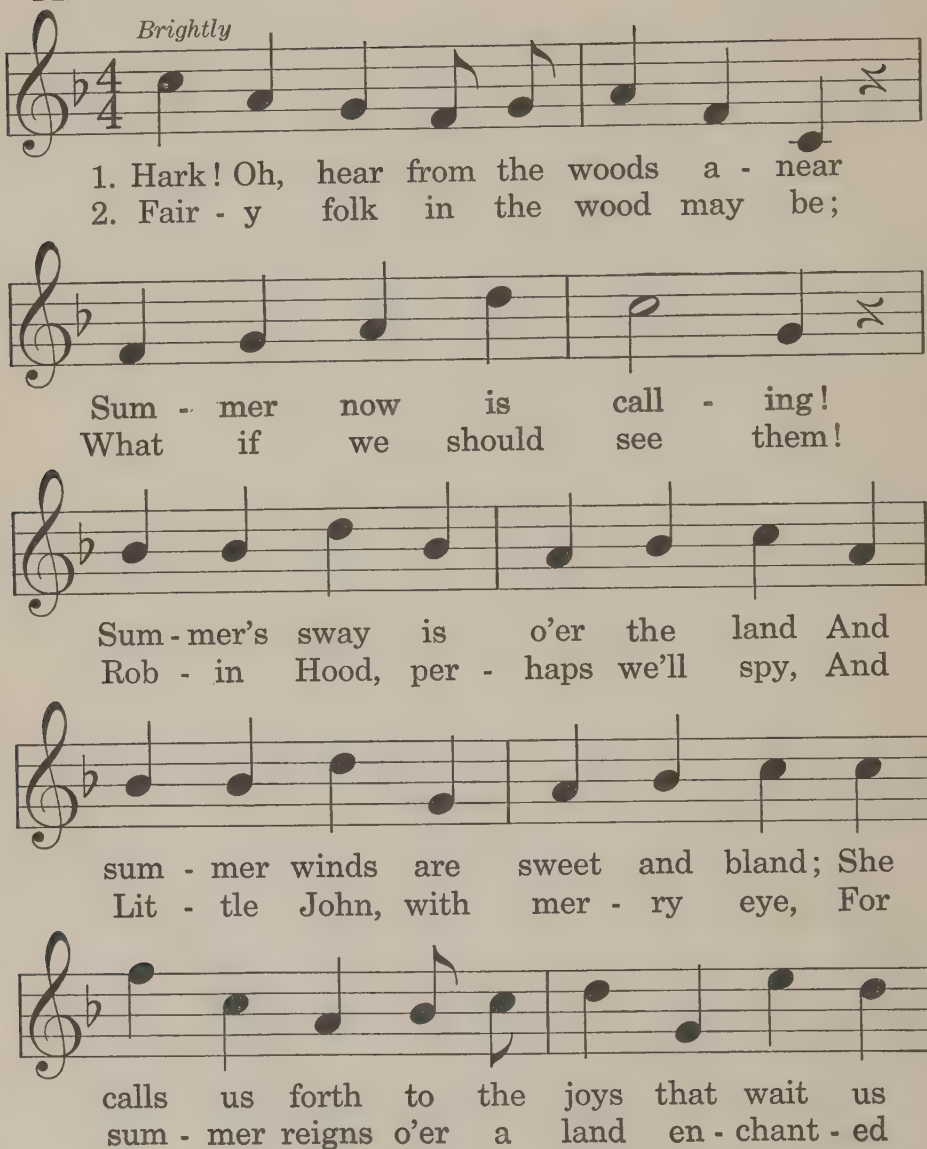
The day will bring, The · day · will bring.
For you and me, For · you · and me.

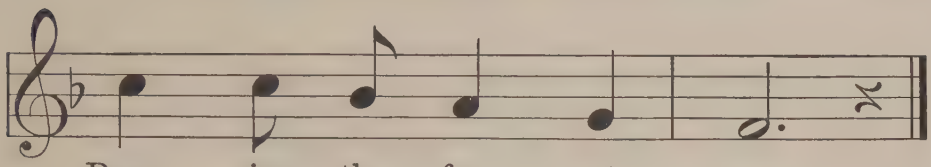
SUMMER'S CALL

DENIS MCCARTHY

WILL EARHART

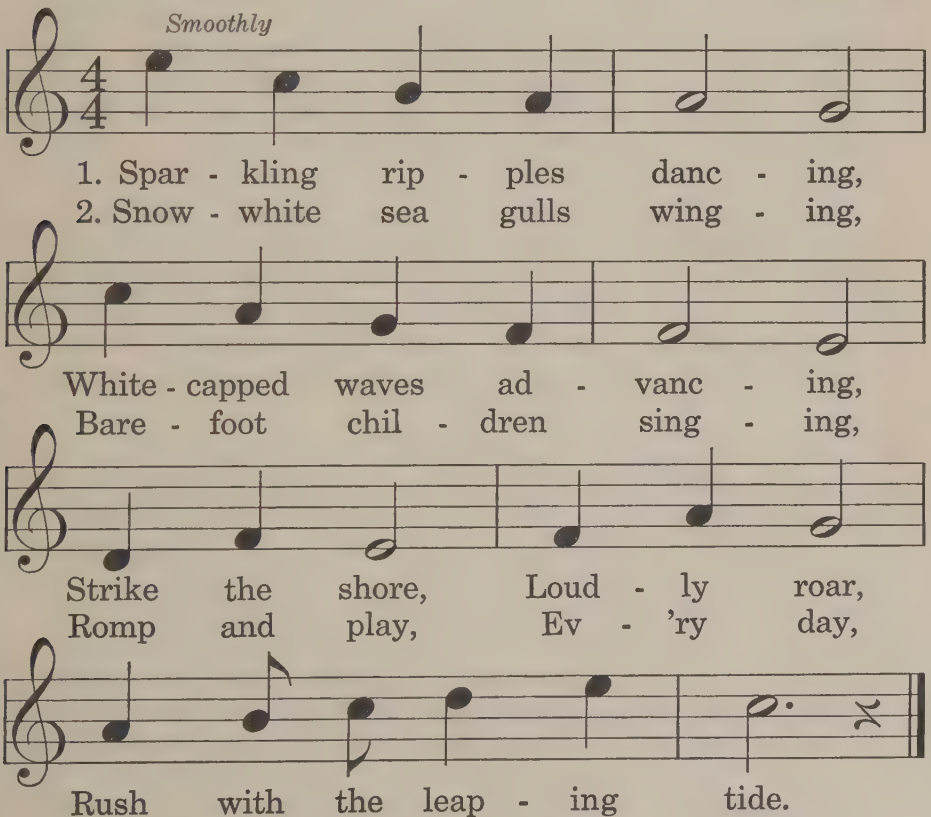
Brightly


1. Hark! Oh, hear from the woods a - near
2. Fair - y folk in the wood may be;
Sum - mer now is call - ing!
What if we should see them!
Sum - mer's sway is o'er the land And
Rob - in Hood, per - haps we'll spy, And
sum - mer winds are sweet and bland; She
Lit - tle John, with mer - ry eye, For
calls us forth to the joys that wait us
sum - mer reigns o'er a land en - chant - ed



AT THE SEASHORE

CLEMENT DWIGHT ABIGAIL COFFIN

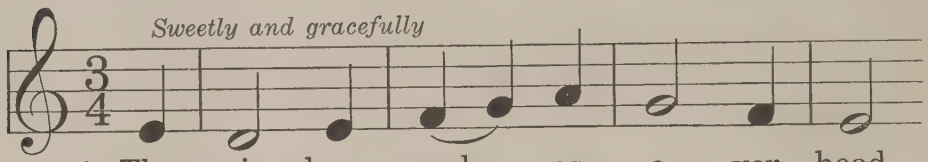

Smoothly
1. Spar - kling rip - ples danc - ing,
2. Snow - white sea gulls wing - ing,
White - capped waves ad - vanc - ing,
Bare - foot chil - dren sing - ing,
Strike the shore, Loud - ly roar,
Romp and play, Ev - 'ry day,
Rush with the leap - ing tide.
Down by the o - cean wide.

THE RAINBOW'S PROMISE

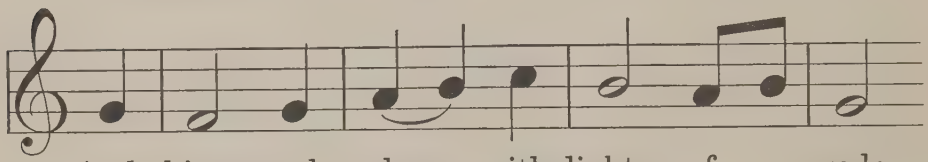
ROBBINS-MCCARTHY

HELEN S. LEAVITT

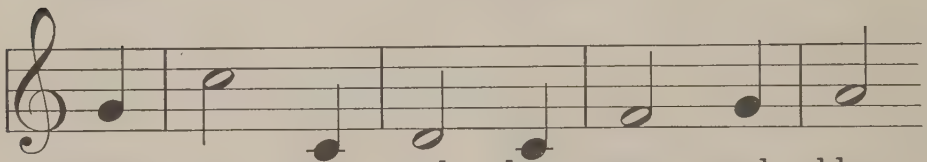
Sweetly and gracefully



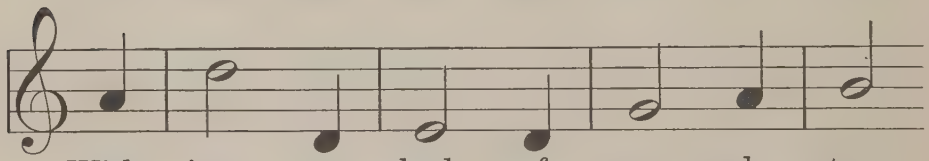
1. The rain - bow arch - es o - ver - head
2. Why should not you · a rain - bow be,



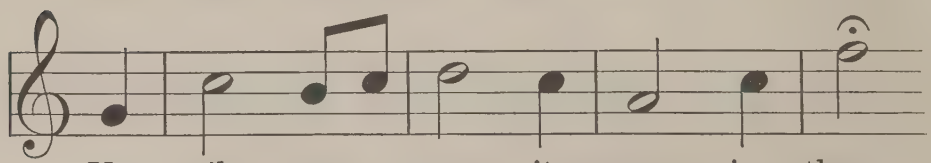
And shines and glows with lights of · · red;
That all the world would smile to · · see,



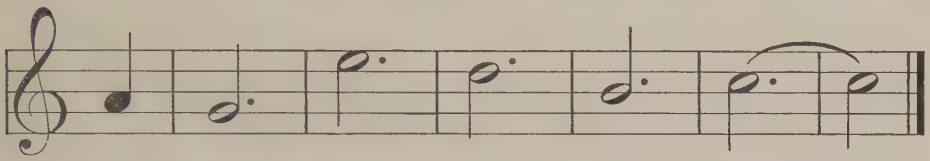
Through or - ange, yel - low, green, and blue,
A sym - bol, where - so - e'er you went,



With just a shade of pur - ple too;
Of pleas - ant words and sweet con - tent,



Un - til we · see its prom - ise there
Your hap - py · face a prom - ise fair

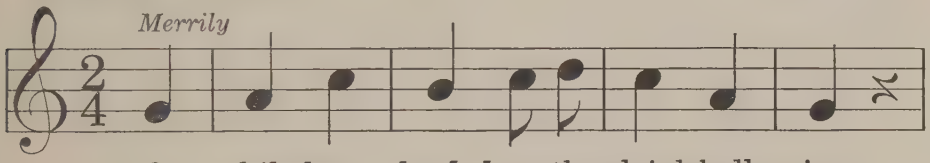


Of sun - shine ev - 'ry - where.
Of sun - shine ev - 'ry - where?

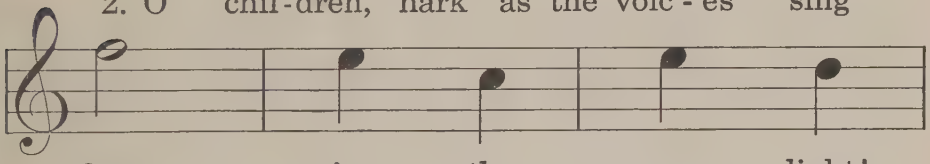
OUT IN THE MOONLIGHT

MARGARET CONNOLLY WILLIAM CORWIN

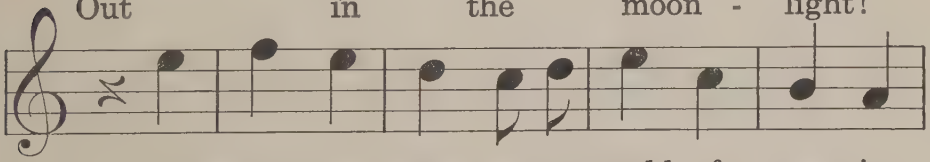
Merrily



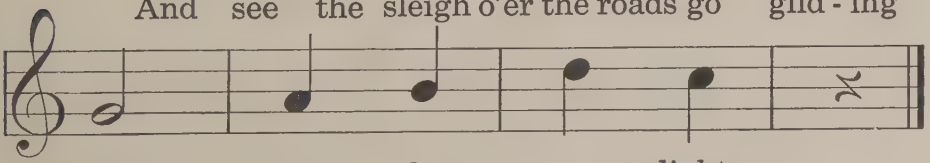
1. O chil-dren, hark how the sleigh bells ring
2. O chil-dren, hark as the voic - es sing



Out in the moon - light!
Out in the moon - light!



The world is white as a world of mag - ic
And see the sleigh o'er the roads go glid - ing



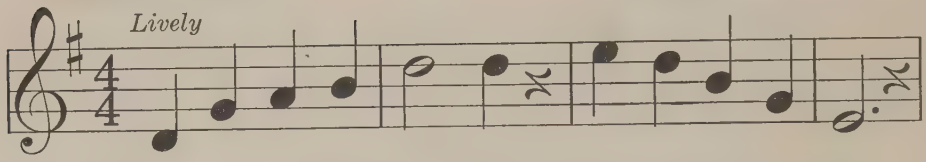
Out in the moon - light.
Out in the moon - light.

CHRISTMAS BELLS

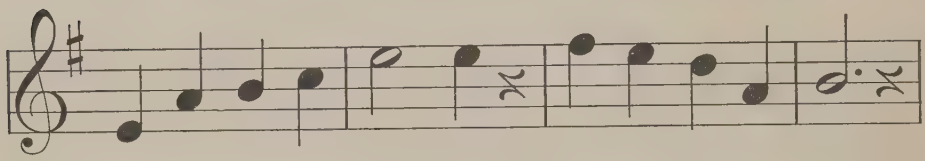
ELIZABETH TAYLOR

RUTH MCCONN SPENCER

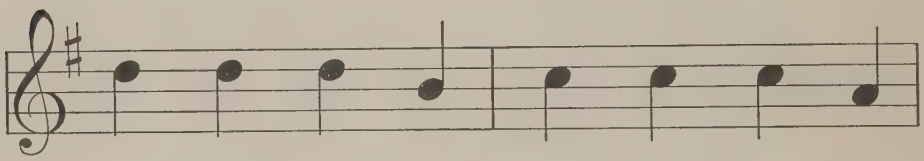
Lively



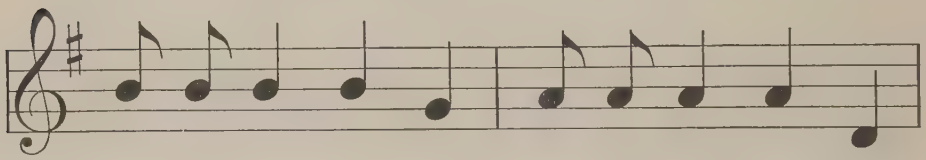
Christ-mas bells are ring-ing, Ring-ing on the air,



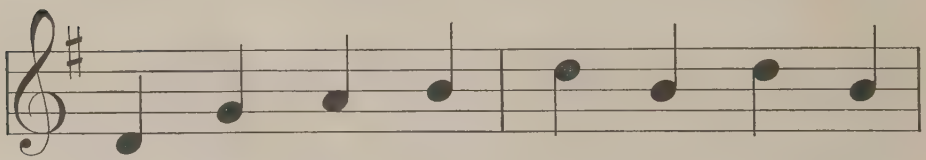
Hap-py voic-es sing-ing, Sing-ing ev-'ry-where.



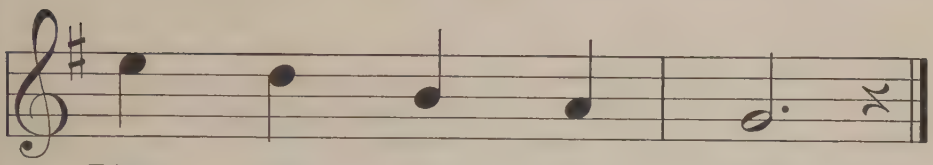
Peace on earth, good will they're bring-ing,



Mer-ri-ly ring-ing, cheer-i-ly sing-ing;

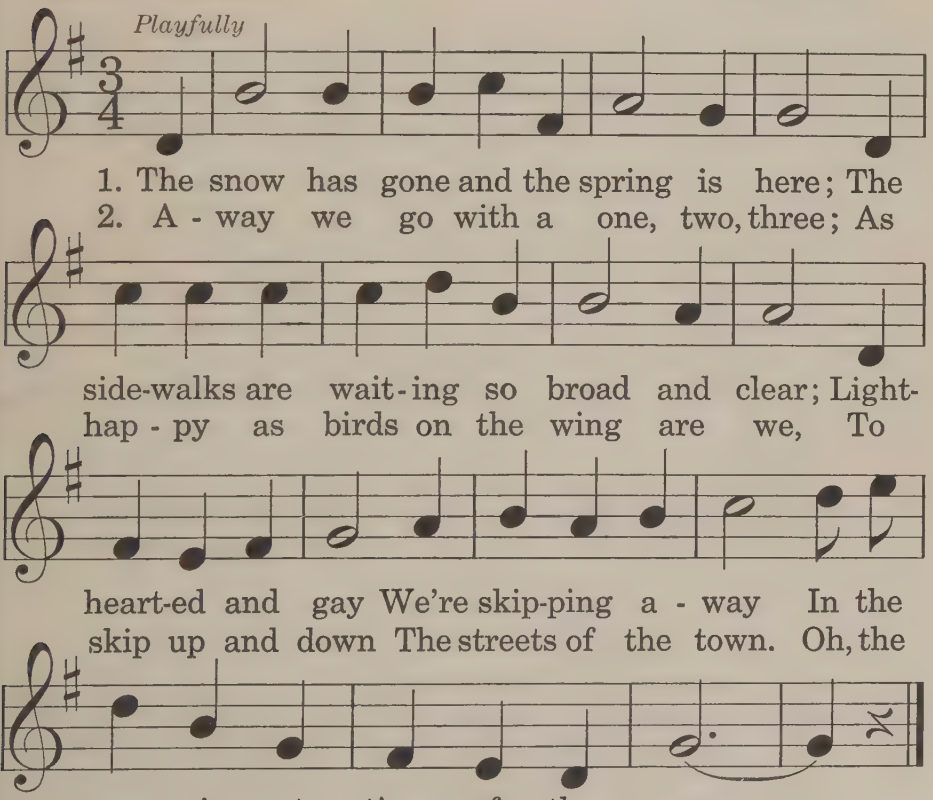


Christ-mas bells are ring-ing, ring-ing,



THE SKIPPERS

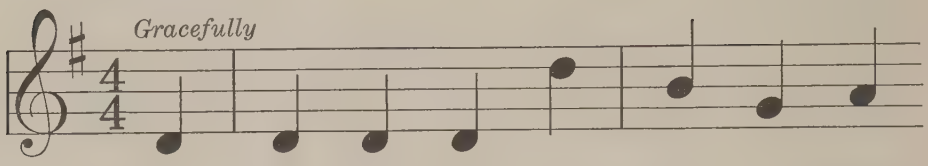
FRANCES RICHARDSON HENRY PROCTOR


Playfully
1. The snow has gone and the spring is here; The
2. A - way we go with a one, two, three; As
side-walks are wait-ing so broad and clear; Light-
hap - py as birds on the wing are we, To
heart-ed and gay We're skip-ping a - way In the
skip up and down The streets of the town. Oh, the
mer - ri - est time of the year. . .
skip - pers of spring-time are we. . .

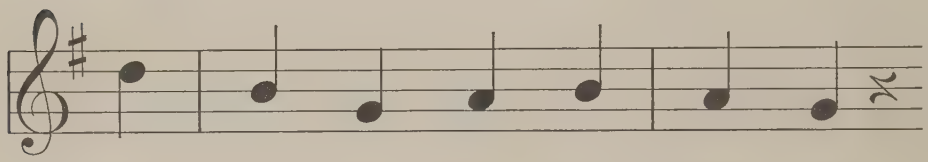
BUMBLEBEE

ABBIE FARWELL BROWN W. F. SEVERNS

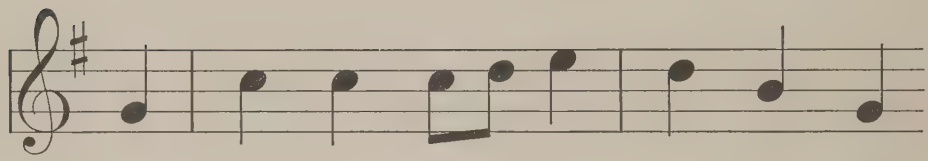
Gracefully



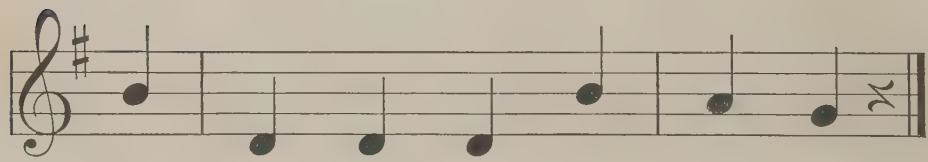
1. The bum - ble - bee on diz - zy wing,
2. He does not like to be ca - ressed,



How in - no - cent and dear, sir!
Well, nei - ther now do I, sir!



But oh! he has · a cru - el sting
We all know what we like the best,



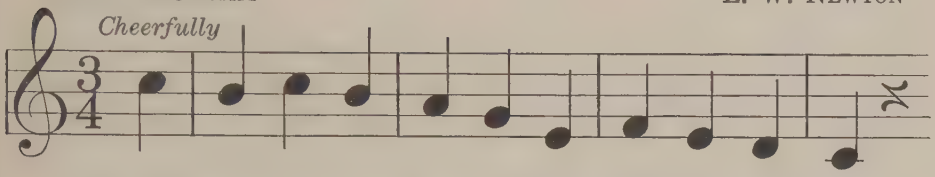
For those who in - ter - fere, sir!
But can - not tell you why, sir!

TWO GARDENS

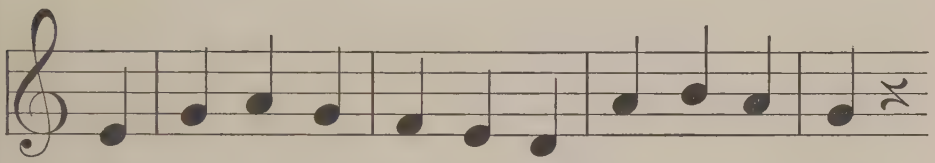
TAYLOR-MCCARTHY

E. W. NEWTON

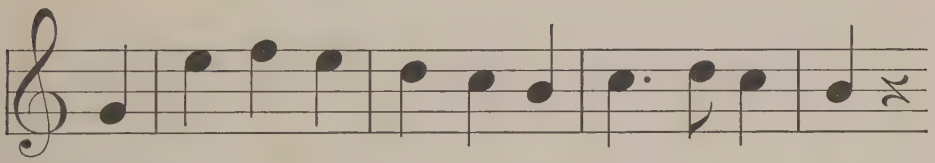
Cheerfully



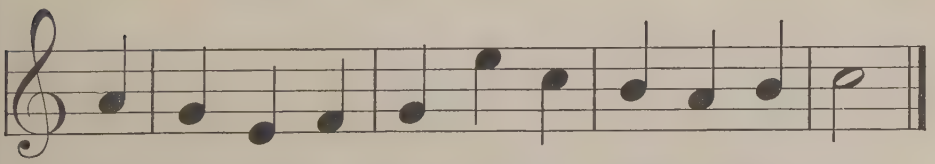
1. In grand-fa-ther's gar-den, the neigh-bors all know,
2. In grand-fa-ther's gar-den po - ta - toes and peas



The ver - y best kind of things eat - a - ble grow,
And oth - er such things grow as fine as you please,



While grand-moth-er's gar - den just o - ver the way
While grand-moth-er's gar - den has noth - ing to eat;



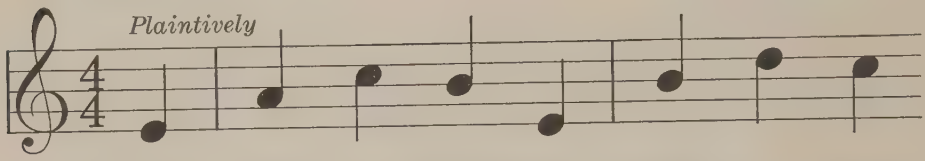
Has bees and has blos-soms and but - ter - flies gay.
'Tis beau-ty and fra-grance that makes it so sweet.

THE VANISHED INDIANS

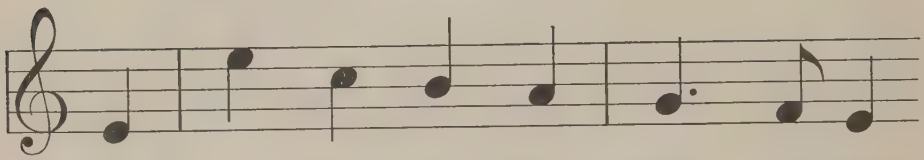
MARGARET CONNOLLY

MARY ROOT KERN

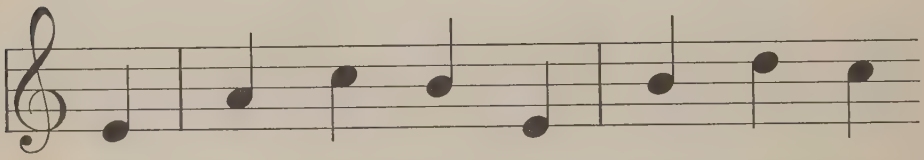
Plaintively



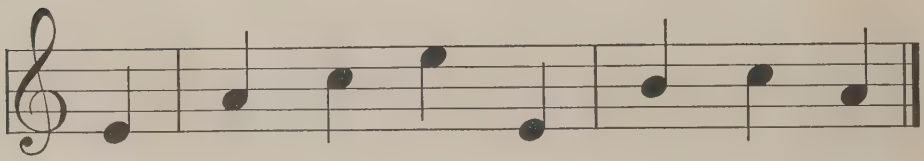
1. Oh, where are they? Oh, where are they,
2. O chil - dren gone! O van - ished race!



The In - dian lads who used to play
The white man's chil - dren have your place;



On yon - der hill by yon - der wood,
And yet I think your spir - its still

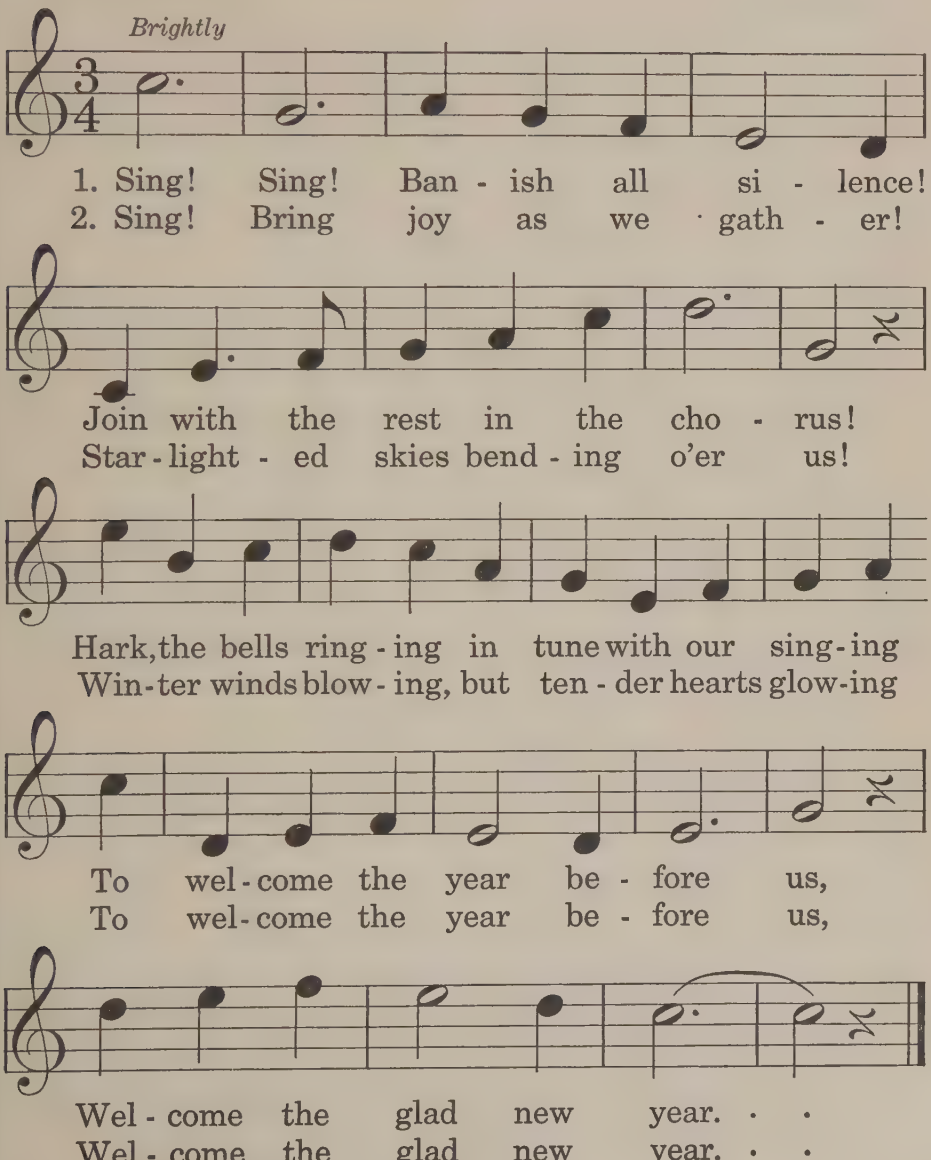


Where once their fa - thers' lodg - es stood?
Come back to play by wood and hill.

SONG OF THE NEW YEAR

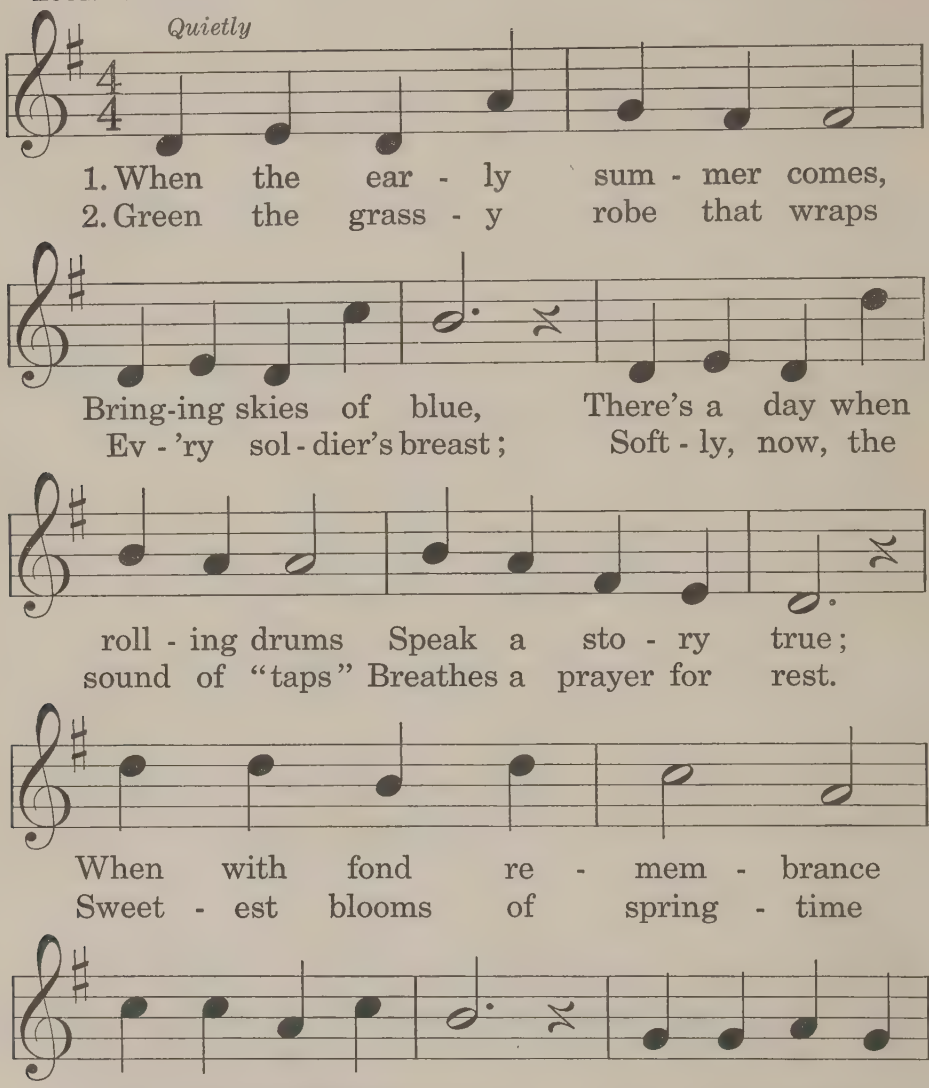
T. H. MacCrady B. R. Miner

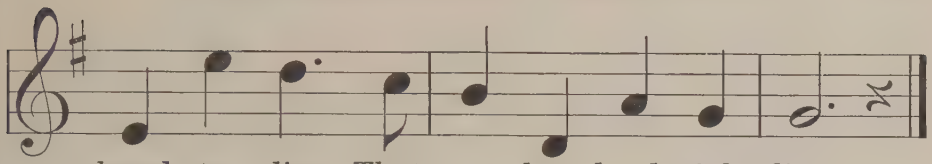
Brightly


1. Sing! Sing! Ban - ish all si - lence!
2. Sing! Bring joy as we gath - er!
Join with the rest in the cho - rus!
Star - light - ed skies bend - ing o'er us!
Hark, the bells ring - ing in tune with our sing - ing
Win - ter winds blow - ing, but ten - der hearts glow - ing
To wel - come the year be - fore us,
To wel - come the year be - fore us,
Wel - come the glad new year. . .
Wel - come the glad new year. . .

MEMORIAL DAY

LOUISE STICKNEY — STEPHEN CHAMBERS

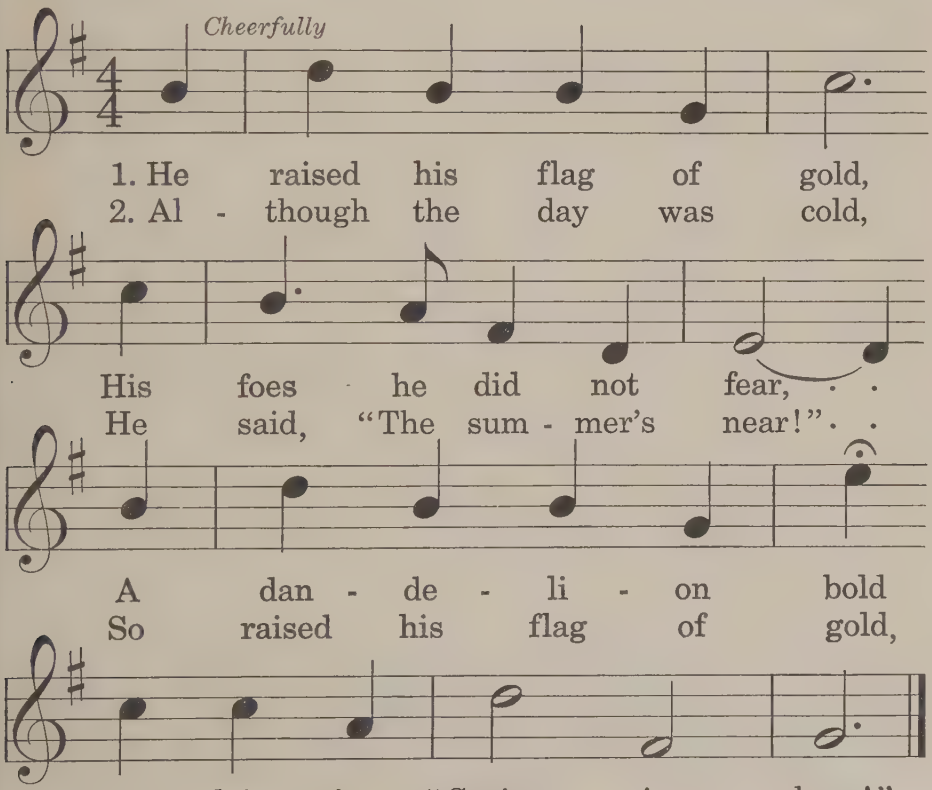

Quietly
1. When the ear - ly sum - mer comes,
2. Green the grass - y robe that wraps
Bring-ing skies of blue, There's a day when
Ev - 'ry sol - dier's breast; Soft - ly, now, the
roll - ing drums Speak a sto - ry true;
sound of "taps" Breathes a prayer for rest.
When with fond re - mem - brance
Sweet - est blooms of spring - time
Ten - der thoughts we give To the men who
On their graves we lay, While the flag a -



dared to die That our dear land might live.
bove them waves On this Me - mo - rial Day.

THE FLAG OF GOLD

PAULINE HILL E. W. NEWTON



1. He raised his flag of gold,
2. Al - though the day was cold,

His foes he did not fear, . .
He said, "The sum - mer's near!". .

A dan - de - li - on bold
So raised his flag of gold,

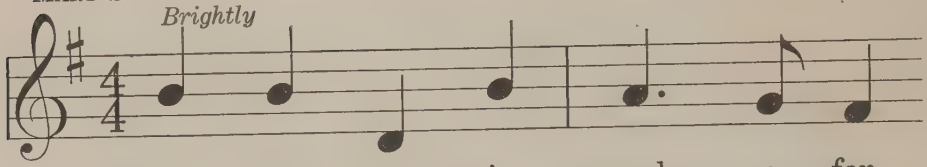
Pro - claim - ing, "Spring is here!"
Pro - claim - ing, "Spring is here!"

NEW YEAR BELLS

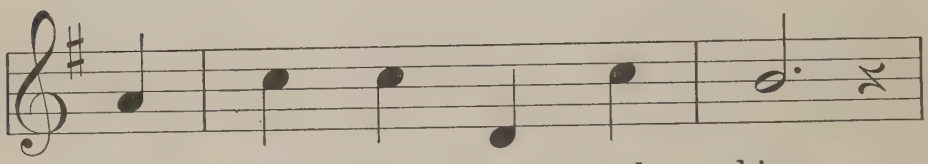
MARY STANHOPE

MARY R. CARROLL

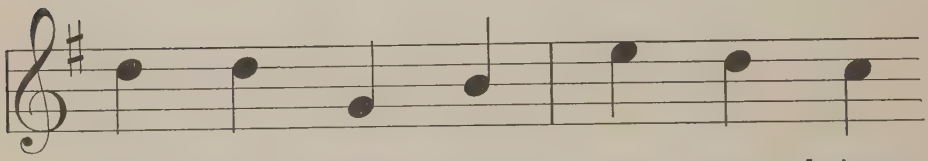
Brightly



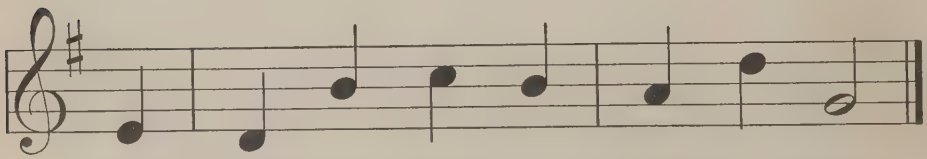
1. New - year mu - sic sounds a - far
2. Bells of last year rang and sang;



From bells that clash and chime;
Their prom - ise has come true;



All good things which new year brings
So this year now dawn - ing clear

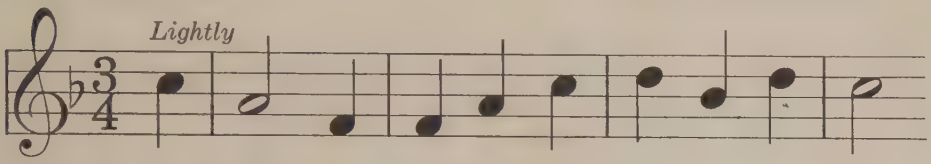


The bells fore - tell in ring - ing rime.
Will live to give us good things, too.

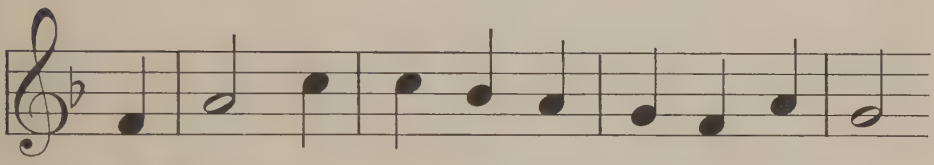
SUNSHINE SONG

M. Louise Baum

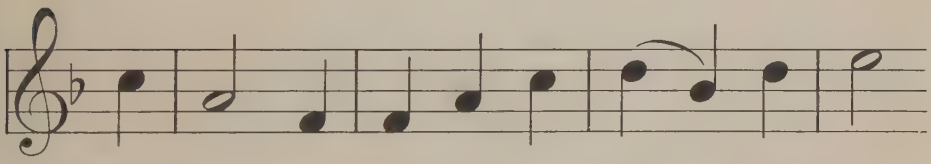
Frances Rittenhouse



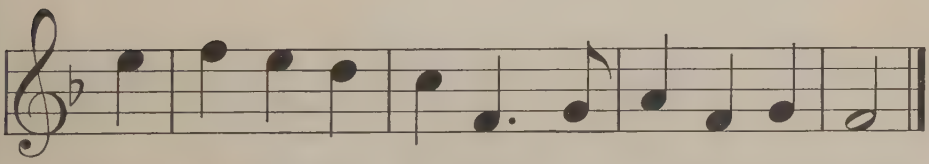
1. A bird is heard and is off on the wing,
2. The air up there is so sun - ny and high,



The breez - es tease you, they frol - ic and sing;
The brook, oh, look how it's hur - ry - ing by!



What fun to run with a kite · and string
You say to - day you can al - most fly,

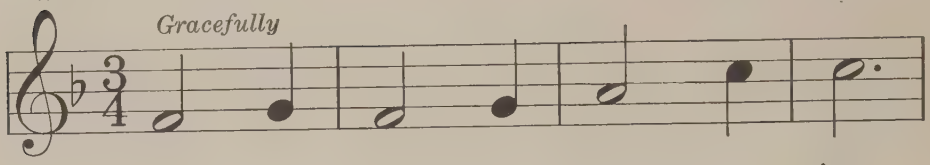


When win - ter is fly - ing a - way from the spring.
When sun-shine in splen-dor is fill - ing the sky.

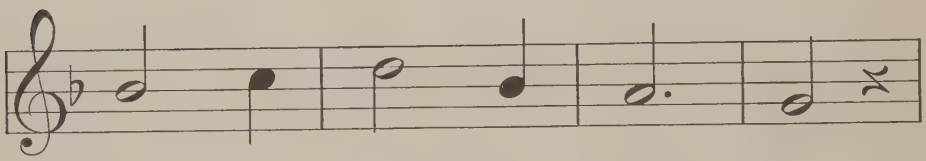
JUNE WEATHER

WYNNE-McCARTHY

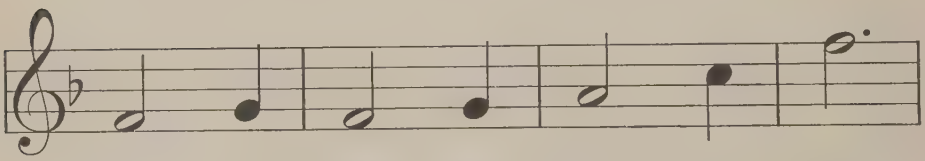
HELEN S. LEAVITT



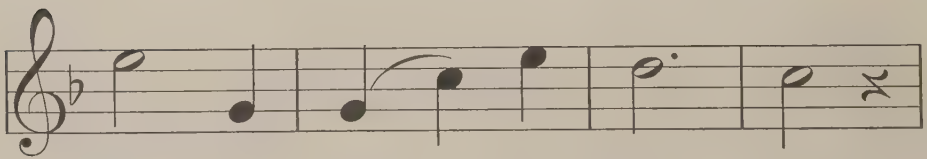
1. June is such a bon - ny time,
2. June is such a mer - ry time,



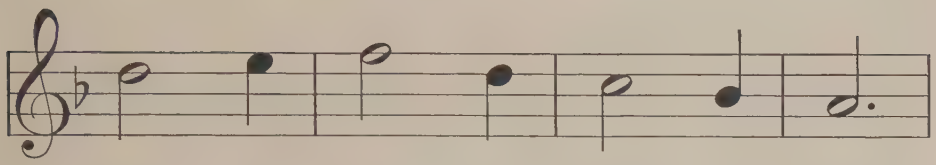
Bird and flow - er weath - er,
Life to laugh - ter wak - ing,



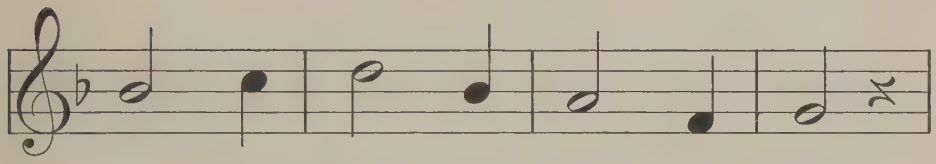
Time for song and love and rime,
Brooks that run and bells that chime,



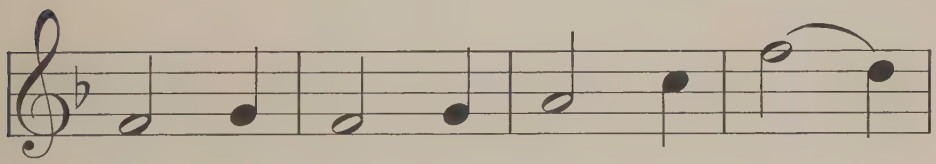
Time to be - to - geth - er;
Birds their mu - sic mak - ing;



Time for hoops and sails and wings,
Time our best of gifts to bring,



But - ter - flies and hap - py things;
Eyes that shine and hearts that sing;

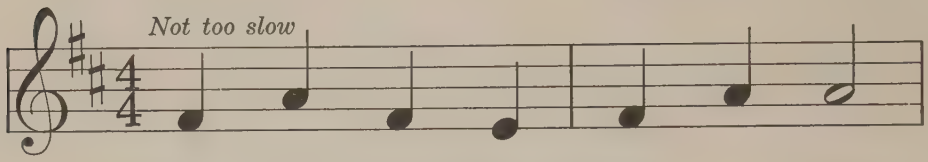


Tra la la la la la la . .
Tra la la la la la la . .

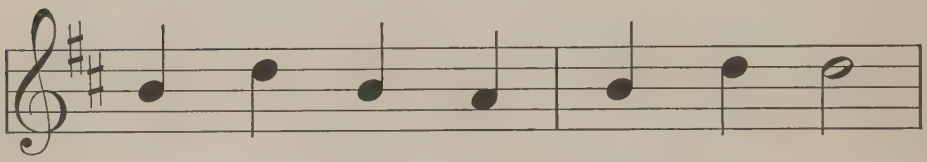
Oh, the bon - ny June weath - er!
Oh, the bon - ny June weath - er!

FOREIGN CHILDREN

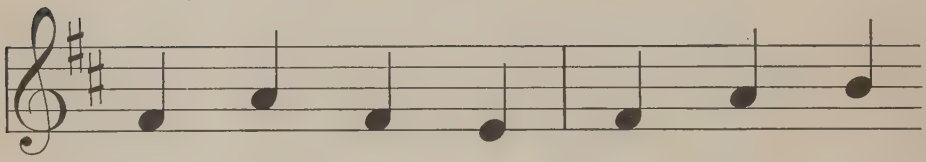
ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON — RUTH MCCONN SPENCER



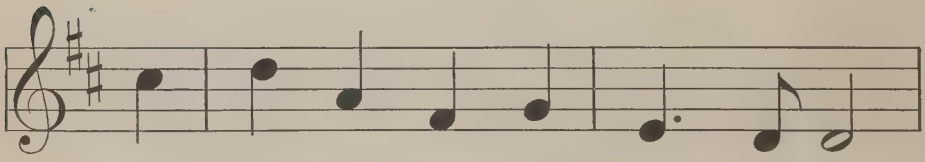
1. Lit - tle In - dian, Sioux or Crow,
2. You have cu - rious things to eat,



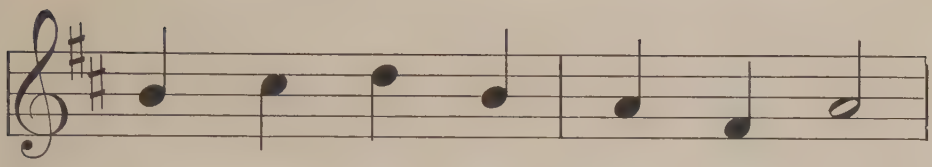
Lit - tle frost - y Es - ki - mo,
I am fed on prop - er meat;



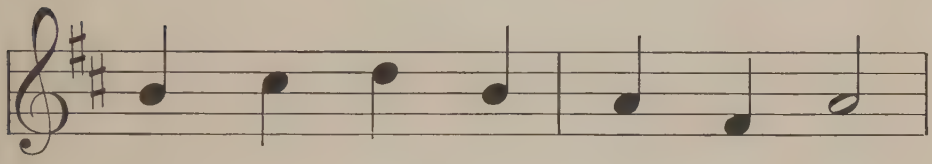
Lit - tle Turk or Jap - a - nee,
You must dwell be - yond the foam,



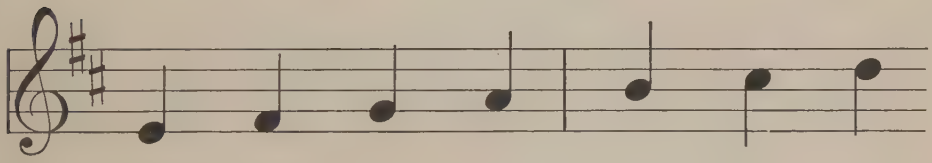
Oh, don't you wish that you were me?
But I am safe and live at home.



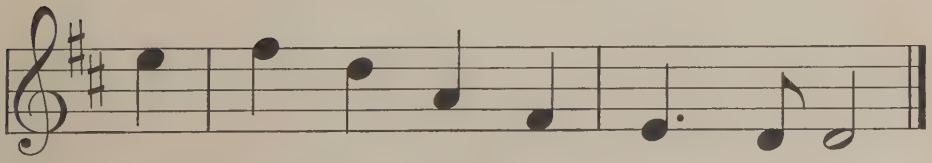
1 & 2 Lit - tle In - dian, Sioux or Crow,



Lit - tle frost - y Es - ki - mo,



Lit - tle Turk or Jap - a - nee,



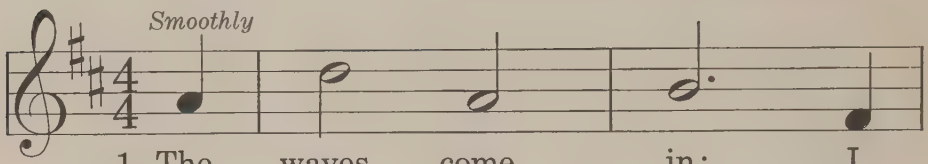
Oh, don't you wish that you were me?

THE WAVES

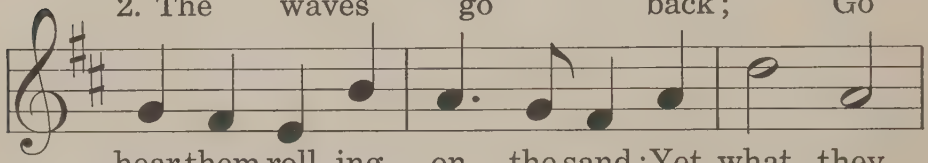
PHYLLIS MANNING

PHYLLIS MANNING

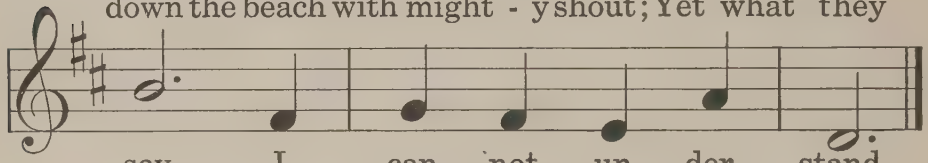
Smoothly



1. The waves come in; I
2. The waves go back; Go



hear them roll - ing on the sand; Yet what they
down the beach with might - y shout; Yet what they



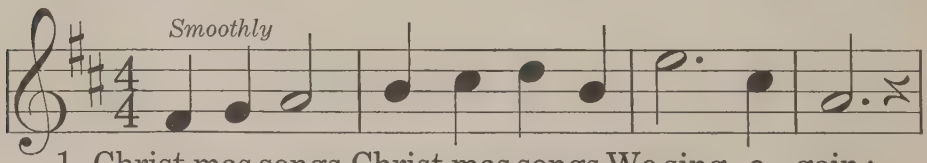
say I can - not un - der - stand.
say I can - not quite make out.

CHRISTMAS SONGS

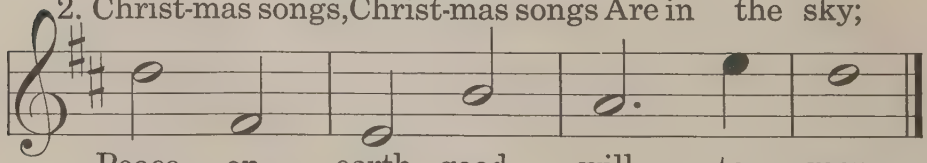
ADELAIDE WALKER

HELEN CALL

Smoothly



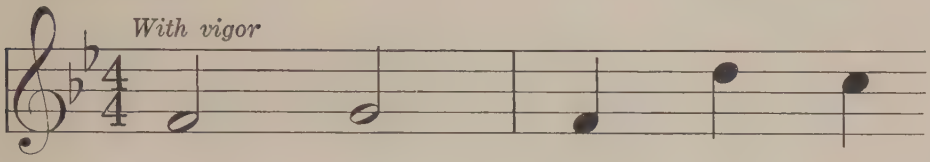
1. Christ-mas songs, Christ-mas songs We sing a - gain;
2. Christ-mas songs, Christ-mas songs Are in the sky;



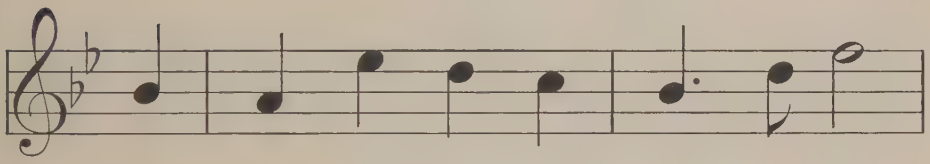
Peace on earth, good will to men.
Praise, all praise to God on high.

LUCY ALLEN STANLEY WESTON

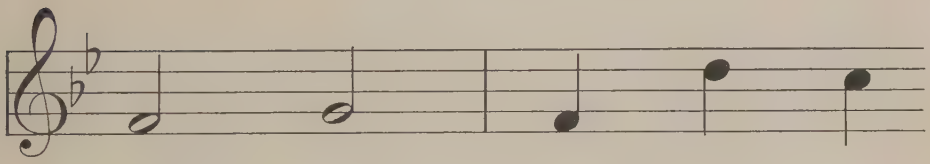
With vigor



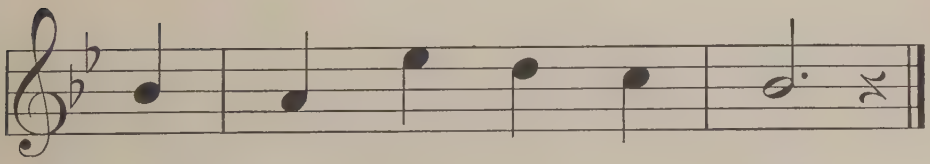
1. Na - tion, great and strong,
2. Men from for - eign lands



Whose name our pride shall ev - er be!
Have come to thee for help and peace;



Loy - al hearts we bring
Join all hearts in love



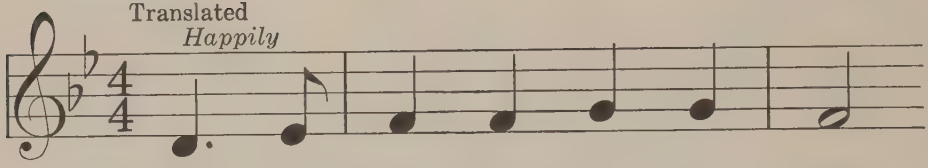
To love and hon - or thee.
That un - ion may in - crease!

THE BONBON MOUNTAIN

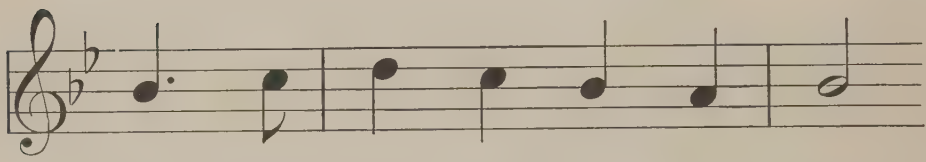
PAULINE HILL
Translated

FOLK SONG

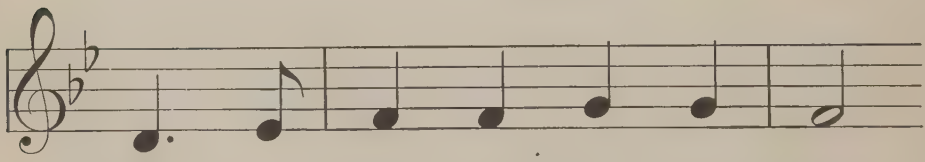
Happily



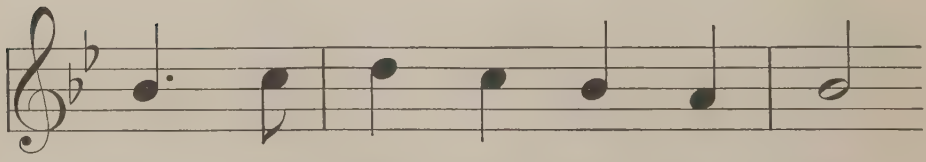
1. When you're dream - ing, do you know
2. Some are pink and some are green,



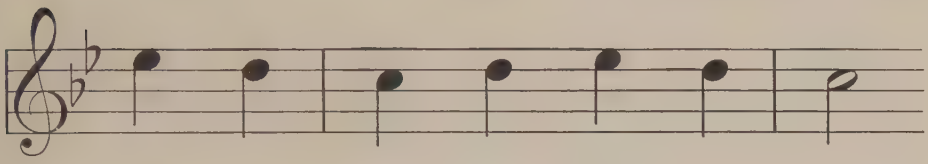
That where - ev - er you may go,
Quite the big - gest you have seen,



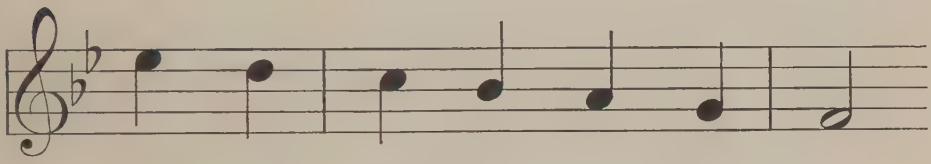
With a fair - y by your side,
Some are filled with cher - ries red;



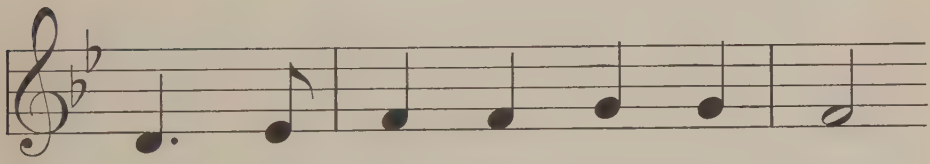
You may find where bon - bons hide?
But, where - ev - er you are led,



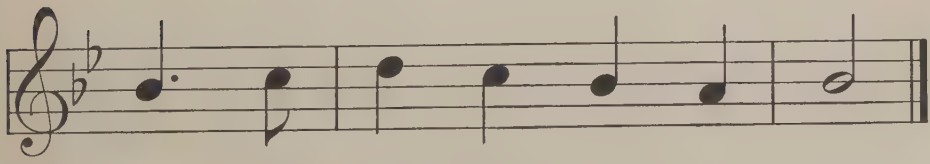
There's a moun - tain far a - way;
Bon - bons tempt - ing you will find



On - ly fair - ies know the way;
If you let the fair - ies kind



But up - on this moun - tain grow
Lead you, when you're fast a - sleep,

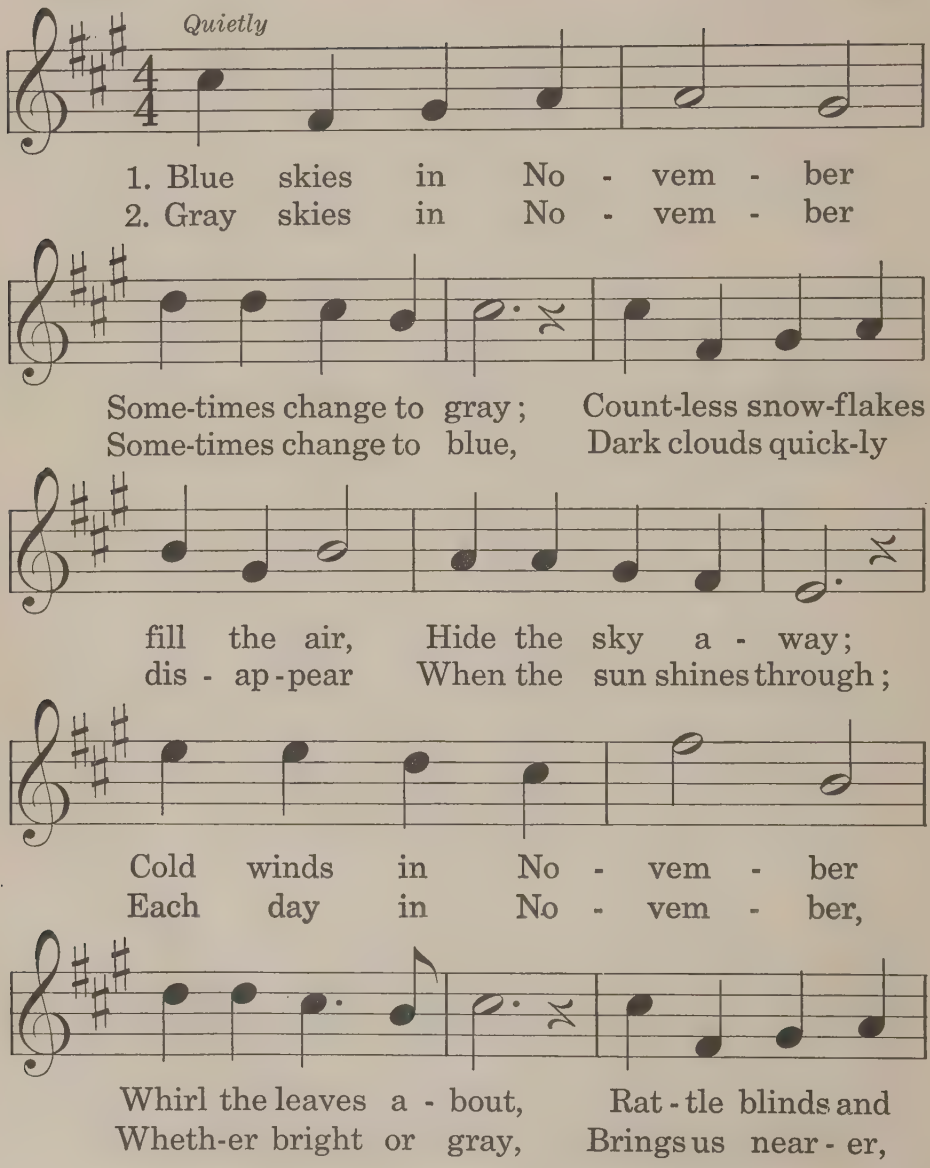


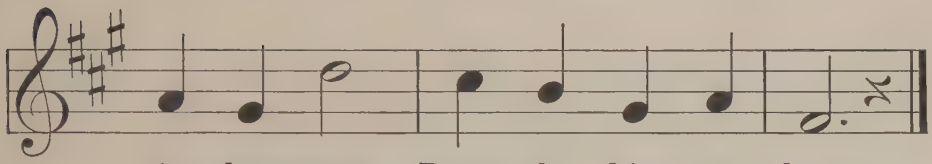
Love - ly bon - bons in a row.
Up the Bon - bon Moun - tain steep.

NOVEMBER

ELIZABETH TAYLOR

MARTHA WHITE

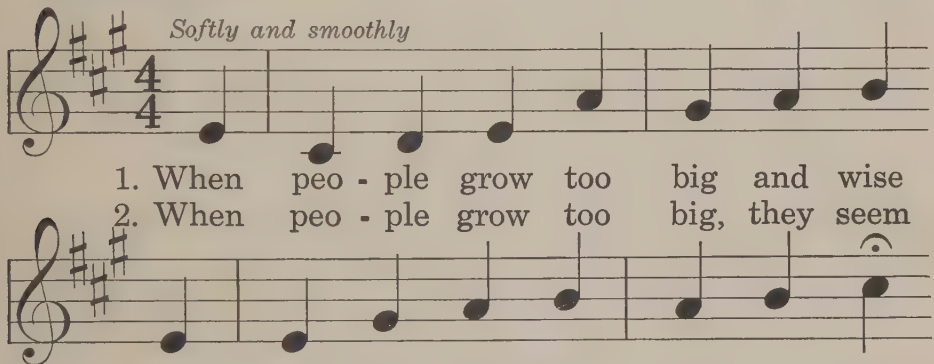

Quietly
1. Blue skies in No - vem - ber
2. Gray skies in No - vem - ber
Some-times change to gray; Count-less snow-flakes
Some-times change to blue, Dark clouds quick-ly
fill the air, Hide the sky a - way;
dis - ap-pear When the sun shines through;
Cold winds in No - vem - ber
Each day in No - vem - ber,
Whirl the leaves a - bout, Rat-tle blinds and
Wheth-er bright or gray, Brings us near - er,



win - dow-panes, Down the chim - ney shout.
one by one, Glad Thanks-giv - ing day.

WHEN PEOPLE GROW TOO BIG

ANNETTE WYNNE FAY WILSON



1. When peo - ple grow too big and wise
2. When peo - ple grow too big, they seem

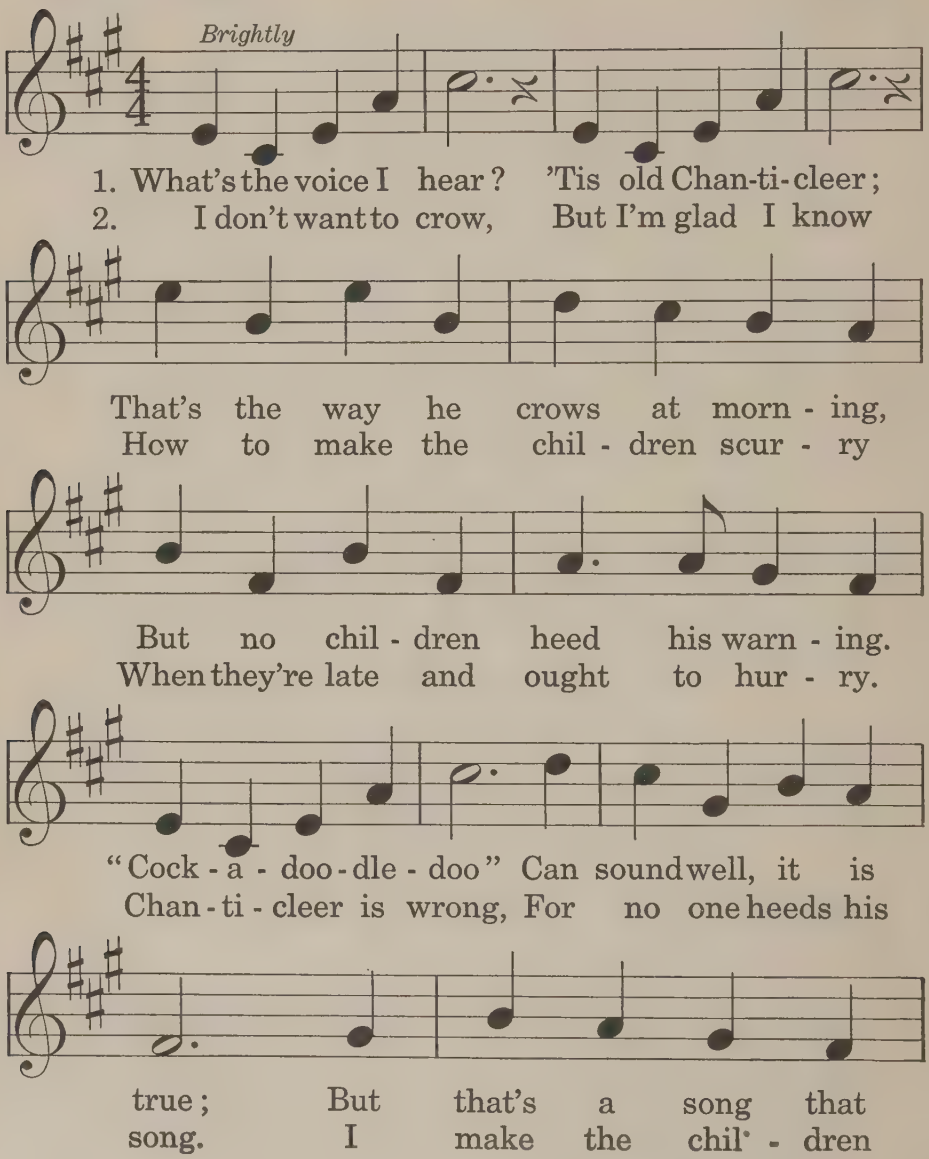
They seem to lose their prop - er eyes;
To walk and talk as in a dream;

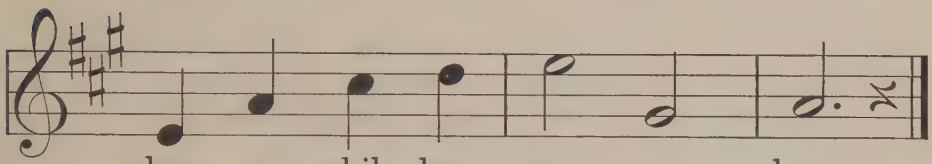
They do not like a kite or ball
For grown - up eyes can nev - er see

Or an - y oth - er thing at all.
The things that lit - tle chil - dren see.

THE ALARM CLOCK'S SONG

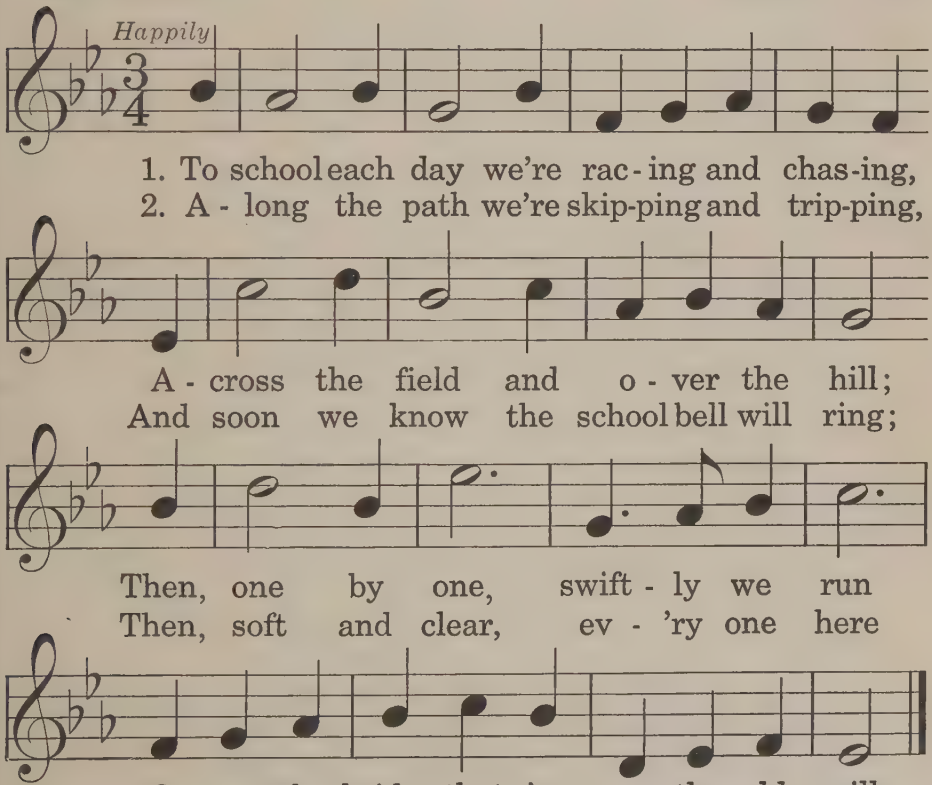
REBECCA FORESMAN A. C. HORSFORD


Brightly
1. What's the voice I hear? 'Tis old Chan-ti-cleer;
2. I don't want to crow, But I'm glad I know
That's the way he crows at morn - ing,
How to make the chil - dren scur - ry
But no chil - dren heed his warn - ing.
When they're late and ought to hur - ry.
"Cock - a - doo - dle - doo" Can sound well, it is
Chan - ti - cleer is wrong, For no one heeds his
true; But that's a song that
song. I make the chil - dren



ON THE WAY TO SCHOOL

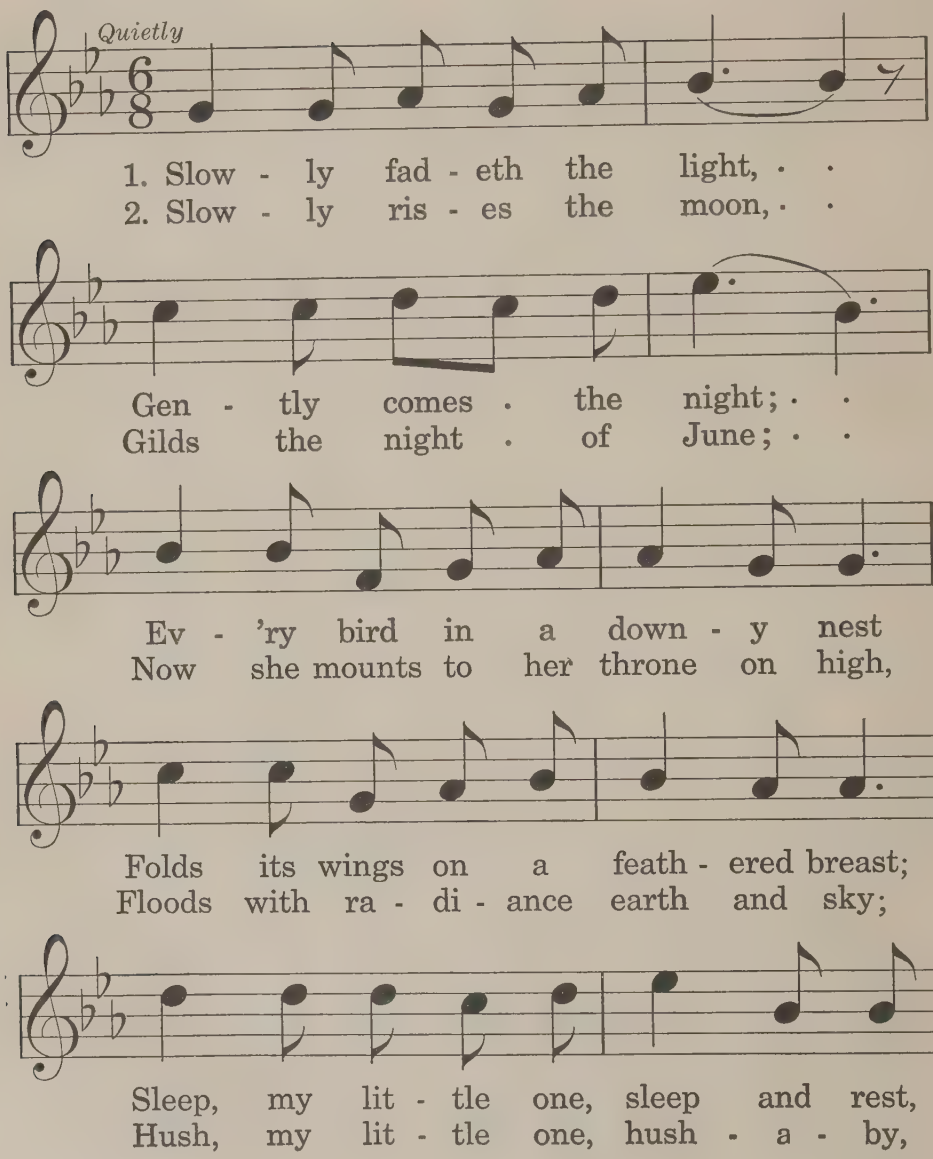
CELIA STANDISH MARTHA WHITE

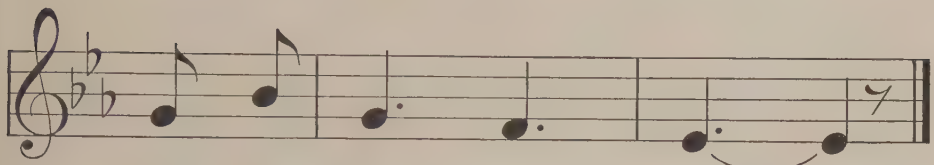

Happily
1. To school each day we're rac - ing and chas-ing,
2. A - long the path we're skip-ping and trip-ping,
A - cross the field and o - ver the hill;
And soon we know the school bell will ring;
Then, one by one, swift - ly we run
Then, soft and clear, ev - 'ry one here
O - ver the bridge that is near the old mill.
Cheer-ful good morn-ing will mer - ri - ly sing.

MOTHER'S LULLABY

ROBERT ALLAN

ROBERT ALLAN

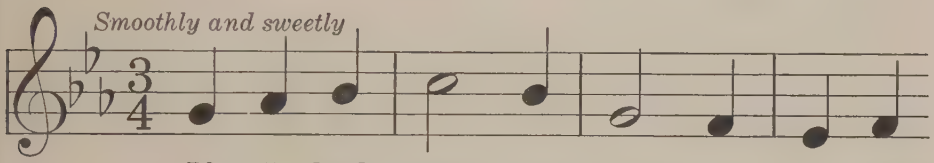

Quietly
1. Slow - ly fad - eth the light, · ·
2. Slow - ly ris - es the moon, · ·
Gen - tly comes · the night; · ·
Gilds the night · of June; · ·
Ev - 'ry bird in a down - y nest
Now she mounts to her throne on high,
Folds its wings on a feath - ered breast;
Floods with ra - di - ance earth and sky;
Sleep, my lit - tle one, sleep and rest,
Hush, my lit - tle one, hush - a - by,



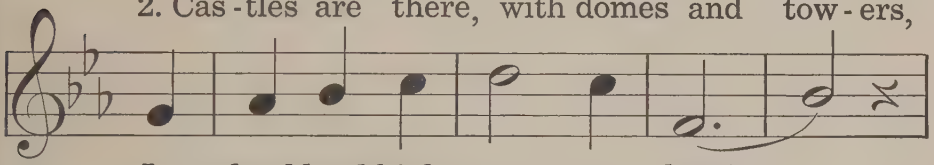
Till the morn - ing bright. . .
While I soft - ly croon. . .

CLOUDLAND

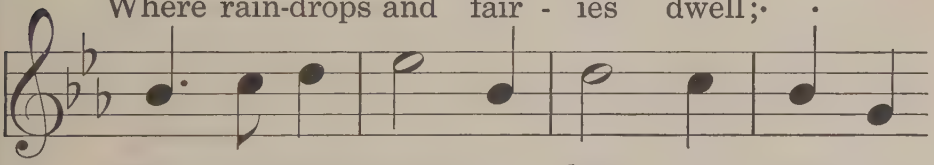
CLEMENT DWIGHT CARRIE BULLARD



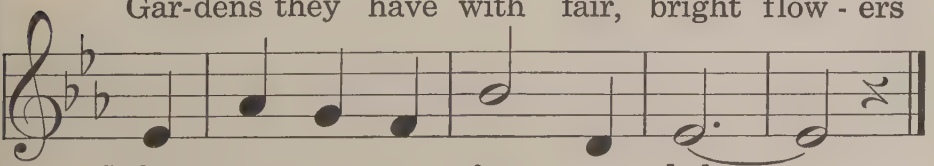
1. If I had wings like birds for fly - ing
2. Cas - tles are there, with domes and tow - ers,



In cloud-land high o - ver - head, . .
Where rain-drops and fair - ies dwell; . .



Man - y long flights I'd then be try - ing,
Gar-dens they have with fair, bright flow - ers

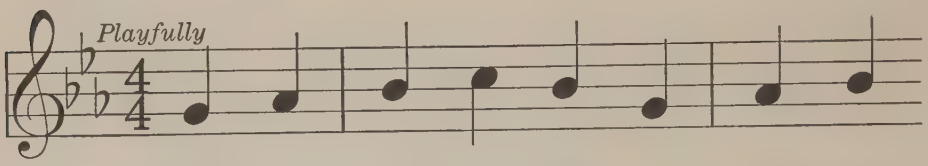


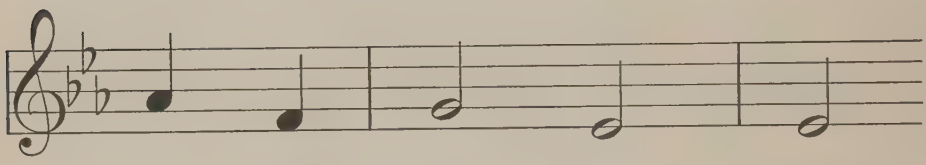
Where - ev - er my fan - cy led. . .
And foun-tains and lakes as well. . .

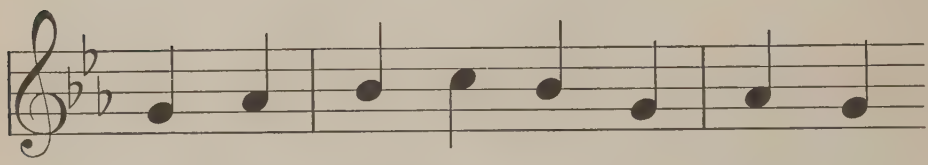
YOUR OWN BACK YARD

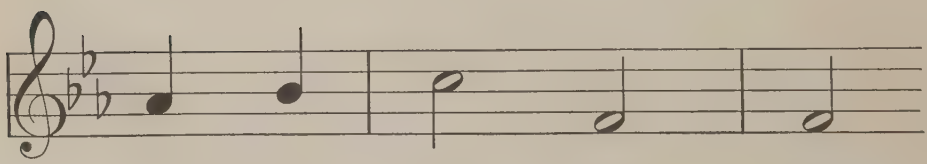
MIRIAM L. MICHAEL

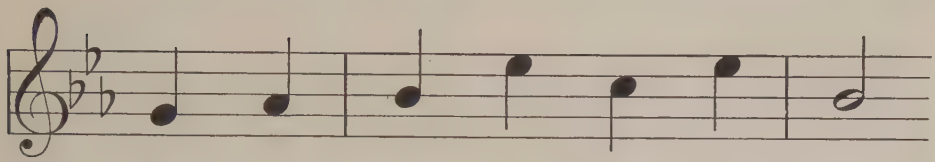
E. W. NEWTON



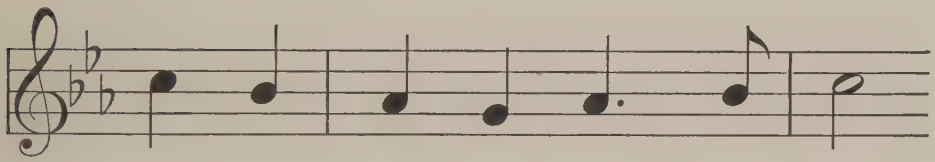




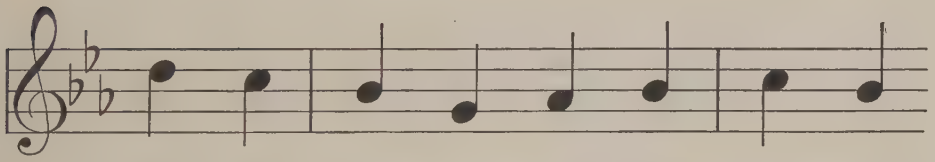




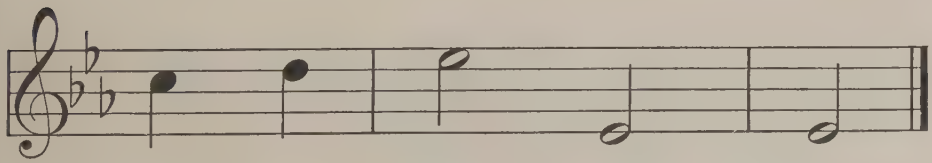
Ev - er dig a hole so deep,



And lean o - ver far, and peep



At the won - drous land of flow - ers

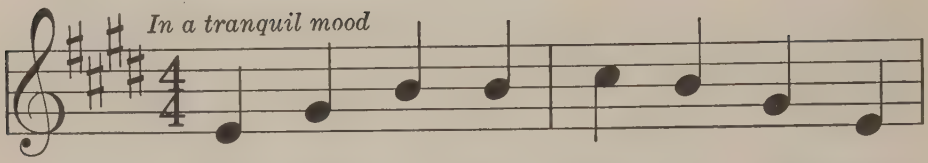


In your own back yard?

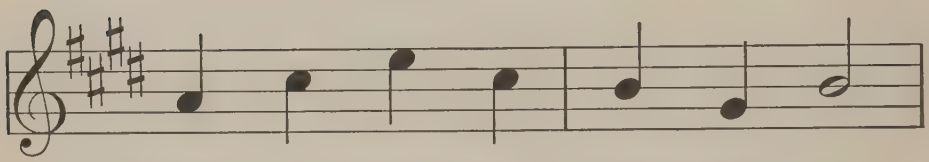
J

THE SANDMAN

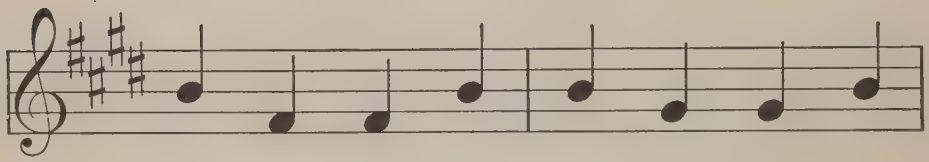
MARY STANHOPE — L. LIEBE



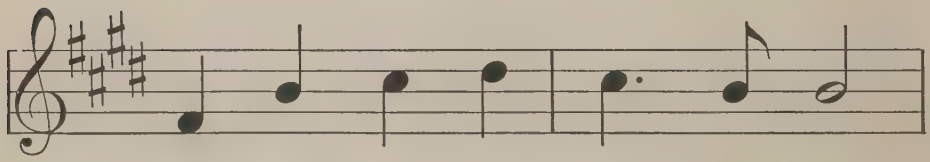
1. Sand-man at the door is tap-ping,
2. Day-times come the same old les-sons,



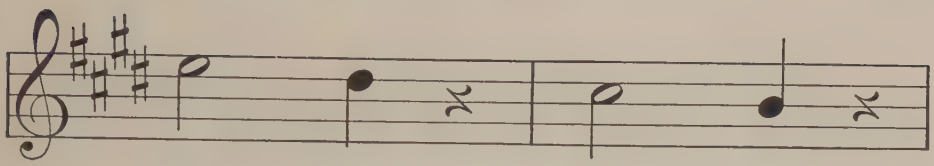
Does he bring a dream for me?
Games that chil-dren al-ways play;



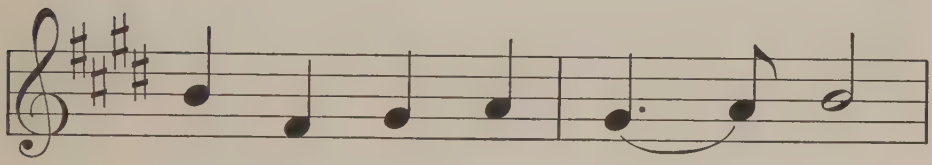
Is it fold-ed in a rose leaf
Sand-man, you've no end of won-ders,



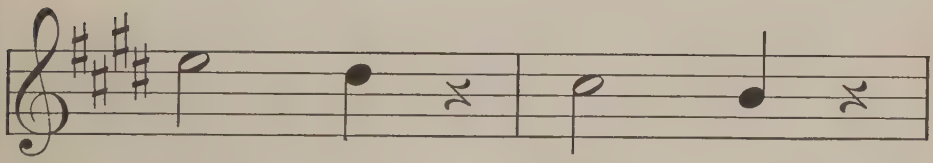
Or a shell from dream-y sea?
Jour-neys too all far a-way.



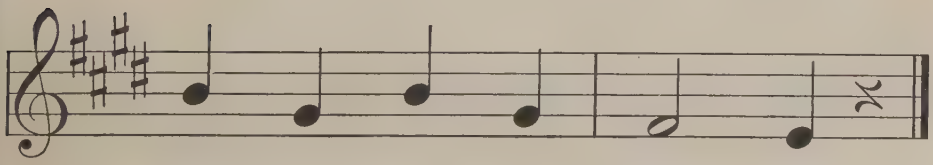
Sand - man, Sand - man,
Sand - man, Sand - man,



Soft - ly you are creep - ing;
Dust of dreams you're throw - ing;



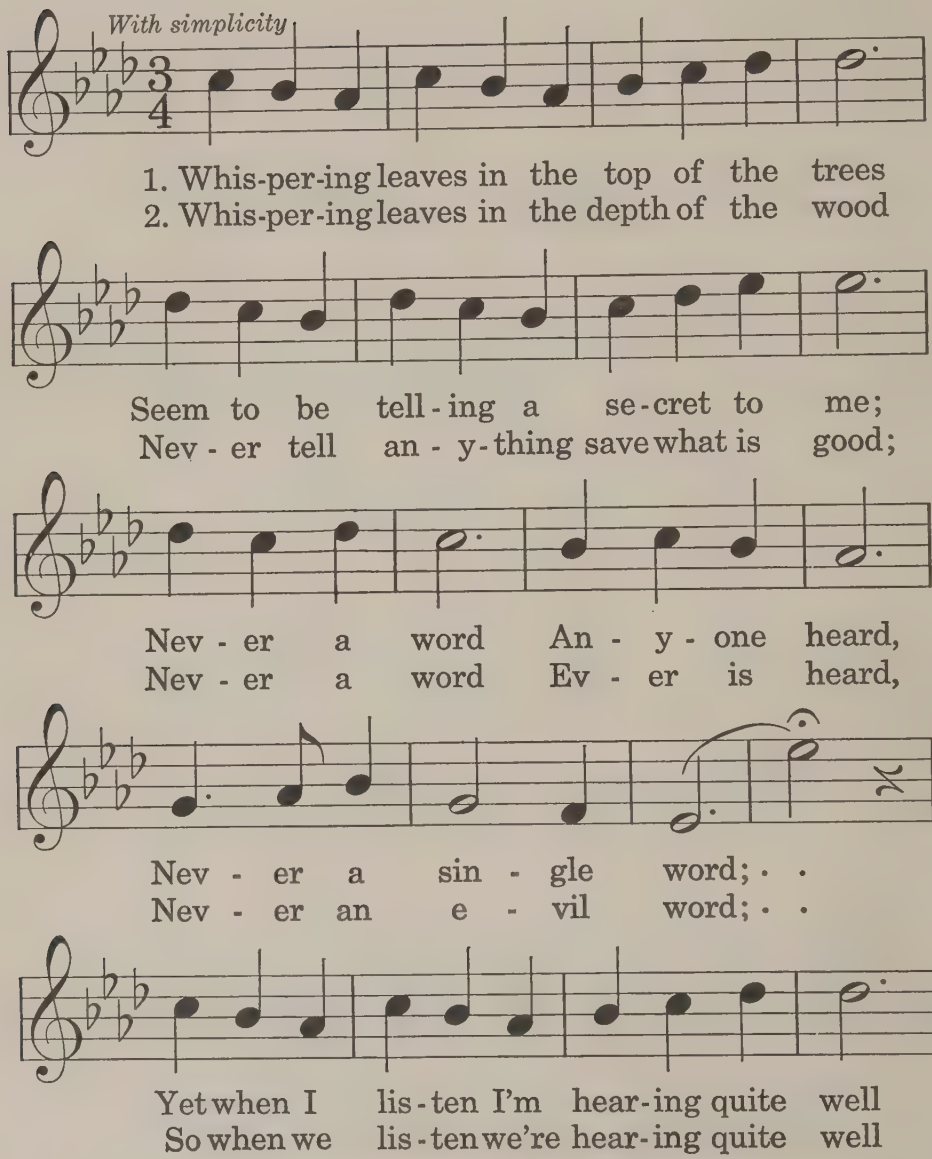
Sand - man, Sand - man,
Sand - man, Sand - man,

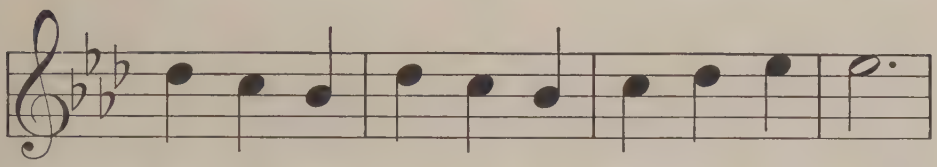


Soon I shall be sleep - ing.
Far a - way I'm go - ing.

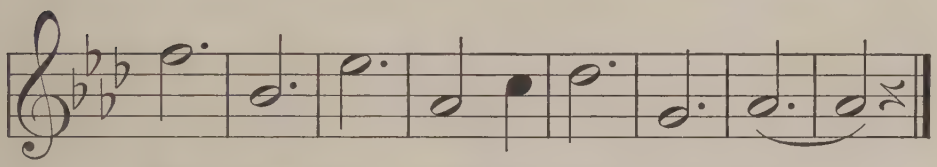
WHISPERING LEAVES

EDITH ROBRINS — MARY ROOT KERN


With simplicity
1. Whis-per-ing leaves in the top of the trees
2. Whis-per-ing leaves in the depth of the wood
Seem to be tell-ing a se-cret to me;
Nev-er tell an-y-thing save what is good;
Nev-er a word An-y-one heard,
Nev-er a word Ev-er is heard,
Nev-er a sin-gle word; . .
Nev-er an e-vil word; . .
Yet when I lis-ten I'm hear-ing quite well
So when we lis-ten we're hear-ing quite well



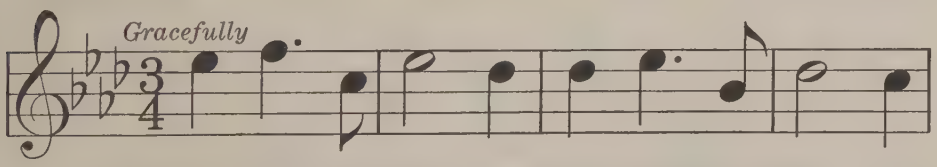
Sto - ries that on - ly the tree-tops can tell,
Beau - ti - ful things that the tree-tops can tell,



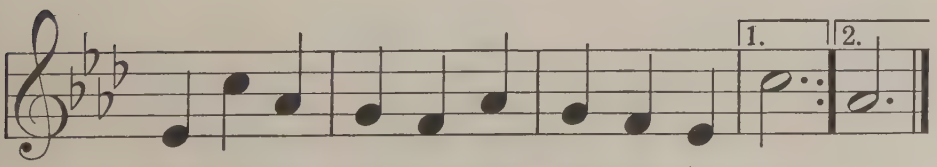
Sto - ries, sto - ries the tree - tops tell. . .
Sto - ries, sto - ries the tree - tops tell. . .

WHEN THE SANDMAN COMES

AMELIA AMES C. E. SPELMAN



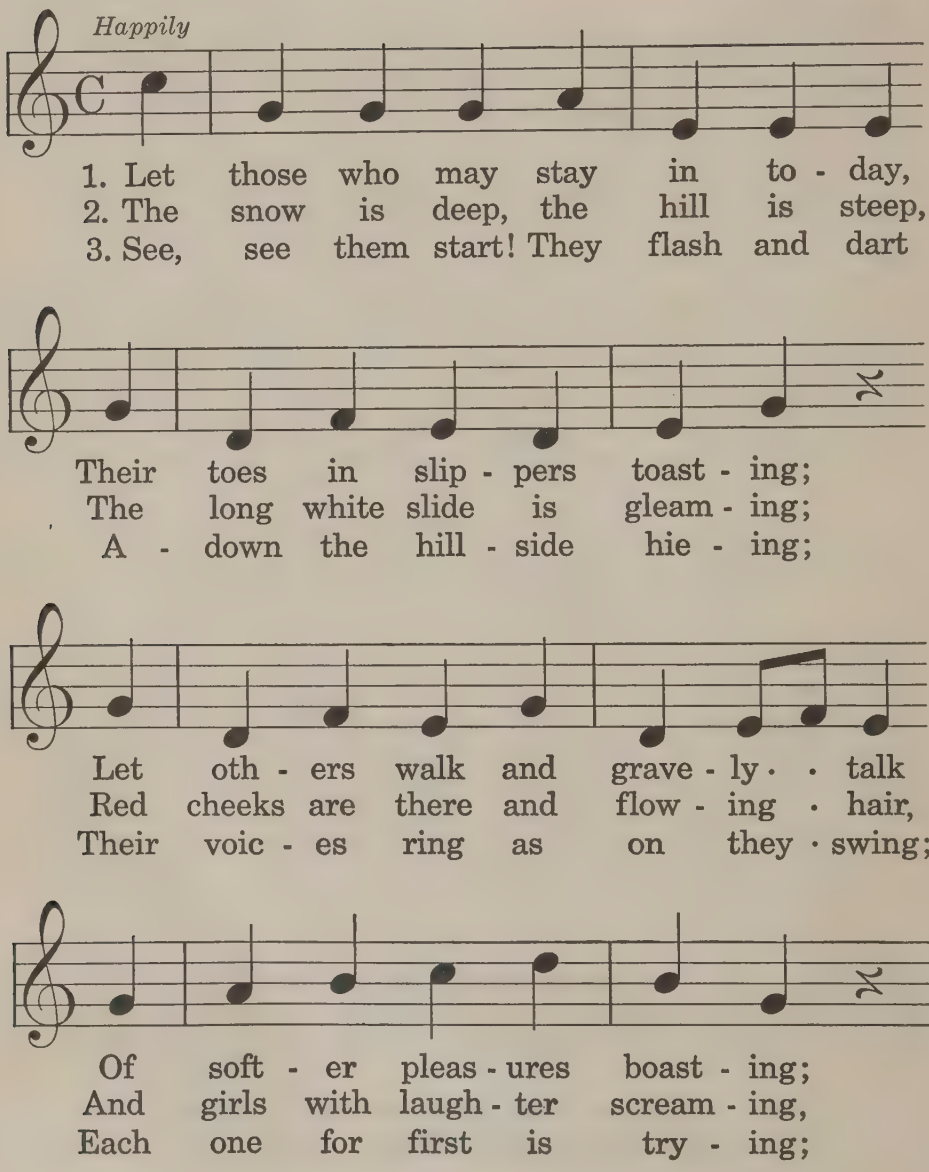
1. When shades are creep - ing, When birds are sleep - ing,
2. My eyes are clos - ing, Gen - tly re - pos - ing,

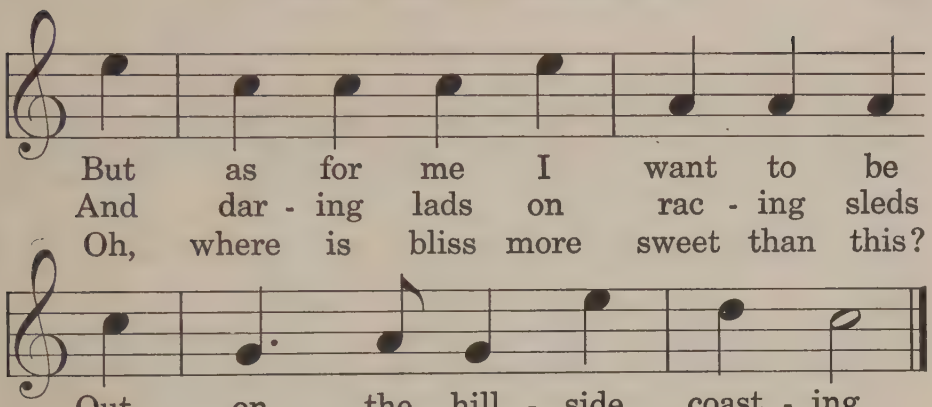


Then I am sure that the sand-man is near;
I seem to know when the sand-man is here.

COASTING

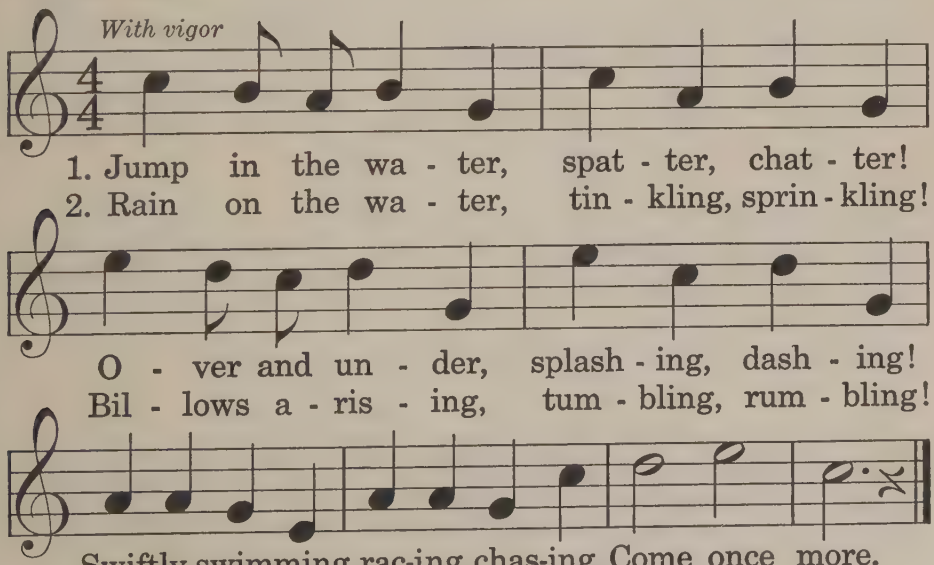
MARGARET CONNOLLY B. R. MINER


Happily
1. Let those who may stay in to - day,
2. The snow is deep, the hill is steep,
3. See, see them start! They flash and dart
Their toes in slip - pers toast - ing;
The long white slide is gleam - ing;
A - down the hill - side hie - ing;
Let oth - ers walk and grave - ly · · talk
Red cheeks are there and flow - ing · hair,
Their voic - es ring as on they · swing;
Of soft - er pleas - ures boast - ing;
And girls with laugh - ter scream - ing,
Each one for first is try - ing;


But as for me I want to be
And dar - ing lads on rac - ing sleds
Oh, where is bliss more sweet than this?
Out on the hill - side coast - ing.
Of great - er dar - ing dream - ing.
My hap - py heart is cry - ing.

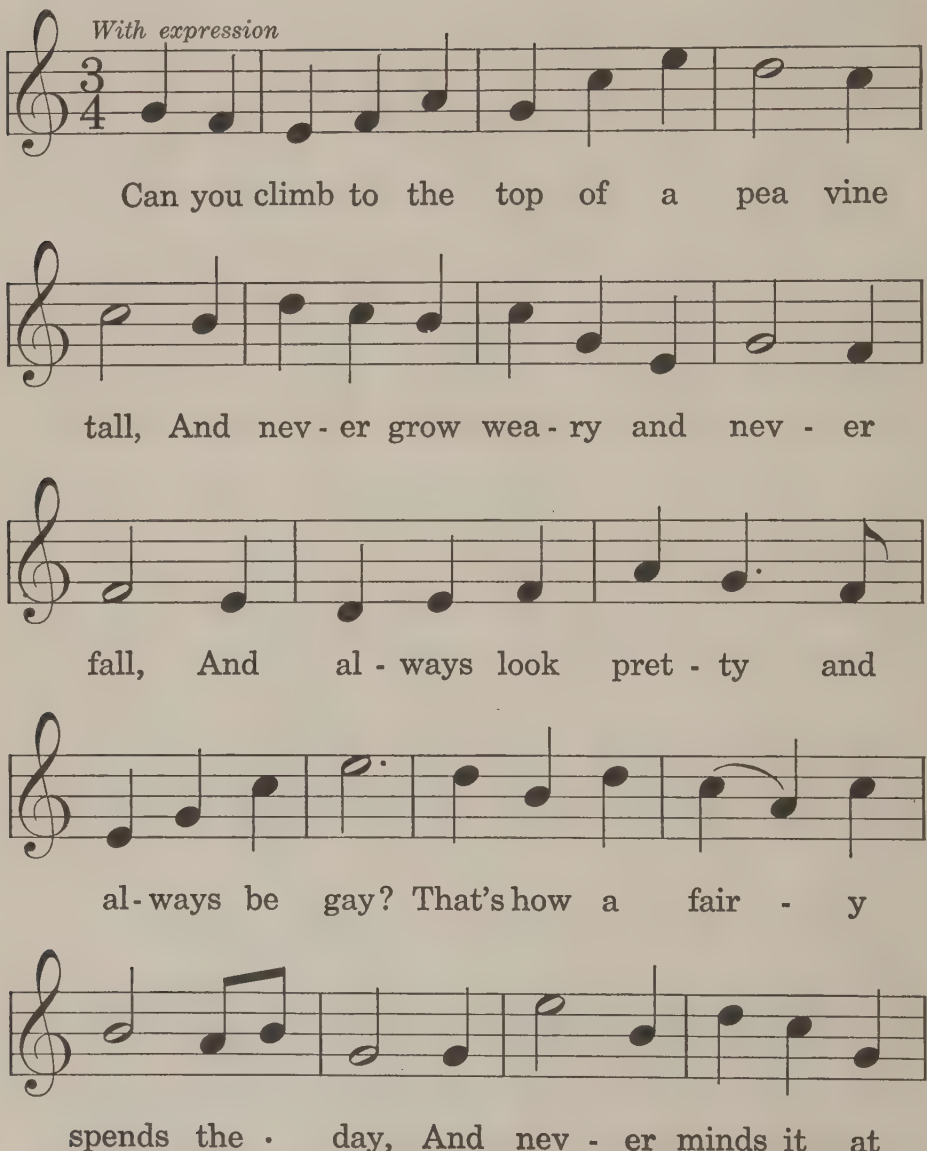
SWIMMING

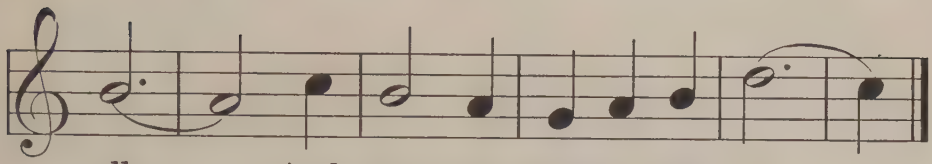
KATE FORMAN W. F. SEVERNS


With vigor
1. Jump in the wa - ter, spat - ter, chat - ter!
2. Rain on the wa - ter, tin - kling, sprin - kling!
O - ver and un - der, splash - ing, dash - ing!
Bil - lows a - ris - ing, tum - bling, rum - bling!
Swiftly swimming, rac-ing, chas-ing, Come once more.
Out we scramble, slipping, dripping, Safe on shore.

A FAIRY'S DAY

ANNETTE WYNNE — FAY WILSON


With expression
Can you climb to the top of a pea vine
tall, And nev - er grow wea - ry and nev - er
fall, And al - ways look pret - ty and
al - ways be gay? That's how a fair - y
spends the · day, And nev - er minds it at



all, . . And nev - er minds it at all. . .

A SONG OF PRAISE

ISAAC WATTS AARON WILLIAMS

1. Come we that love the · Lord,
2. Let those re - fuse to · sing

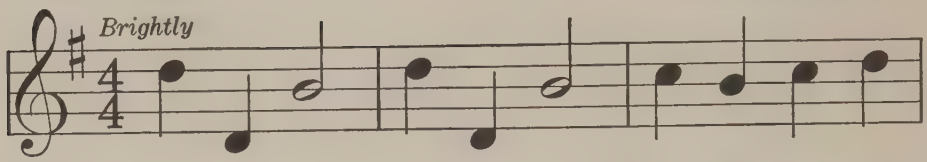
And · let our · joys be known;
Who · nev - er · · knew our God;

Join in a song of sweet ac - cord
But chil - dren of the Heav'n - ly King

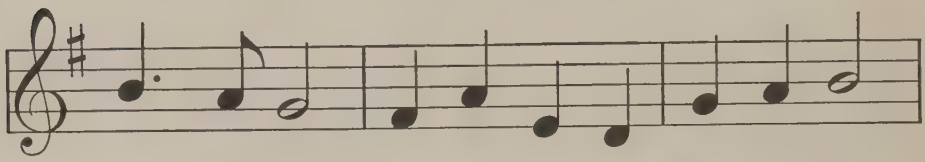
And thus sur - round the throne.
May speak their · joys a - broad.

VACATION SONG

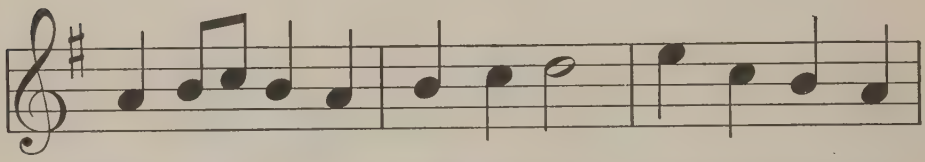
LULU CURRAN KENNETH STRONG



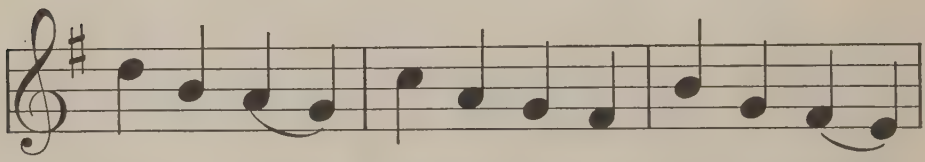
School is done! school is done! Toss up caps and



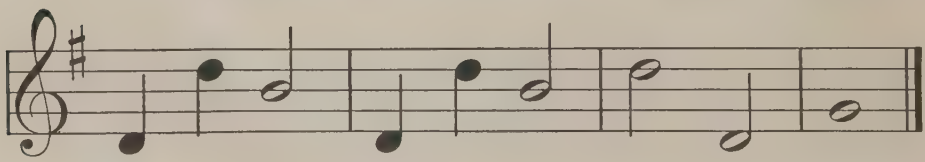
have a run! Hap-py hearts are all in tune



With this mer-ry month of June. We shall have some



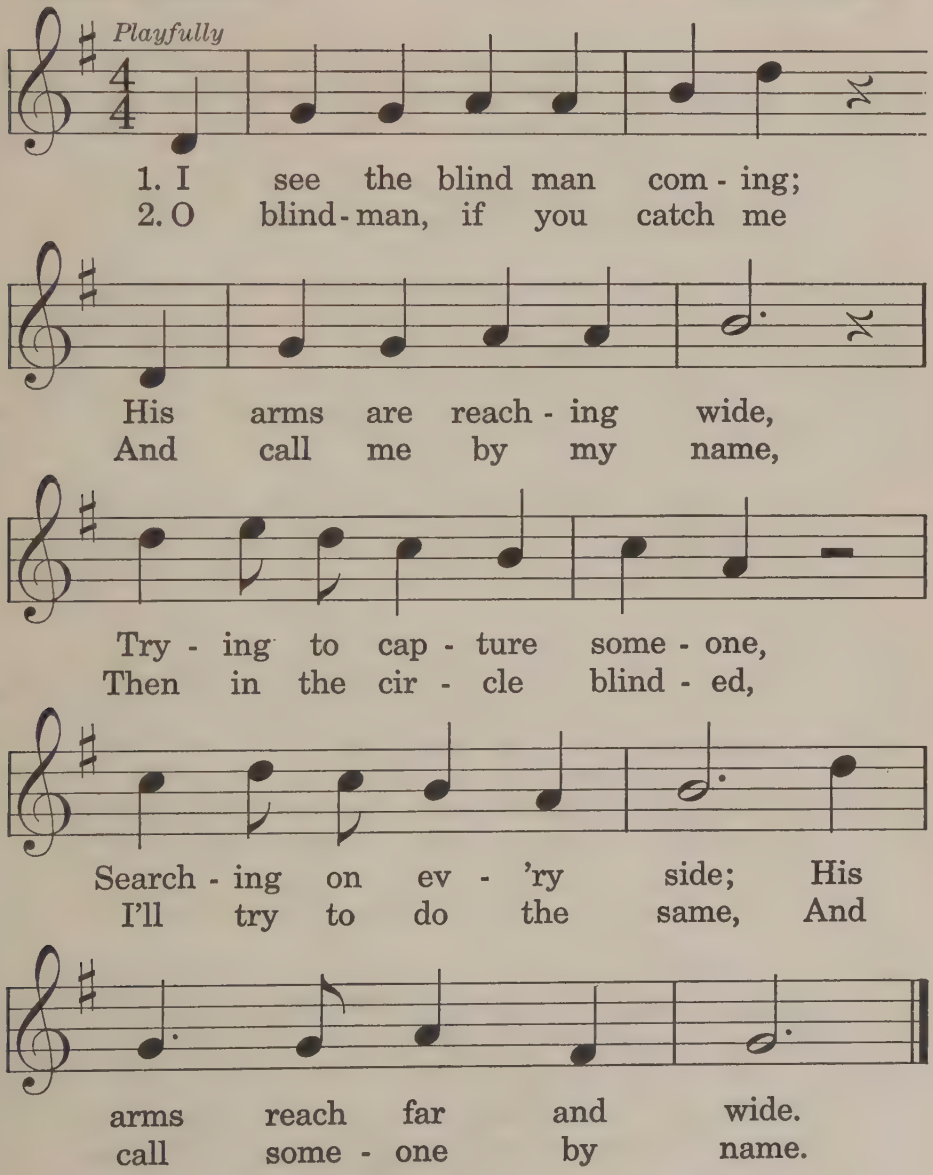
fresh-er books, Trees and grass-es, bab-bling brooks.



School is done! school is done! School is done!

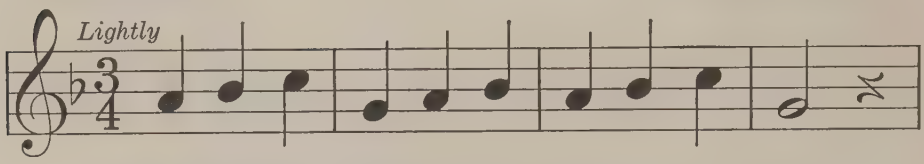
BLINDMAN'S BUFF

FRANCES RICHARDSON G. W. DARLING

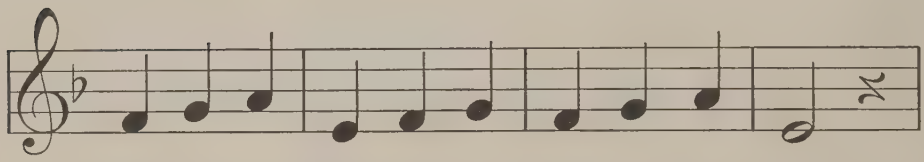

Playfully
1. I see the blind man com - ing;
2. O blind - man, if you catch me
His arms are reach - ing wide,
And call me by my name,
Try - ing to cap - ture some - one,
Then in the cir - cle blind - ed,
Search - ing on ev - 'ry side; His
I'll try to do the same, And
arms reach far and wide.
call some - one by name.

LITTLE BROWN BETTY

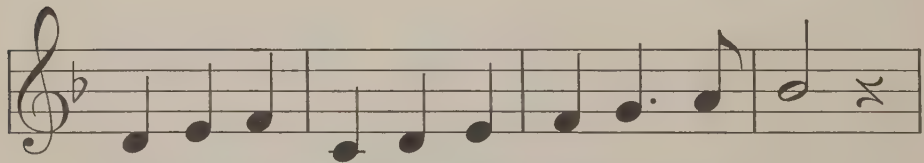
DENIS MCCARTHY MARTHA WHITE



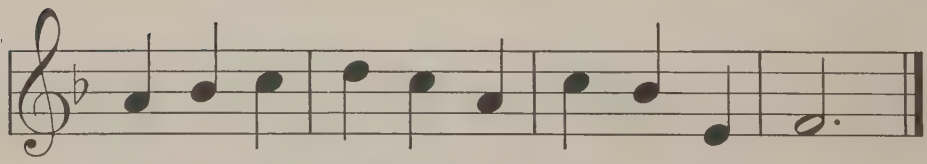
1. Lit-tle Brown Bet-ty went off to the fair;
2. Lit-tle Brown Bet-ty was wor-ried a lot



What do you think that she pur-chased while there?
O-ver the bad lit-tle pig she had bought;



'Twas a wee pig-gie who nev-er would do
One day she took him right out of his pen



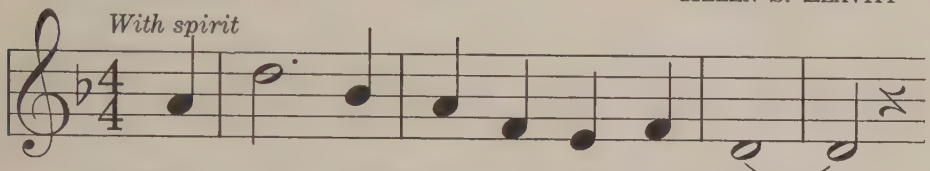
Just what she told him she want-ed him to!
Off to the fair and there sold him a-gain!

THE WINDS OF MARCH

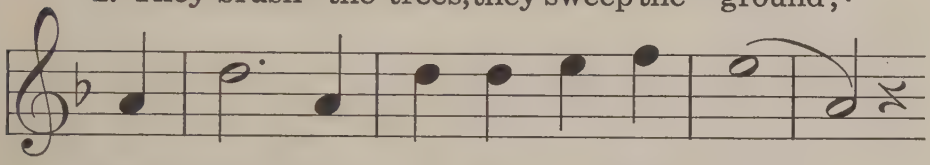
ANNETTE WYNNE

HELEN S. LEAVITT

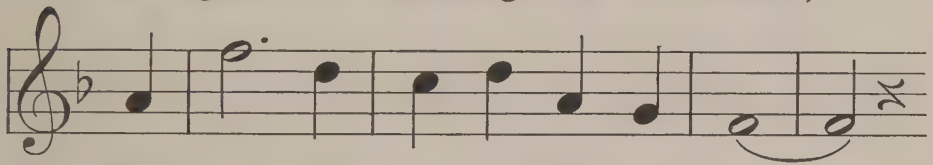
With spirit



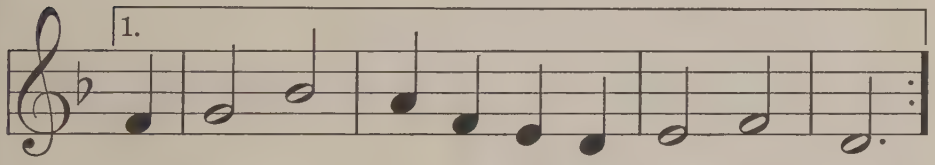
1. The winds of March are wild and strong;
2. They brush the trees, they sweep the ground;



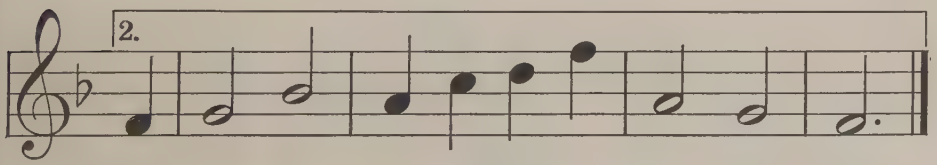
They howl and whis-tle all day long;
I'm glad no seed-lings can be found,



They pull the caps from tall men's heads
For March would hurt each leaf and stem,



And fright-en lit-tle chil-dren in their beds.



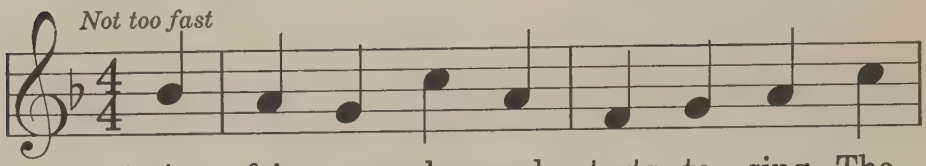
But sun-ny A-pril time was made for them.

BEGINNING TO GROW

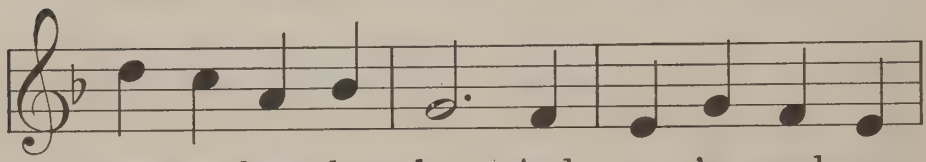
WYNNE-CONNOLLY

HELEN S. LEAVITT

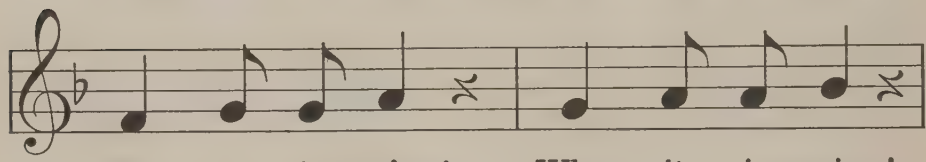
Not too fast



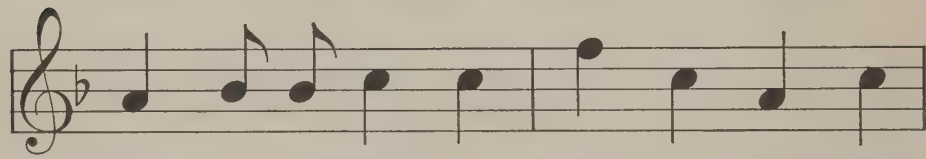
1. A fair - y wakes and starts to sing, The
2. O fair - y of the op - 'ning year! Give



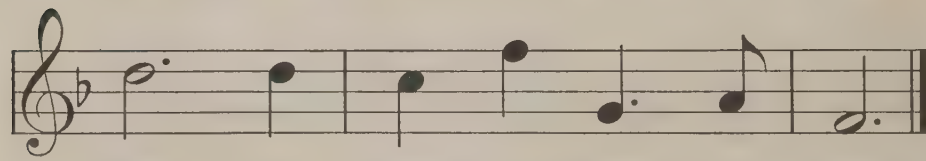
grass - es hear be - low; And ev - 'ry seed says,
me the grace to know That when the seed says,



"Why, it is spring! Why, it is spring!
"Why, it is spring! Why, it is spring!



Why, it is spring! I guess I'll have to
Why, it is spring!" I too must try to



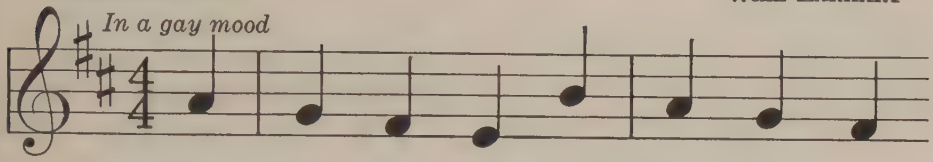
grow! I guess I'll have to grow!"
grow. My heart and mind must grow.

THE GYPSY DANCE

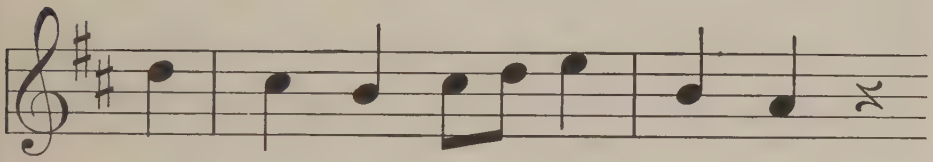
DENIS MCCARTHY

WILL EARHART

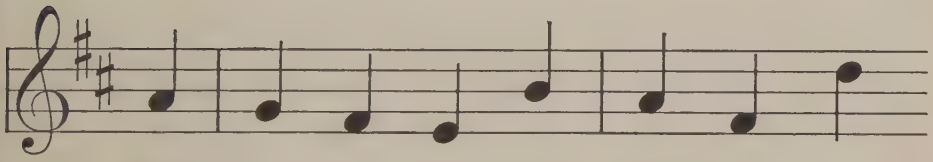
In a gay mood



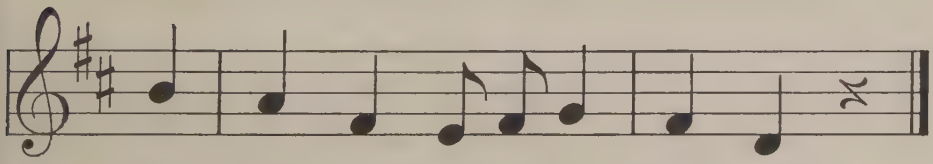
1. As forth I went when day was spent,
2. That night in bed, my prayers all said,



I saw the gyp - sy danc - ing;
The scene still filled my dream - ing;



With - in the glade their camp was made,
The camp fire bright, the danc - ing light,



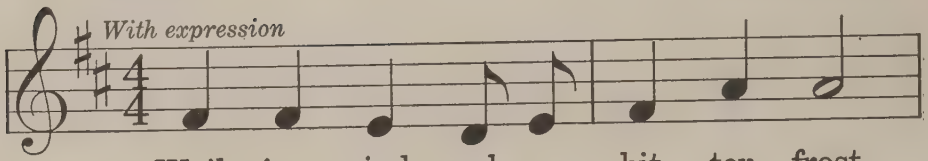
Their camp fire fit - ful - ly glanc - ing.
The black eyes mer - ri - ly gleam - ing.

IN SPRINGTIME

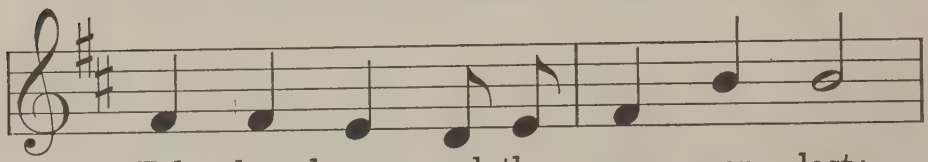
KATE FORMAN

RALPH L. BALDWIN

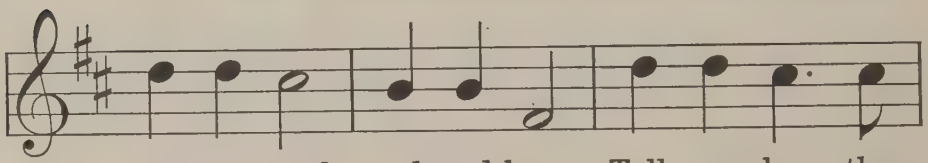
With expression



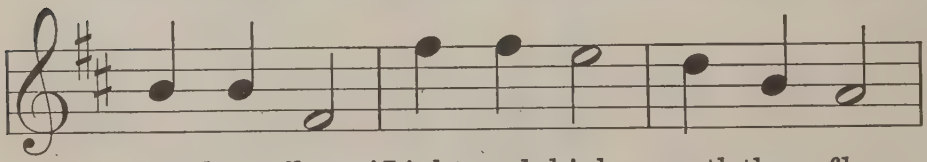
1. Wail - ing wind and a bit - ter frost,
2. Fro - zen earth where the dahl - ias grew;



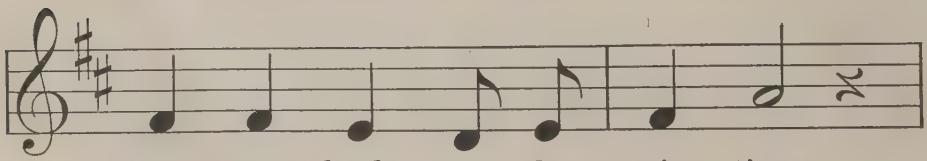
Fal - len leaves and the sum - mer lost;
Not one smile from the flow'rs we knew!



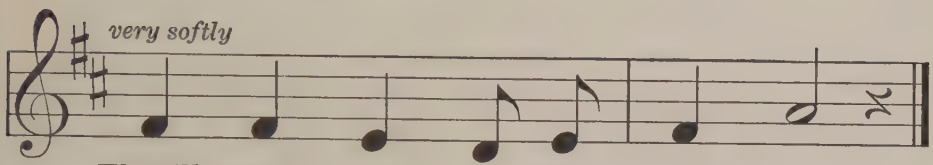
Si - lent woods, sad and lone, Tell me where the
With-ered bow'rs, gar - den dead, Why have all the



birds have flown! Light and high, south they fly;
glad things fled? Bloom-ing flow'rs, fra-grant hours,



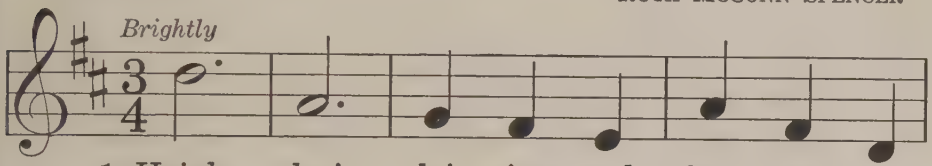
They'll come back in the spring - time;
They'll come back in the spring - time;



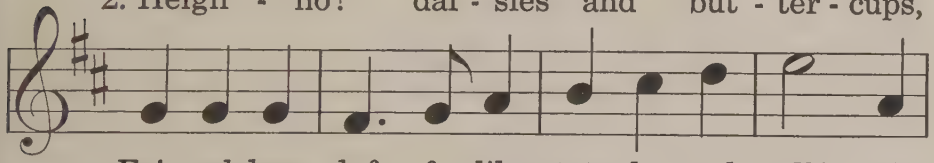
They'll come back in the spring - time.
They'll come back in the spring - time.

HEIGH-HO! DAISIES AND BUTTERCUPS

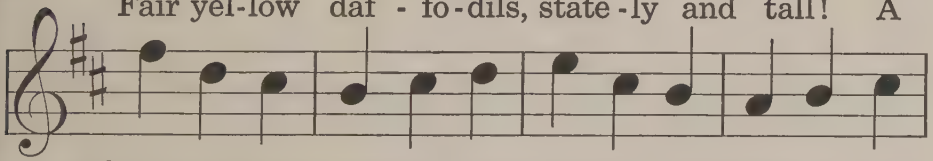
JEAN INGELOW RUTH MCCONN SPENCER



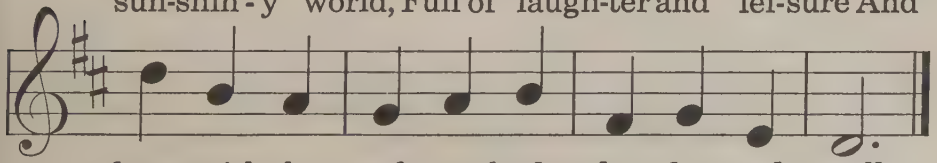
1. Heigh - ho! dai - sies and but - ter - cups,
2. Heigh - ho! dai - sies and but - ter - cups,



Fair yel-low daf - fo-dils, state-ly and tall! Oh,
Fair yel-low daf - fo-dils, state-ly and tall! A



when the wind wakes, How they rock in the grass-es And
sun-shin-y world, Full of laugh-ter and lei-sure And

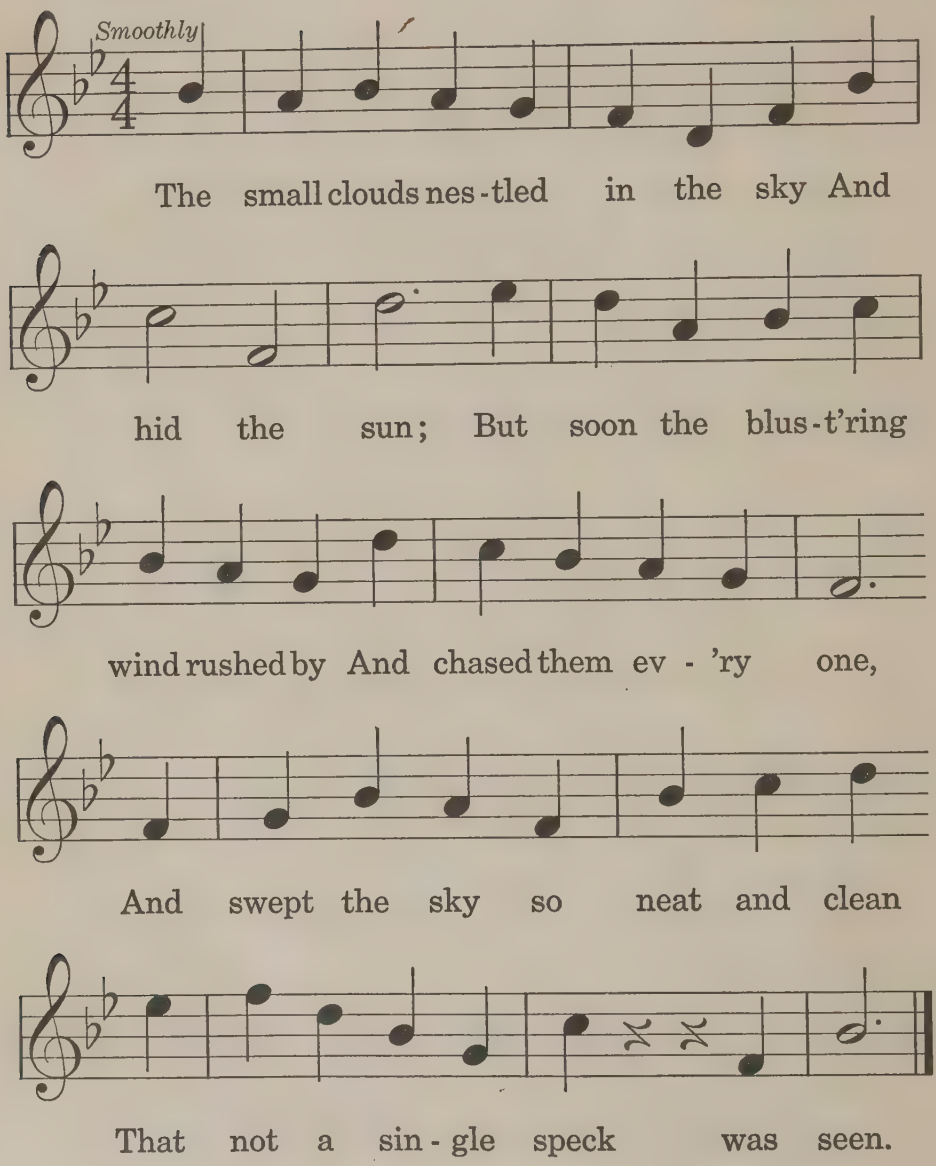


dance with the cuck-oo buds, slen-der and small.
hearts that know noth-ing of sor-row and thrall.

THE SMALL CLOUDS

ANNETTE WYNNE

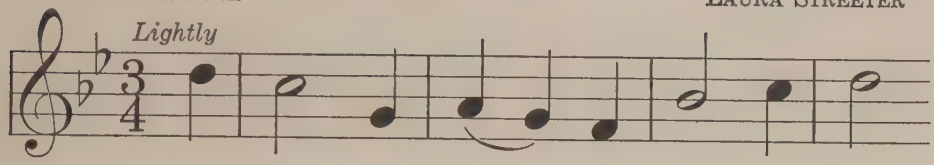
FAY WILSON


Smoothly
The small clouds nes-tled in the sky And
hid the sun; But soon the blus-t'ring
wind rushed by And chased them ev - 'ry one,
And swept the sky so neat and clean
That not a sin-gle speck was seen.

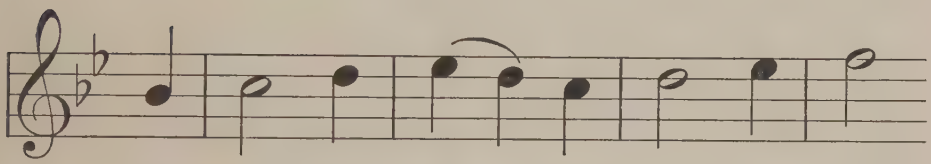
THE SEA

ANNETTE WYNNE

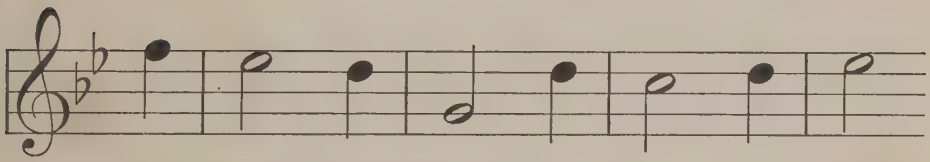
LAURA STREETER



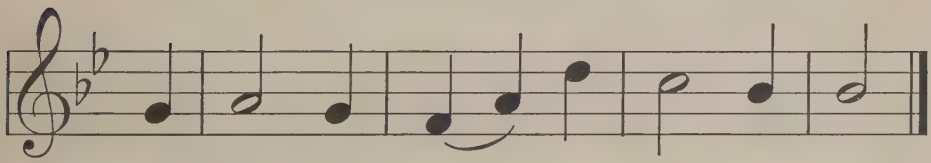
1. The sea that comes to lap my hand
2. And there he stands and here stand I;



Is roll - ing on · some for - eign land;
I can - not see · him though I try;



And some small child in that far place
We look and look! It can - not be,

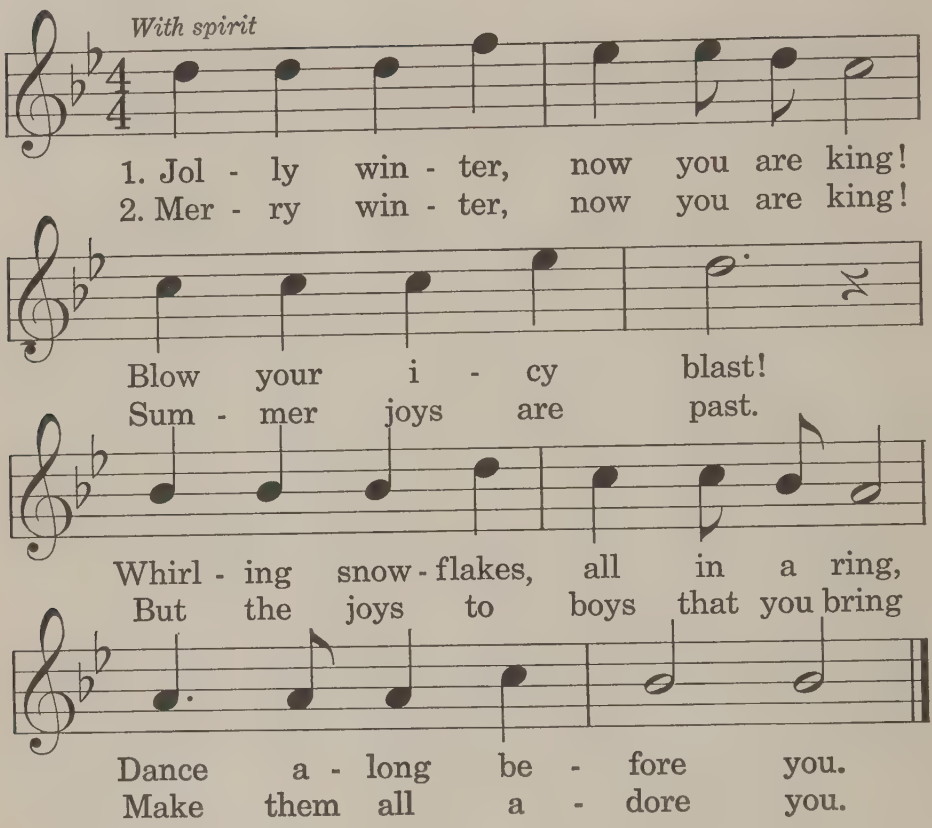


Is look - ing out · to see my face.
Be - cause the world humps up, you see.

KING WINTER

LUCY ALLEN

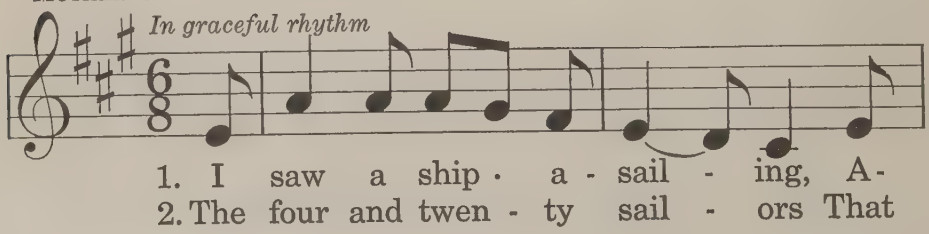
FOLK TUNE

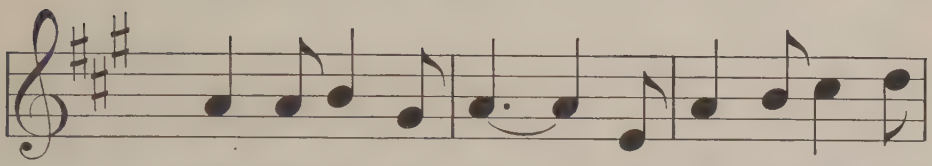

With spirit
1. Jol - ly win - ter, now you are king!
2. Mer - ry win - ter, now you are king!
Blow your i - cy blast!
Sum - mer joys are past.
Whirl - ing snow - flakes, all in a ring,
But the joys to boys that you bring
Dance a - long be - fore you.
Make them all a - dore you.

THE LITTLE SHIP

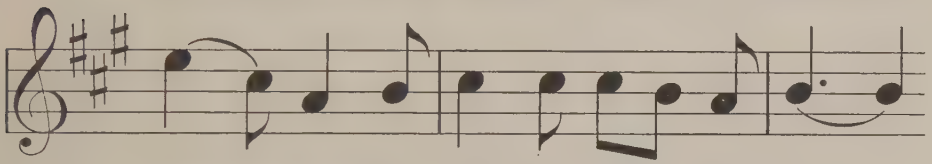
MOTHER GOOSE

FOLK SONG

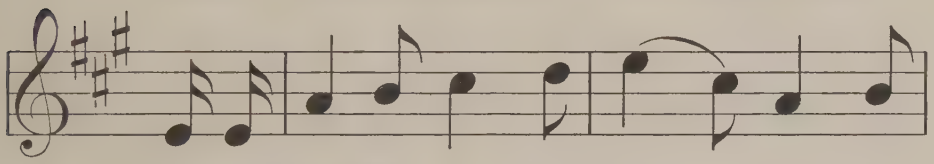




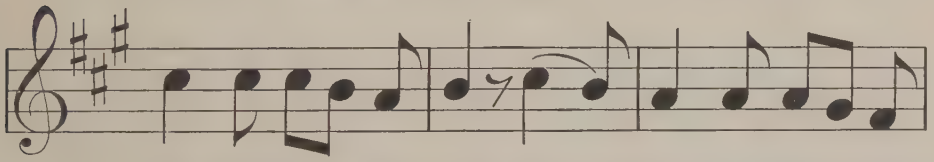
sail - ing on the sea, · And it was full of
stood be-tween the decks Were four and twen-ty



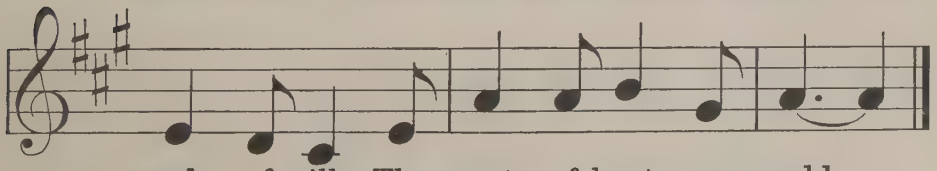
pret - ty things For ba - by and · for me. · ·
white mice With chains a - bout · their necks. ·



There were com-fits in the cab - in And
And the cap-tain was a lit - tle duck, A



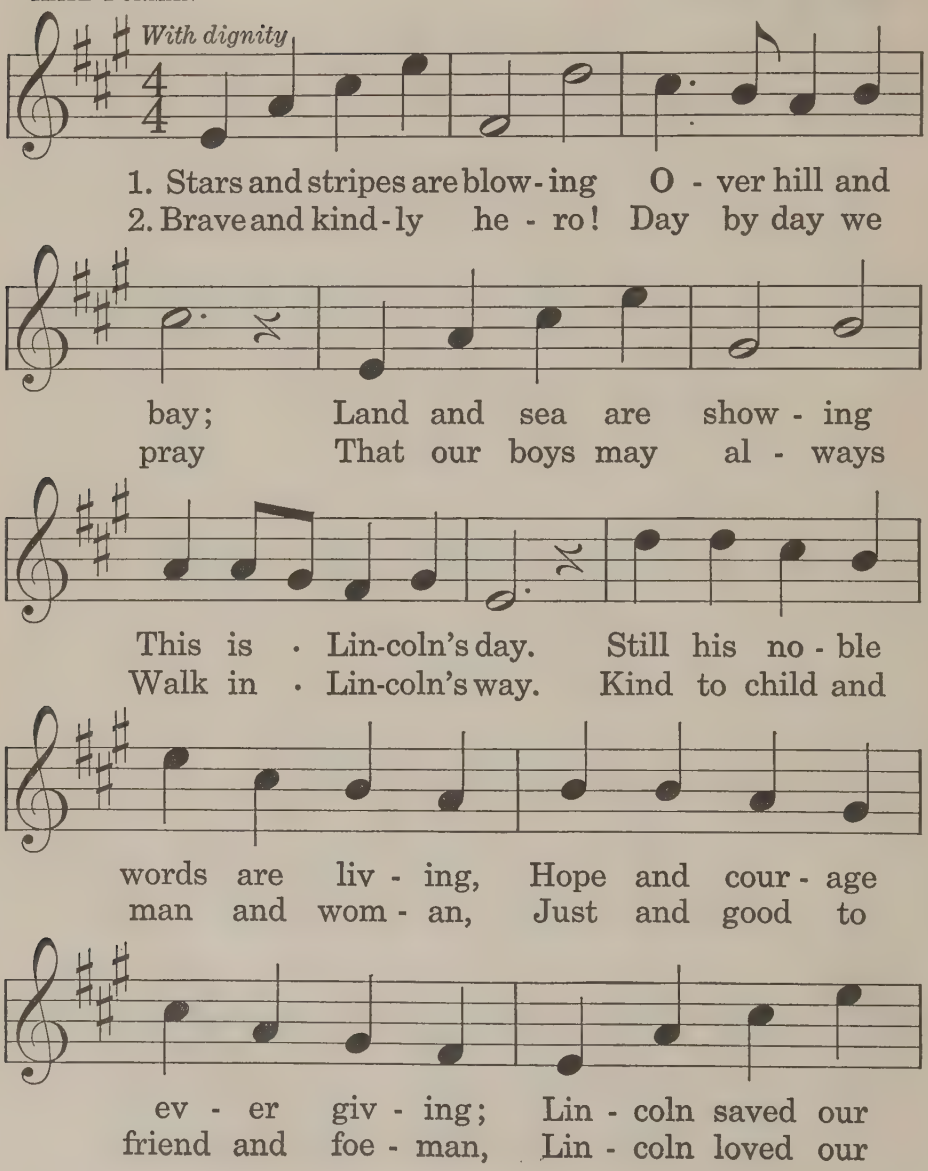
ap - ples in · the hold; The · spread-ing sails were
pack - et on · his back; And · when the ship be -

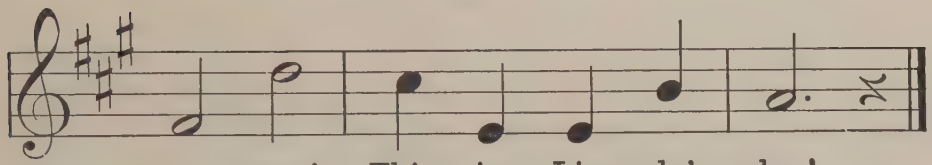


made of silk, The masts of beat - en gold. ·
gan to move, The cap-tain said, "Quack! Quack!"

LINCOLN'S DAY

KATE FORMAN ALFRED M. TUFTS

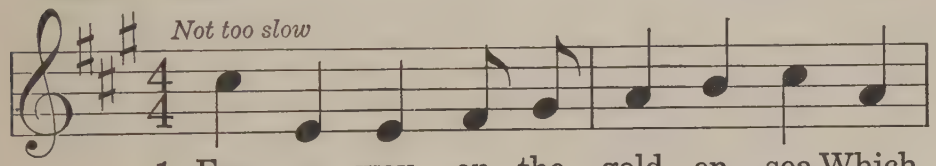

With dignity
1. Stars and stripes are blow - ing O - ver hill and
2. Brave and kind - ly he - ro! Day by day we
bay; Land and sea are show - ing
pray That our boys may al - ways
This is · Lin-coln's day. Still his no - ble
Walk in · Lin-coln's way. Kind to child and
words are liv - ing, Hope and cour - age
man and wom - an, Just and good to
ev - er giv - ing; Lin - coln saved our
friend and foe - man, Lin - coln loved our



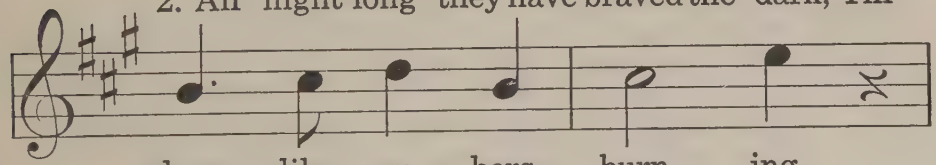
coun - try! This is Lin - coln's day!
peo - ple! This is Lin - coln's day!

FISHING BOATS

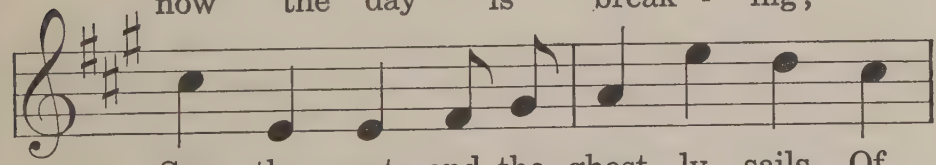
CLEMENT DWIGHT RAYMOND ELLIS



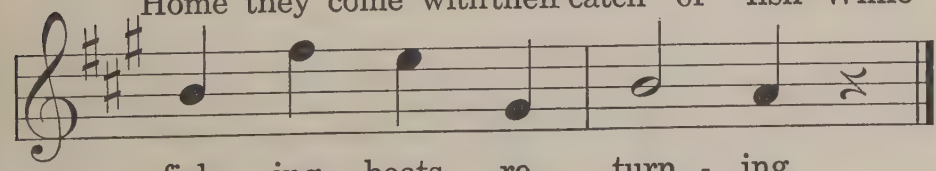
1. Far a - way on the gold - en sea, Which
2. All night long they have braved the dark, Till



glows like em - bers burn - ing,
now the day is break - ing;



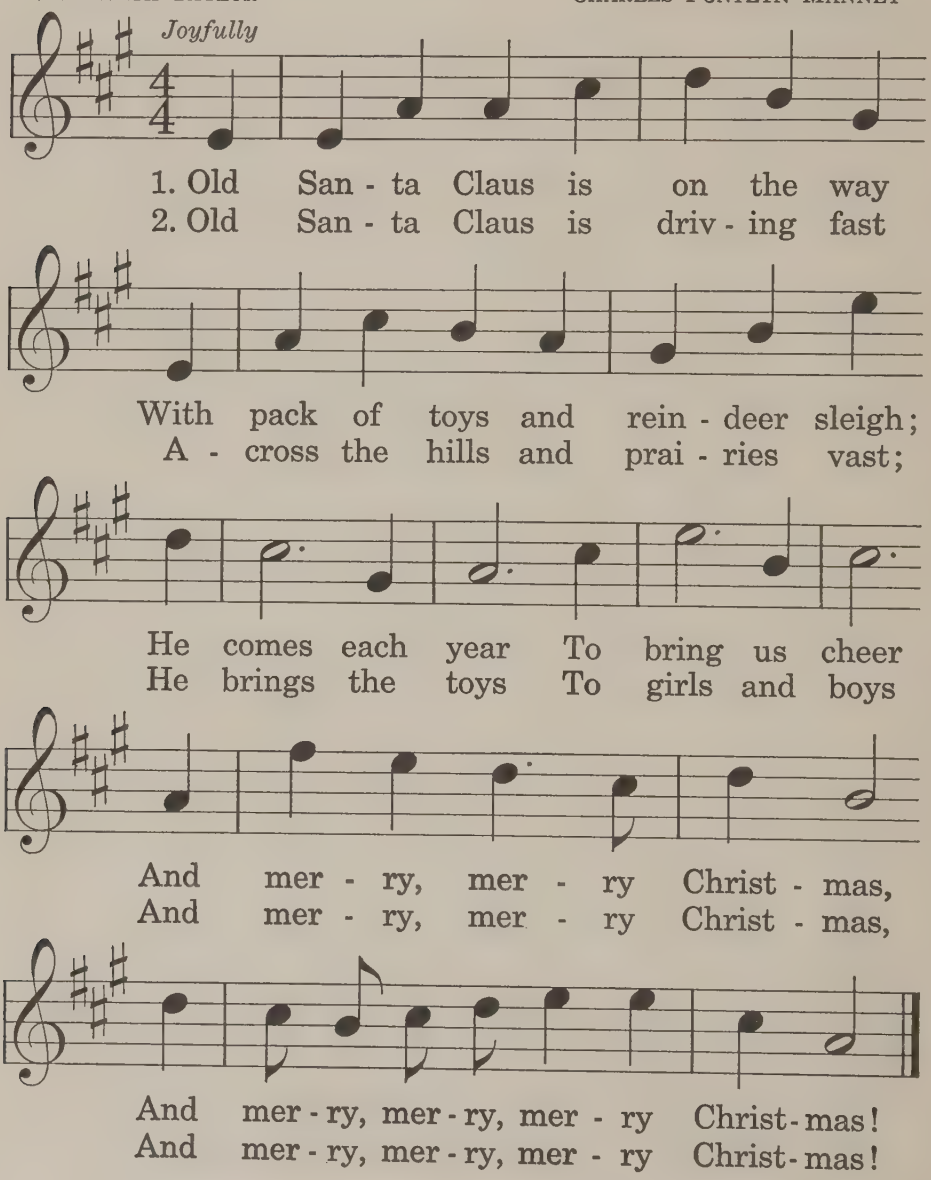
See the masts and the ghost - ly sails Of
Home they come with their catch of fish While



fish - ing boats re - turn - ing.
all the world's a - wak - ing.

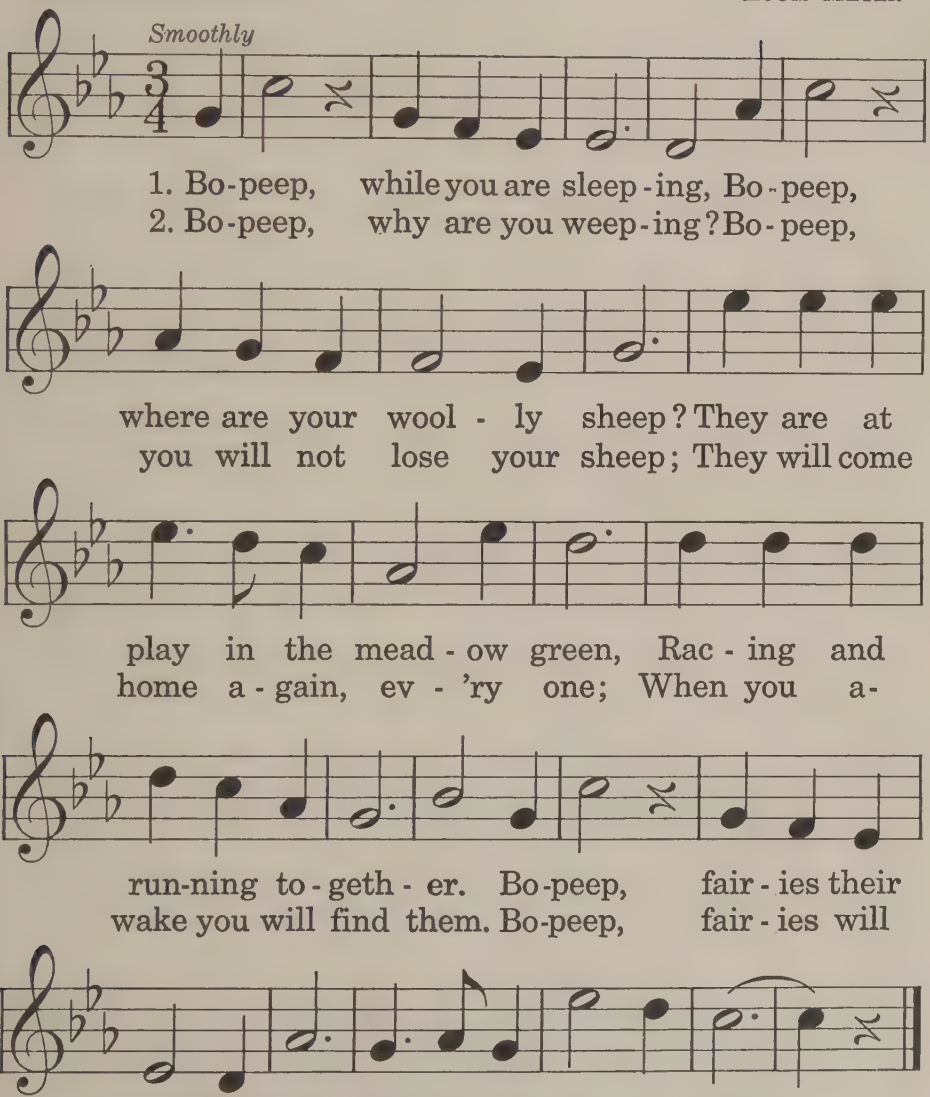
MERRY CHRISTMAS

ELIZABETH TAYLOR — CHARLES FONTEYN MANNEY


Joyfully
1. Old San - ta Claus is on the way
2. Old San - ta Claus is driv - ing fast
With pack of toys and rein - deer sleigh;
A - cross the hills and prai - ries vast;
He comes each year To bring us cheer
He brings the toys To girls and boys
And mer - ry, mer - ry Christ - mas,
And mer - ry, mer - ry Christ - mas,
And mer - ry, mer - ry, mer - ry Christ - mas!
And mer - ry, mer - ry, mer - ry Christ - mas!

BOPEEP

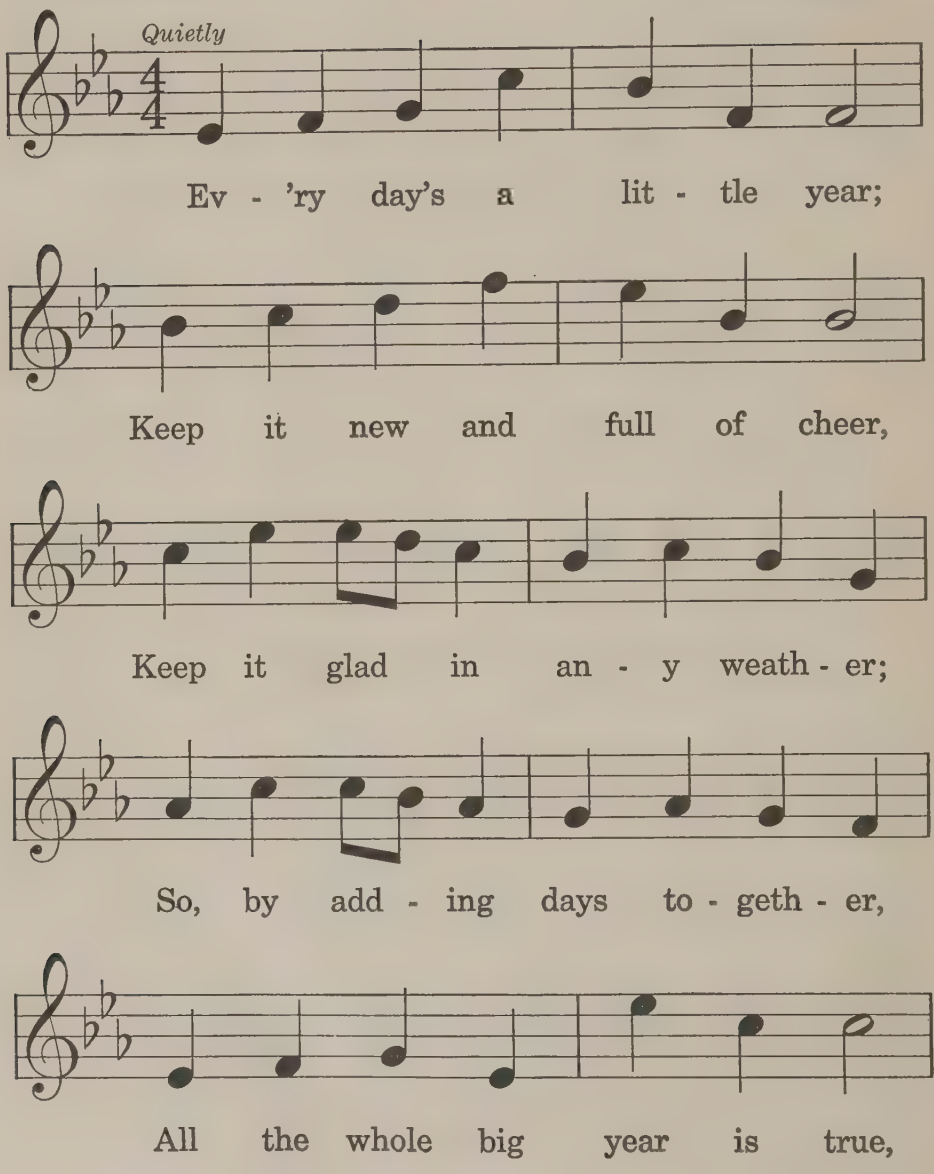
FRANCES RICHARDSON LOUIS MEYER

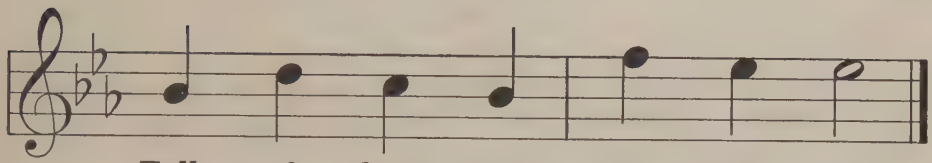

Smoothly
1. Bo-peep, while you are sleep-ing, Bo-peep,
2. Bo-peep, why are you weep-ing? Bo-peep,
where are your wool-ly sheep? They are at
you will not lose your sheep; They will come
play in the mead-ow green, Rac-ing and
home a-gain, ev-'ry one; When you a-
run-ning to-geth-er. Bo-peep, fair-ies their
wake you will find them. Bo-peep, fair-ies will
watch will keep While you are fast a-sleep.
guard your sheep While you are fast a-sleep.

EVERY DAY

ANNETTE WYNNE

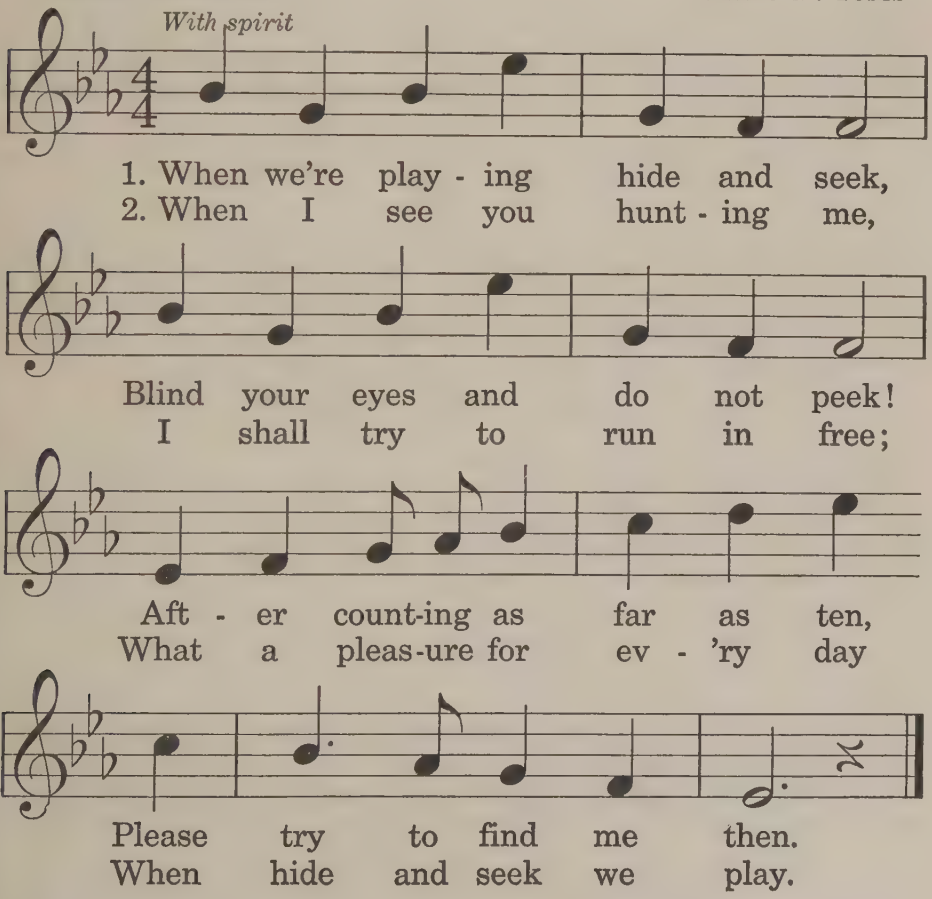
FAY WILSON


Quietly
Ev - 'ry day's a lit - tle year;
Keep it new and full of cheer,
Keep it glad in an - y weath - er;
So, by add - ing days to - geth - er,
All the whole big year is true,



HIDE AND SEEK

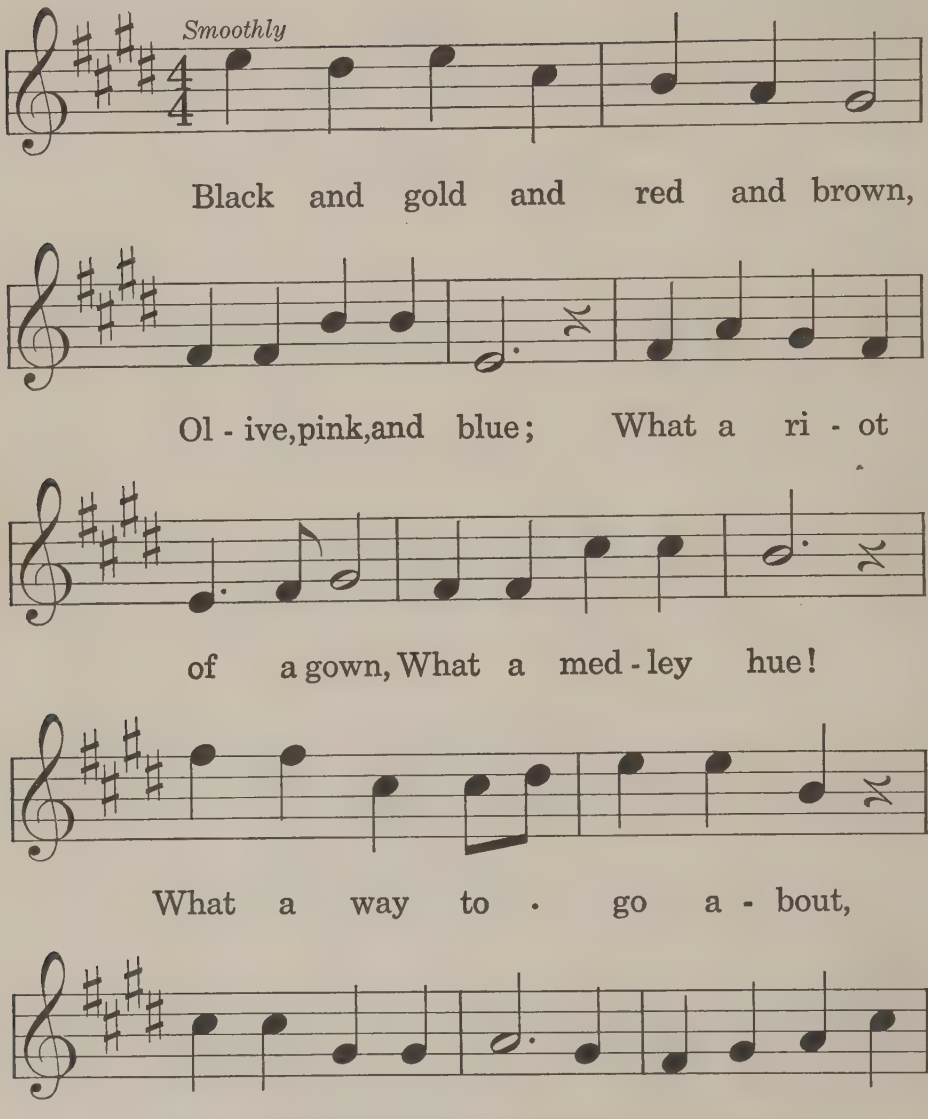
FRANCES RICHARDSON ALFRED M. TUFTS

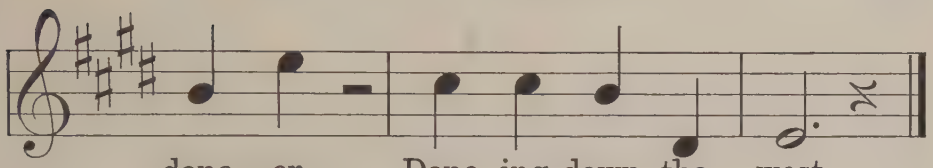

With spirit
1. When we're play - ing hide and seek,
2. When I see you hunt - ing me,
Blind your eyes and do not peek!
I shall try to run in free;
Aft - er count-ing as far as ten,
What a pleas-ure for ev - 'ry day
Please try to find me then.
When hide and seek we play.

OCTOBER

ANNETTE WYNNE

RUTH MAYNARD


Smoothly
Black and gold and red and brown,
Ol - ive, pink, and blue; What a ri - ot
of a gown, What a med - ley hue!
What a way to . go a - bout,
Crim - son cloak and vest! Oc - to - ber is a



THE CAMP FIRE

KATE FORMAN STANLEY WESTON

In a happy mood
1. Round our tent in sum - mer time
2. Camp - ing days are all de - light,
3. Fair - ies feast in qui - et ways
Are moss - es green and fern and briar;
Our hap - py foot - steps nev - er tire;
On all the dain - ties they de - sire;
All the sweet and leaf - y day
When the stars come out at night,
Ah! they've nev - er known the fun
We are find - ing twigs to make the fire.
We are danc - ing round our big camp fire.
Of a corn roast in a big camp fire.

MISS YELLOW CARROT'S TEA

EDITH ROBBINS FAY WILSON

Smoothly

1. Miss Yel - low Car - rot gave a tea,
2. And when Miss Car - rot gives a tea
But not one eye was dry,
Some oth - er day, oh, then
For pret - ty Miss Green On - ion came
Miss On - ion, we may all be sure,
And made the guests all cry,
Will not be asked a - gain,
And · made the guests all · cry.
Will · not be asked a · gain.

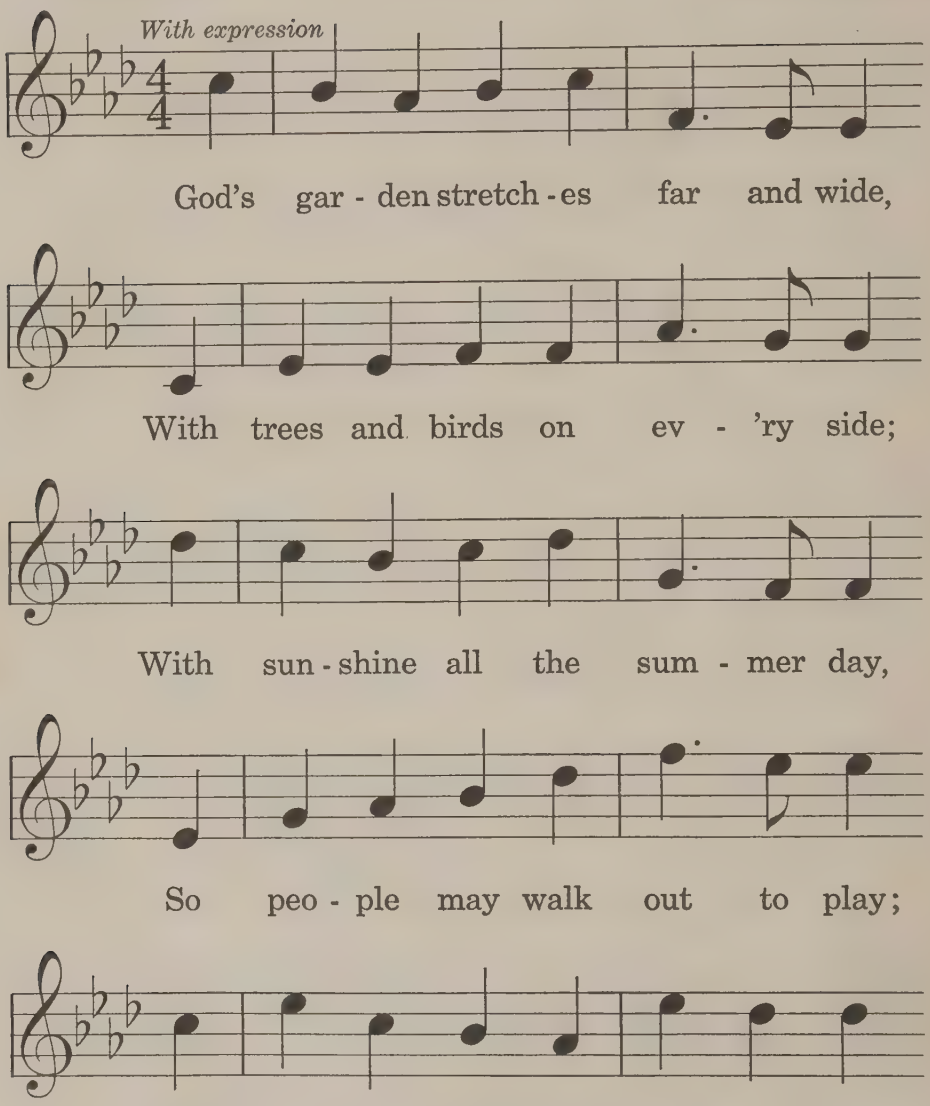
SELECTED ARTHUR TARGETT

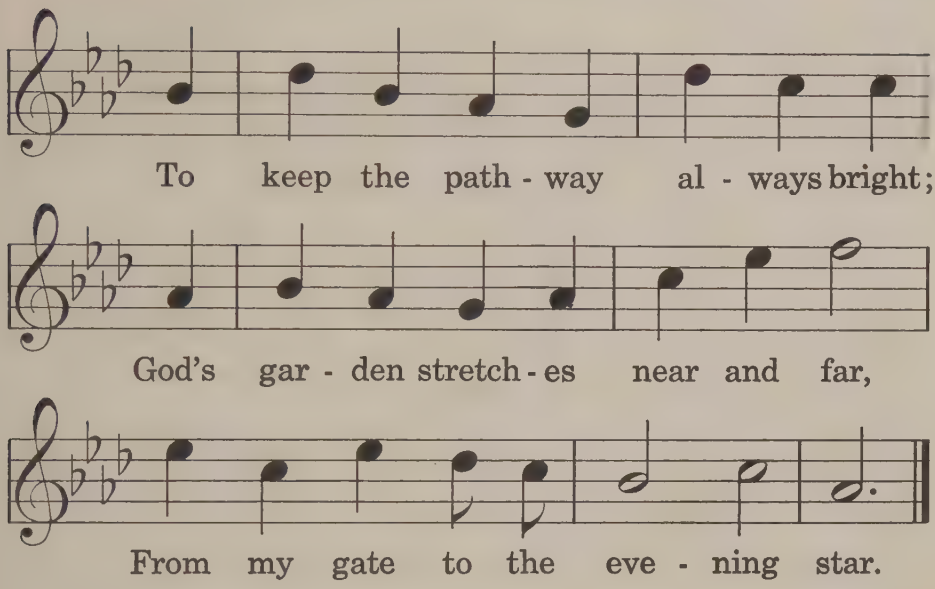
Lightly and sweetly

1. A lit - tle rain and a lit - tle sun, A
2. A lit - tle work and a lit - tle play, A
lit - tle pearl - y dew, A -
lit - tle qui - et sleep, A
push - ing up and a - reach - ing out, The
cheer - ful heart and a sun - ny face And
leaves and ten - drils all a - bout. Ah!
les - sons learned and things in place. Ah!
that's the way the flow-ers grow, Don't you know?
that's the way the chil-dren grow, Don't you know?

GOD'S GARDEN

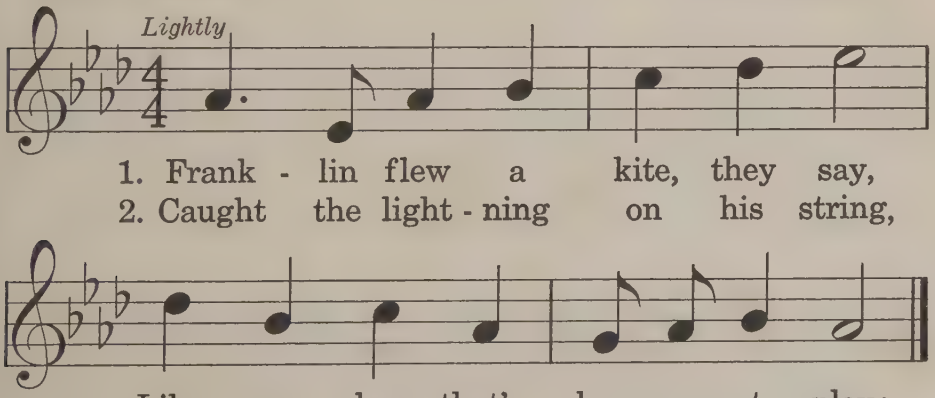
ANNETTE WYNNE — WILSON-WHITE


With expression
God's gar - den stretch - es far and wide,
With trees and birds on ev - 'ry side;
With sun - shine all the sum - mer day,
So peo - ple may walk out to play;
And lan - terns hang - ing through the night



FRANKLIN AT PLAY

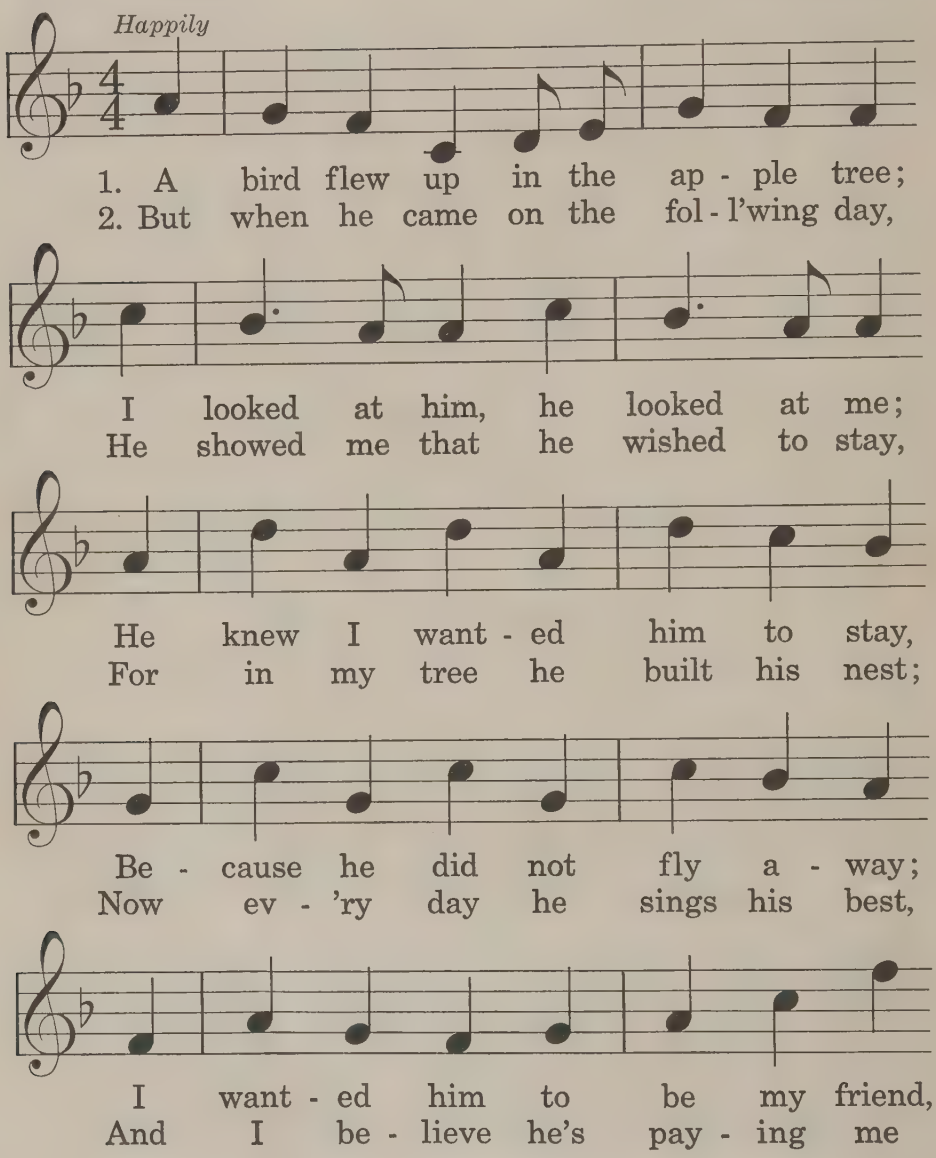
LOUISE STICKNEY WILLIAM CORWIN

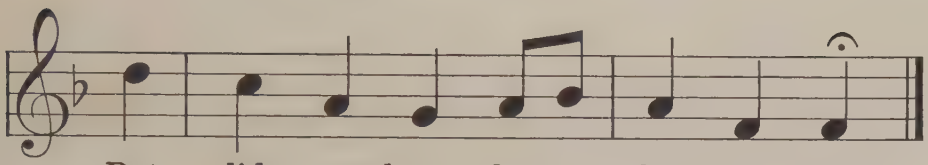

Lightly
1. Frank - lin flew a kite, they say,
2. Caught the light - ning on his string,
Like a boy that's bus - y at play;
Proved that play's a ver - y good thing.

THE BIRD

REBECCA FORESMAN

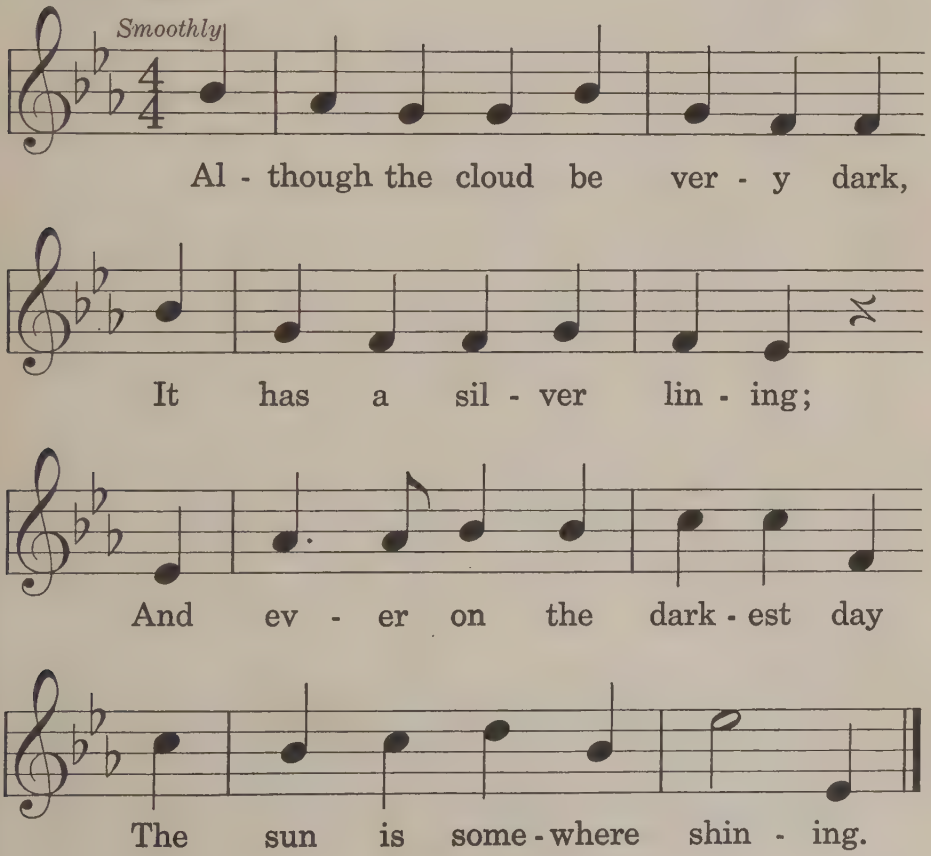
H. CLOUGH-LEIGHTER


Happily
1. A bird flew up in the ap - ple tree;
2. But when he came on the fol - l'wing day,
I looked at him, he looked at me;
He showed me that he wished to stay,
He knew I want - ed him to stay,
For in my tree he built his nest;
Be - cause he did not fly a - way;
Now ev - 'ry day he sings his best,
I want - ed him to be my friend,
And I be - lieve he's pay - ing me



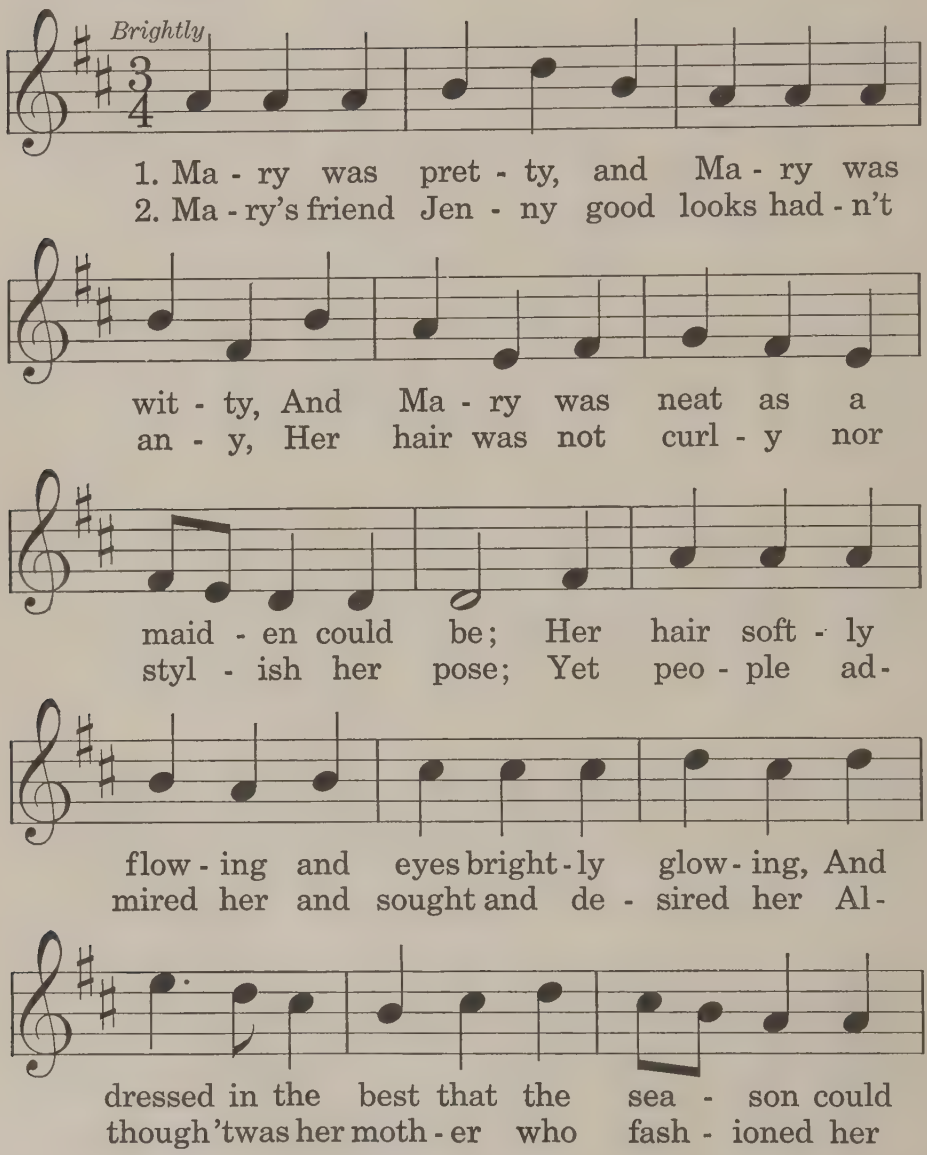
SILVER LINING

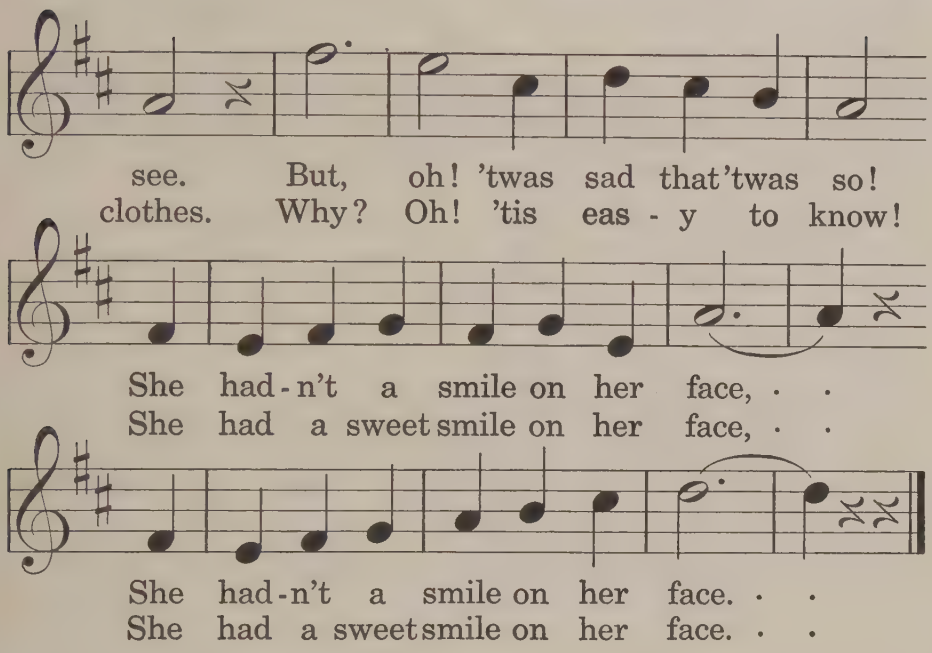
ANSTIS BARLOW HENRY PROCTOR



THE SMILE

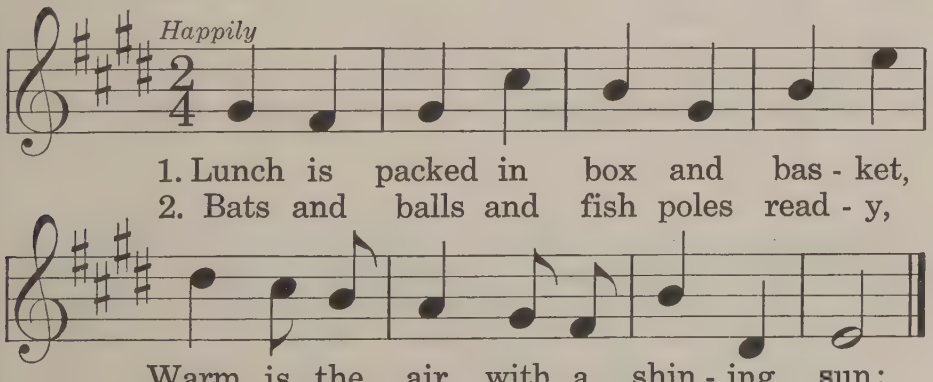
DENIS MCCARTHY RALPH L. BALDWIN


Brightly
1. Ma - ry was pret - ty, and Ma - ry was
2. Ma - ry's friend Jen - ny good looks had - n't
wit - ty, And Ma - ry was neat as a
an - y, Her hair was not curl - y nor
maid - en could be; Her hair soft - ly
styl - ish her pose; Yet peo - ple ad -
flow - ing and eyes bright - ly glow - ing, And
mired her and sought and de - sired her Al -
dressed in the best that the sea - son could
though 'twas her moth - er who fash - ioned her


see. But, oh! 'twas sad that 'twas so!
clothes. Why? Oh! 'tis eas - y to know!
She had - n't a smile on her face, . .
She had a sweet smile on her face, . .
She had - n't a smile on her face. . .
She had a sweet smile on her face. . .

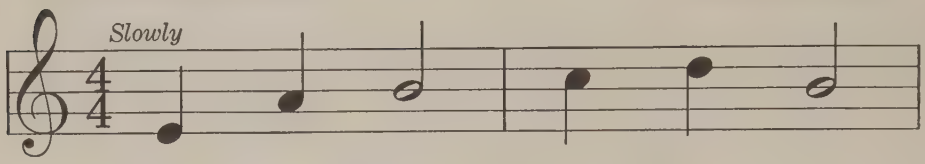
THE PICNIC

AMELIA AMES W. E. BROWN

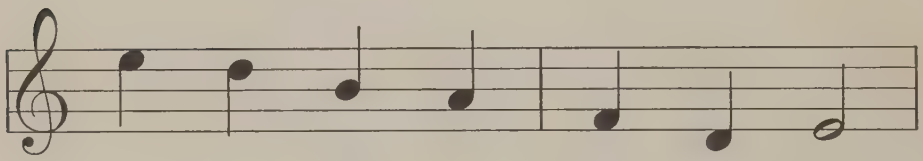

Happily
1. Lunch is packed in box and bas - ket,
2. Bats and balls and fish poles read - y,
Warm is the air with a shin - ing sun;
Now we are off for a day of fun.

FRIENDS ALL

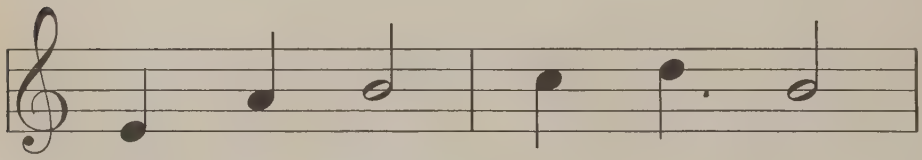
ABBIE FARWELL BROWN — ROBERT SCHUMANN



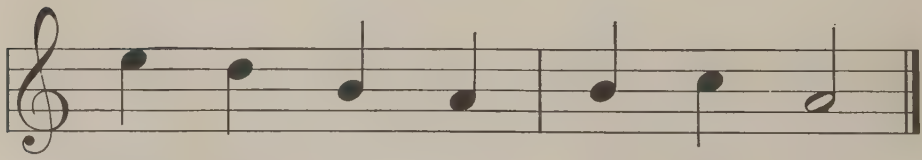
1. Far a - way o'er the sea,
2. We are all, there and here,



Lit - tle chil - dren call to me!
Chil - dren of one Fa - ther dear.



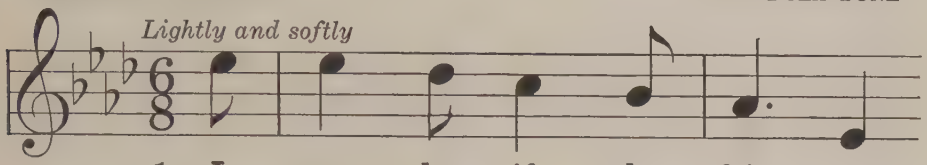
Hark! they say, "Let us be
Great and small, far and near,



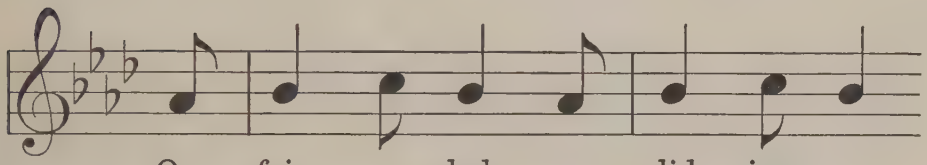
Friends to - geth - er, you and me!"
Let us love with - out a fear.

MARGARET CONNOLLY FOLK TUNE

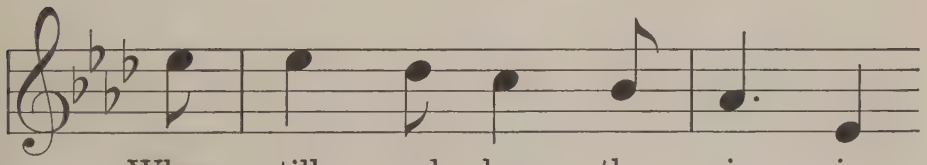
Lightly and softly



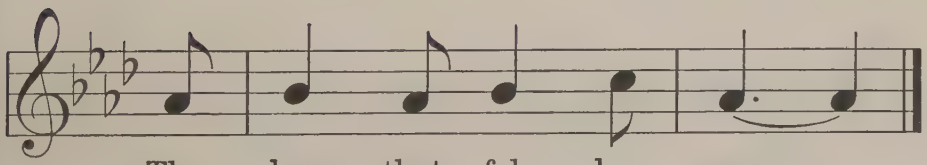
1. I won - der if the fair - ies
2. And do they go a - skat - ing,
3. Oh, yes! I think the fair - ies



On fair - y sleds a - slid - ing go,
Nor mind the win - try winds that sting,
In win - ter time have win - ter joys,



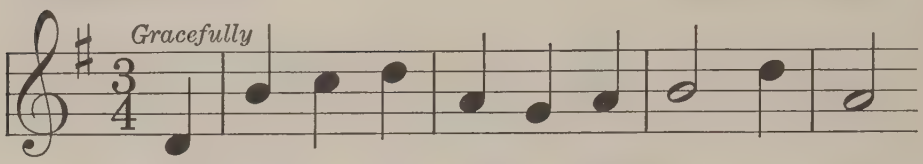
When still and clear the air is,
While they, like us, are wait - ing
When cool and clear the air is,



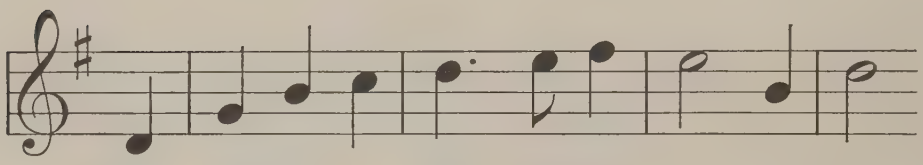
The days that fol - low snow.
The com - ing of the spring?
The same as girls and boys.

PUSSIES GRAY

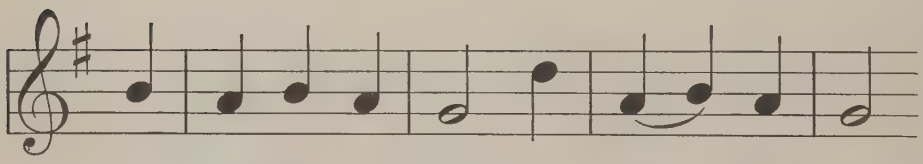
STEVENS-MCCARTHY GEORGE W. HORNE



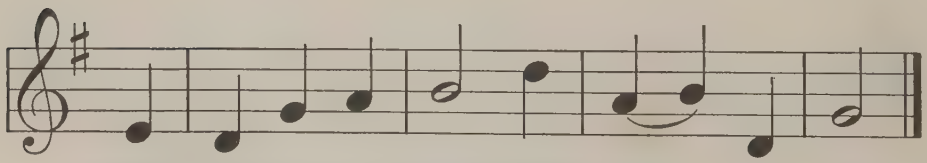
1. As down in the mead-ow I chanced to stray
2. And as I bent o - ver these pus - sies gray



Some pus-sies I saw in their coats of gray;
They start-ed to purr in the sweet-est way,

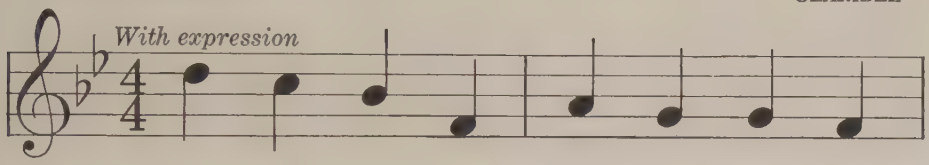


I want-ed to know if they · could purr,
As if they would say, "Why, my · dear man,

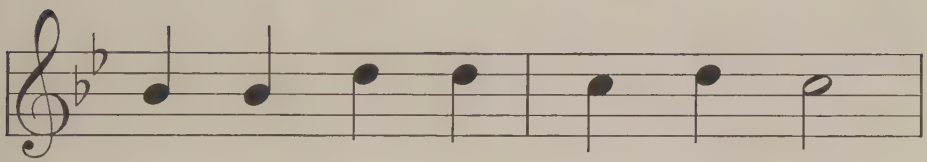


So gen-tly I stroked their silk - y fur.
You think we can't purr; but yet · we can."

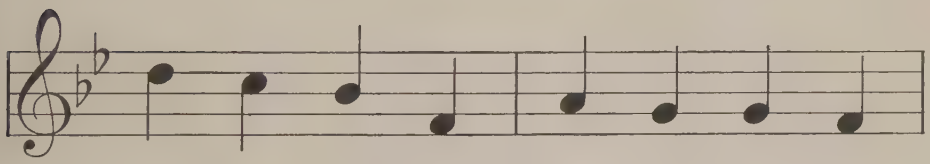
M. Louise Baum CLARIBEL



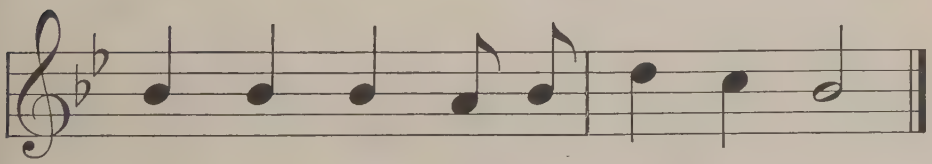
1. This sweet day of May we gath - er,
2. They were some-one's sons or broth - ers,



Bring - ing flow'rs with ten - der song;
Fa - thers to their chil - dren dear,



Sing - ing of the loy - al - heart - ed
Dy - ing that our star - ry ban - ner



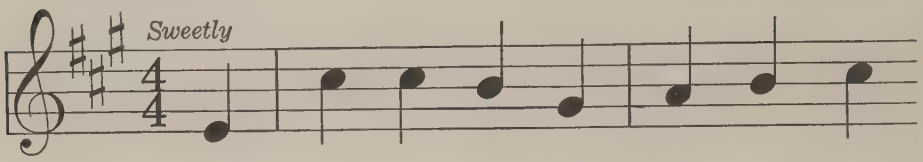
Who de - fend - ed our land from wrong.
Still might shine in its beau - ty here.

LITTLE WORDS

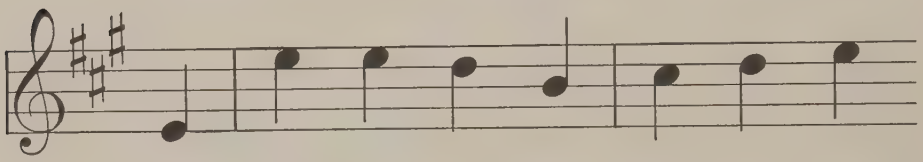
ANNETTE WYNNE

FAY WILSON

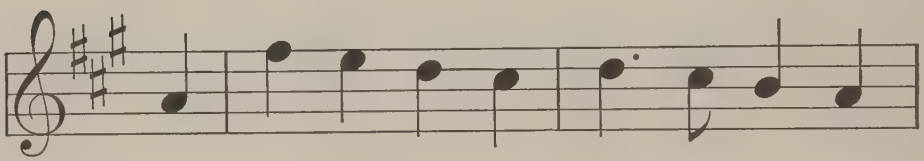
Sweetly



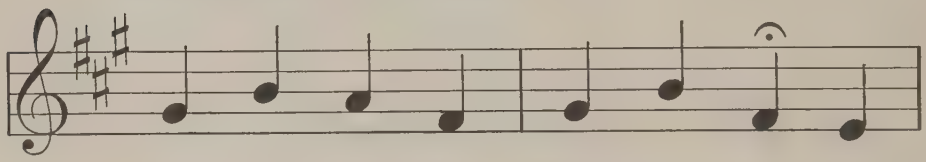
The lit - tle words with - in my book



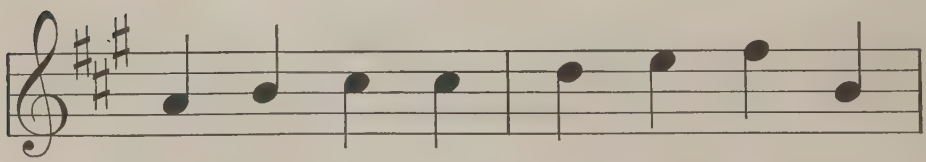
Are al - ways wait - ing when I look;



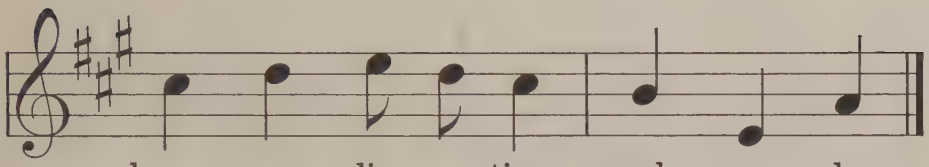
They're made of marks set in a row That



an - y child who reads may know. They're

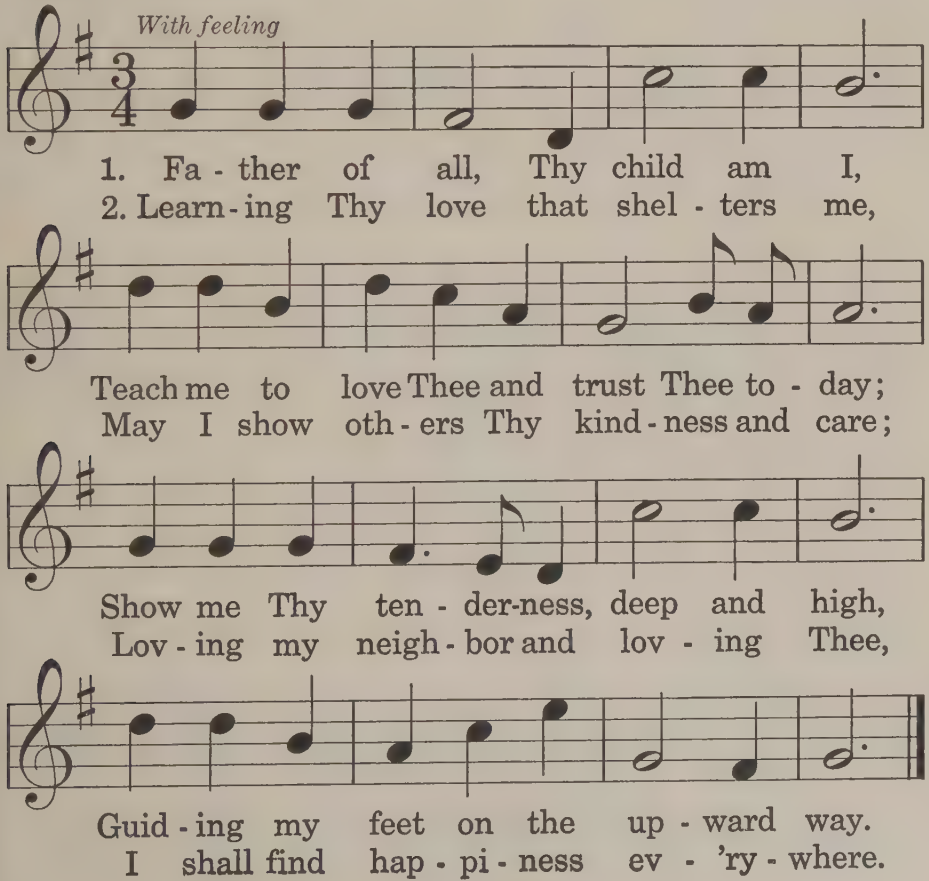


pic - tures of the sounds we say At



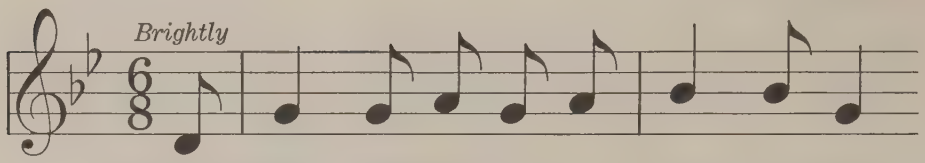
MY PRAYER

HENRY BURTON JOHANN MOZART

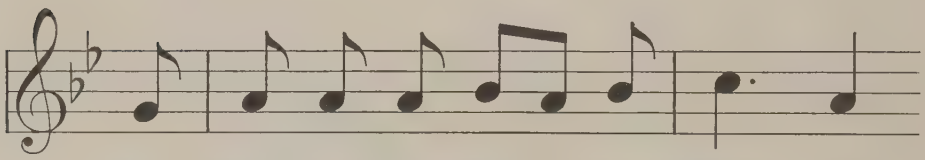

With feeling
1. Fa-ther of all, Thy child am I,
2. Learn-ing Thy love that shel-ters me,
Teach me to love Thee and trust Thee to-day;
May I show oth-ers Thy kind-ness and care;
Show me Thy ten-der-ness, deep and high,
Lov-ing my neigh-bor and lov-ing Thee,
Guid-ing my feet on the up-ward way.
I shall find hap-pi-ness ev-'ry-where.

WILL-O'-THE-WISP

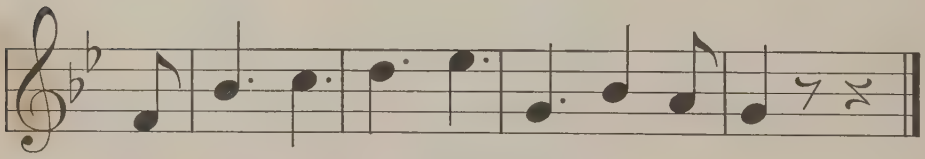
DENIS MCCARTHY FRANZ SCHUBERT



1. When shad - ows dark on the mead - ows lie,
2. He runs and danc-es be - fore your eye,



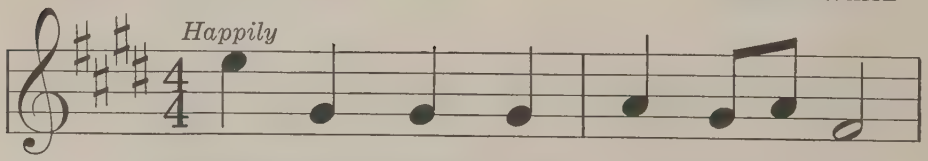
Then will - o' - the - wisp · is gleam - ing;
An in - no - cent chap · he's seem - ing;



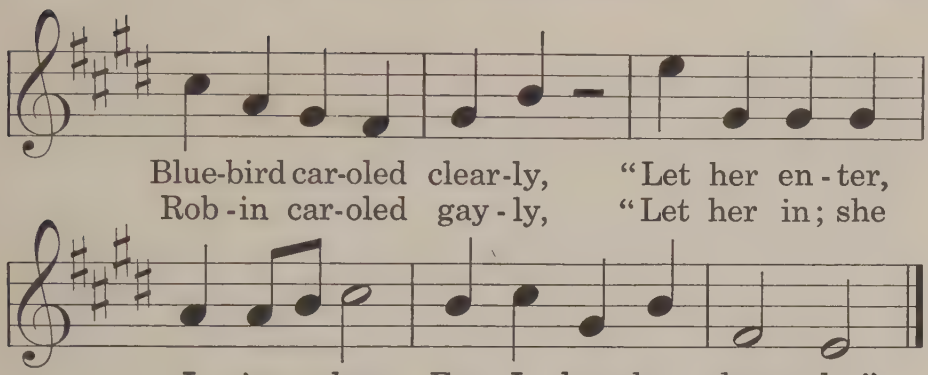
But, oh, be-ware! He'll lead you a - stray!
But, oh, be-ware! He'll lead you a - stray!

SPRING

TAYLOR-MCCARTHY MARTHA WHITE

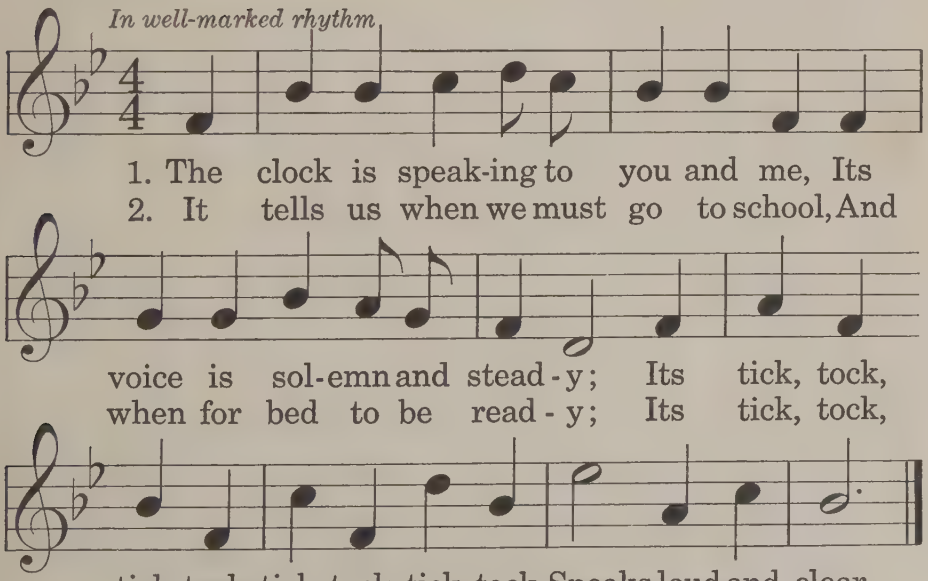


1. Spring came knock - ing at the · door,
2. Spring came twist - ing at the · lock,


Blue-bird car-oled clear-ly, "Let her en-ter,
Rob-in car-oled gay-ly, "Let her in; she
I im-plore, For I love her dear-ly."
need not knock; She's ex-pect-ed dai-ly."

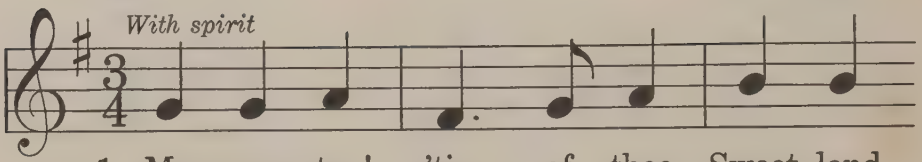
THE CLOCK

LUCY ALLEN HENRY PROCTOR

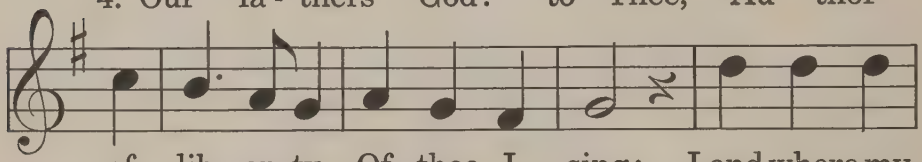

In well-marked rhythm
1. The clock is speak-ing to you and me, Its
2. It tells us when we must go to school, And
voice is sol-emn and stead-y; Its tick, tock,
when for bed to be read-y; Its tick, tock,
tick, tock, tick, tock, tick, tock, Speaks loud and clear.
tick, tock, tick, tock, tick, tock, We love to hear.

AMERICA

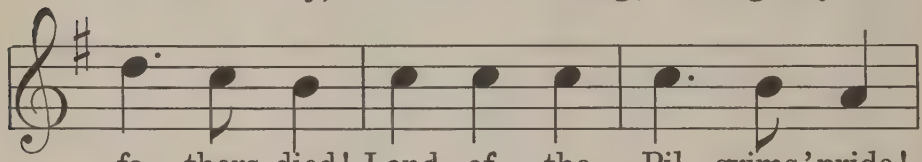
S. F. SMITH — HENRY CAREY



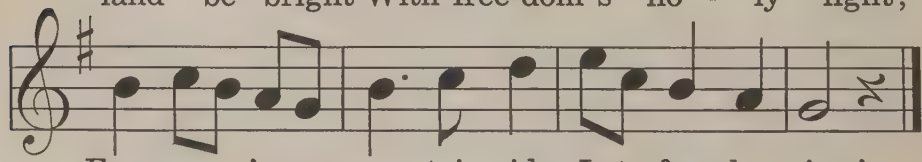
1. My coun - try! 'tis of thee, Sweet land
2. My na - tive coun - try, thee, Land of
3. Let mu - sic swell the breeze, And ring
4. Our fa - thers' God! to Thee, Au - thor



of lib - er - ty, Of thee I sing; Land where my
the no - ble free, Thy name I love; I love thy
from all the trees Sweet freedom's song; Let mor - tal
of lib - er - ty, To Thee we sing; Long may our



fa - thers died! Land of the Pil - grims' pride!
rocks and rills, Thy woods and tem - pled hills;
tongues a - wake; Let all that breathe par - take;
land be bright With free-dom's ho - ly light;



From ev - 'ry moun-tain side, Let free-dom ring!
My heart with rap-ture thrills Like that a - bove.
Let rocks their si - lence break, The sound pro-long.
Pro - tect us by Thy might, Great God, our King!

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